

KENILWORTH
FESTIVITIES

1575

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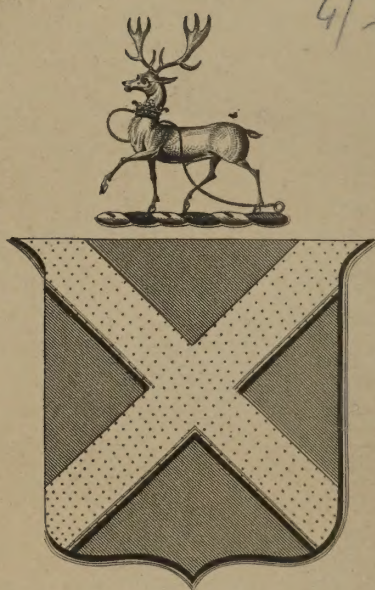


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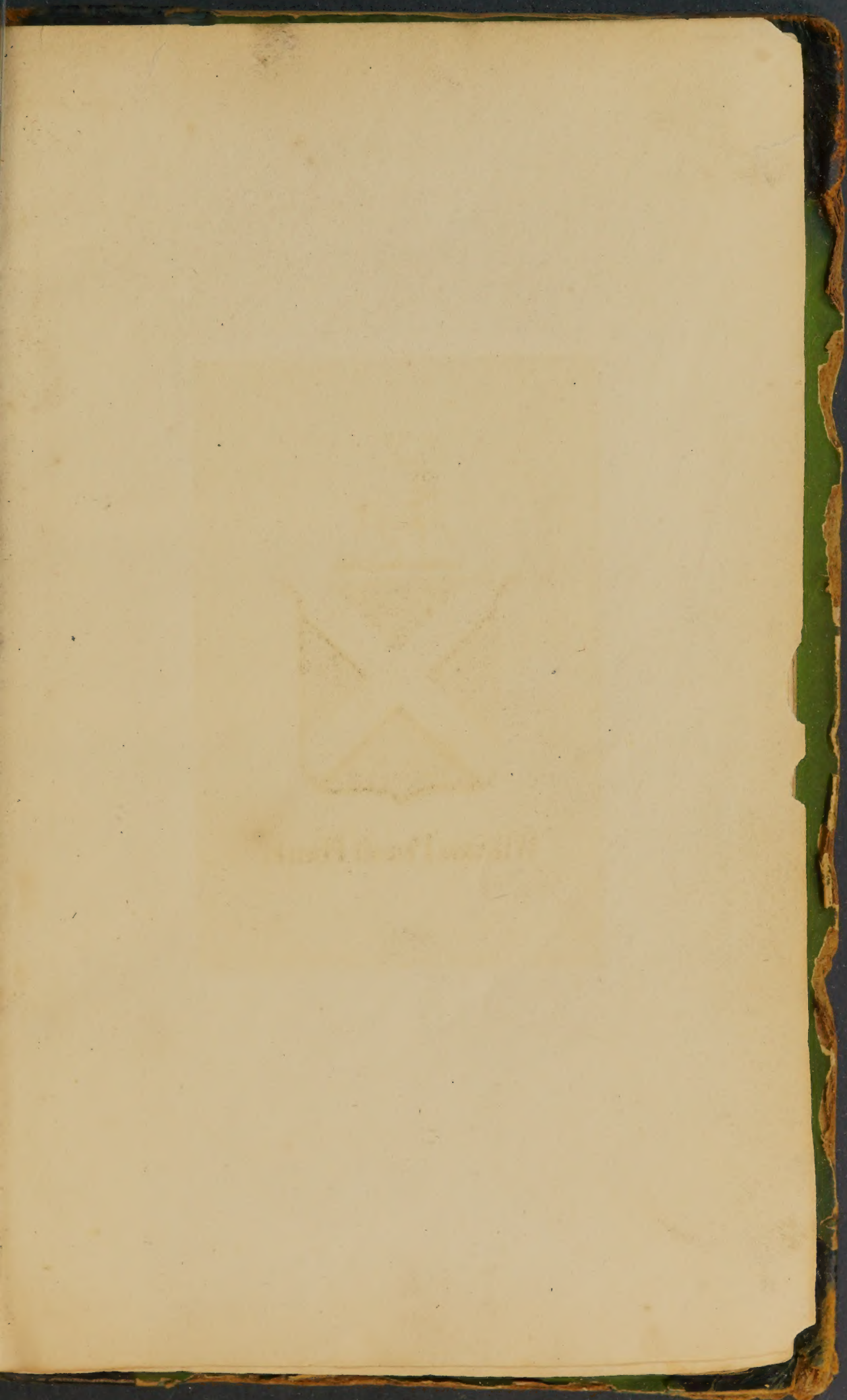
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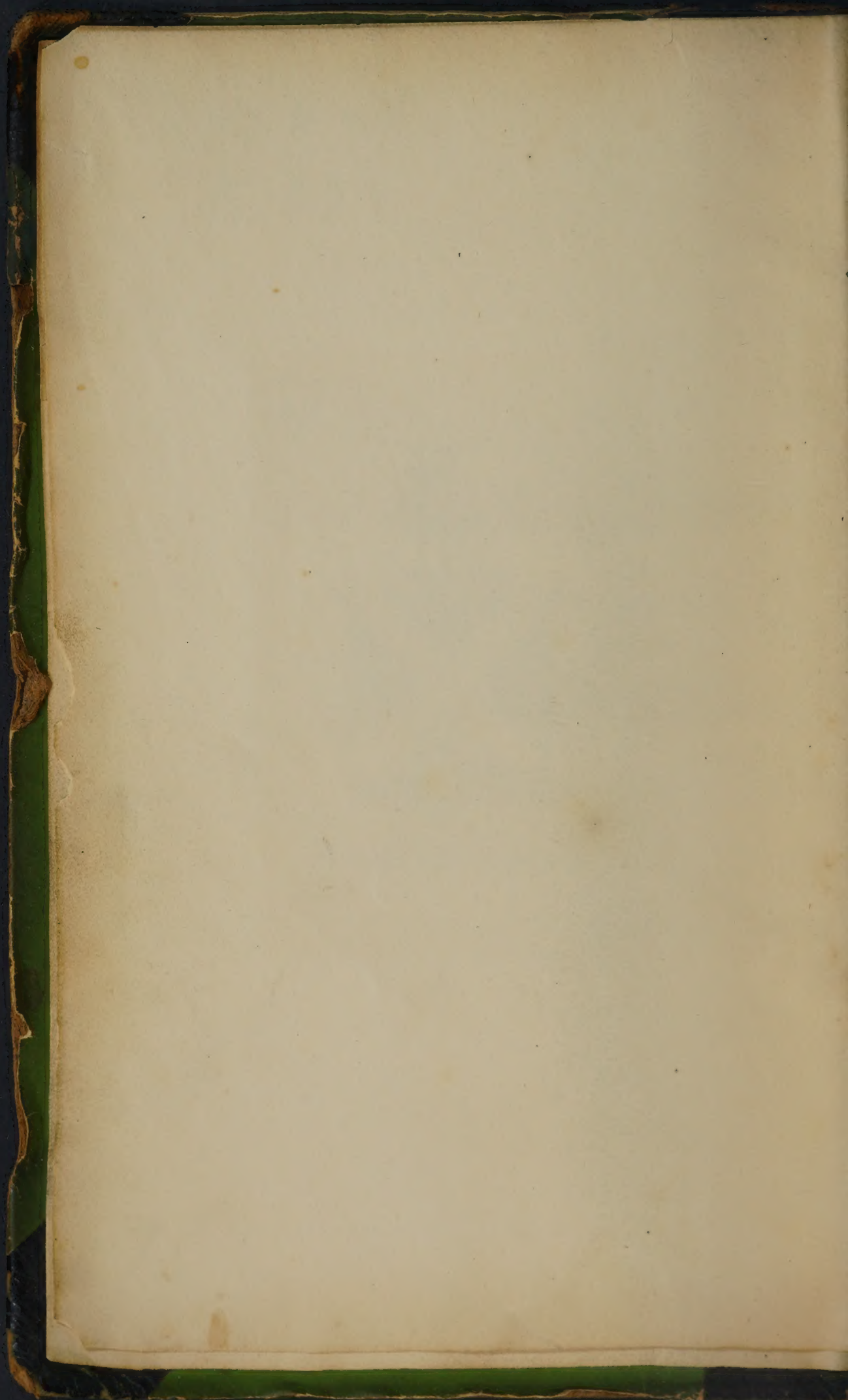
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QUEEN ELIZABETH'S
Entry into
KENILWORTH CASTLE, A.D. 1575.

Published by J. Morridew Warwick & Leamington June 1. 1825.

KENILWORTH FESTIVITIES:

COMPRISING

LANEHAM'S

DESCRIPTION OF THE PAGEANTRY,

AND

GASCOIGNE'S MASQUES,

REPRESENTED BEFORE

QUEEN ELIZABETH,

AT

KENILWORTH CASTLE

ANNO 1575 ;

WITH INTRODUCTORY PREFACES, GLOSSARIAL AND
EXPLANATORY NOTES.

ILLUSTRATED WITH SEVERAL ENGRAVINGS.

**JOHN MERRIDEW,
WARWICK AND LEAMINGTON:**

SOLD AT THE CASTLE IN KENILWORTH: IN COVENTRY BY
MERRIDEW AND SON: AND IN LONDON BY LONGMAN AND
CO.; HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO.; HARDING AND CO.; AND
MR. WHITTAKER.

MDCCCXV.

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LANEHAM'S
LETTER DESCRIBING
THE
Magnificent Pageants
PRESENTED BEFORE
QUEEN ELIZABETH,
AT
KENILWORTH CASTLE
IN 1575;
REPEATEDLY REFERRED TO IN THE ROMANCE
OF
KENILWORTH;
WITH AN INTRODUCTORY PREFACE, GLOSSARIAL
AND EXPLANATORY NOTES.

"A very diverting Tract, written by as great a Coxcomb as ever
blotted paper." *Kenilworth.*

JOHN MERRIDEW,
WARWICK AND LEAMINGTON:
SOLD BY MERRIDEW, COVENTRY; AT THE CASTLE,
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AND AT THE LEAMINGTON LIBRARIES.
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INTRODUCTORY PREFACE.

THE uncommon interest which has been excited by the admirable historical romance of Kenilworth, has induced the publisher of the present volume to reprint a contemporary account of the pageants at the Castle of the Earl of Leicester, with such revisions and improvements as might best qualify it for general reading. English prose, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was either harsh and unmusical in its own construction, or was rendered almost unintelligible by fantastical and romantic expressions, such as were used by Puttenham, Lilly, Henry Lite, Sir Philip Sidney, and others. Robert Laneham, the author of the following descriptive Letter, as an officer of the Court, naturally fell into the style of speaking and writing which was then fashionable; and accordingly his sentences are often so metaphorical, or constructed of such singular expressions, that they would lead the plain and general reader to doubt what was his true meaning. Such, together with the affected and pedantic mode of spelling, were the publisher's motives for modernising this curious document, and for adding the explanatory notes which accompany it. By many his labours will doubtless be received with pleasure; but to those who would tenaciously adhere to the very rust of antiquity, he would remark with an eminent bibliographical writer, that Laneham's language is not changed, but only "the dust is taken from his coat, and the tarnish from his lace." Having thus shewn the reasons which first induced a modern edition of this amusing detail of the Kenilworth festivities, it remains to give some account of the author "MASTER ROBERT LANEHAM.

The little which is known concerning this person is chiefly to be found in his own work ; where, through his conceited style of writing, some circumstances of his life are preserved which must otherwise have remained for ever unknown. It would seem that Robert Laneham was born in the county of Nottingham, and that he was educated at St. Paul's school, and afterwards at that of St. Anthony, near the Royal Exchange, which, according to Stow, bore the highest "reputation in the City in former times." His father seems to have moved in a moderate, if not in a very inferior rank of life ; for towards the conclusion of his letter, he states, that it was a great relief to his parent when the Earl of Leicester received him into favour and protection. Laneham appears to have held some situation in the Royal stables, where also his father was placed after his own advancement in the Court. In addition to this situation, Laneham procured a patent, or licence, as it was then called, for serving the Royal Mews with beans, which, however, he neglected when promoted to the office of Clerk of the Council-chamber door. It is to this office that he alludes in the commencement of his letter, when he says, that he had the power, on such days as the Council did not sit, to visit whatever he thought proper to see, as well as the privilege of being present at any exhibition which should be prepared for the Queen. Hence, it would appear, that Laneham's duty was not confined to keeping the entrance of the Council-Room only, but that he also performed the office of a Gentleman-Usher, in preserving the Presence-Chamber, wherever that might be, free from the intrusion of strangers. It is evidently with this feeling that the author of "Kenilworth" makes Laneham say to his patron Leicester, when requesting that he may visit the Castle in the Queen's suite, "Be-think you, my Lord, how necessary is this rod of mine to fright away all those listeners, who else would play at bo-peep with the honourable Council, and be searching for key-holes and crannies in the door of the Chamber, so as to render my staff as needful as a fly-flap in a butcher's shop." Vol. ii. p. 115.

It is not easy to imagine what the lordly and ambitious

Dudley could have discovered in the conceited and talkative Laneham, to have induced him to become so excellent a patron; but the reasons might probably be, the boldness of the latter, joined to his knowledge of several foreign languages, which rendered him peculiarly fitted for the duties of a Gentleman-Usher, who could, with official importance, keep order in the Court, and converse, in their own tongues, with any of the numerous foreigners who visited it. Nor is this supposition founded upon speculation only, for towards the conclusion of this letter, Laneham expresses himself in terms like the following: "Now, Sir, when the Council sits, I am at hand, and attend them closely, I warrant you; if any should talk, then I say, 'Peace, know you where you are?' If I see one listening either at the aperture in the door, or between the spaces of it, then presently I am upon him for his rudeness." In a very rare small duodecimo volume, entitled, "The Rules of Civility; or Certain Ways of Deportment observed in France, amongst all Persons of Quality, upon several Occasions. London: 1671," are some remarks on the behaviour of those who wait in the Presence and Anti-chambers, which tend particularly to illustrate this branch of Laneham's duty. The Courtier is informed, that "whilst he attends in the Anti-chamber or Presence-chamber, it is not decent to walk up and down the room; and if at any time he does so, it is the Usher's duty and common practice to rebuke him. It is no less absurd to whistle or sing for his diversion (as they call it) whilst he is in waiting in those rooms." Again, in speaking of first visiting the State Chambers, it is stated, that "it is uncivil to knock hard, or to give more than one knock." At the door of a bed-chamber "to knock is no less than brutish; the way is, to scratch only with the nails. When he scratches with his nails at the King's bed-chamber door, or any other great person's, and the Usher demands his name, he must tell him his surname only, without the qualification of Mr. S. or my Lord. When he comes into a great man's house, or chamber, it is not civil to wrap himself in his cloak; but in the King's Court he runs great hazard of correction. It is boldness to enter of himself

without being introduced. If it be of importance to him to enter, and there be nobody to introduce him, he must try gently whether the door be locked or bolted on the inside: if it be, he is not to knock or fiddle about the lock, like an impatient person, as if he would pick it, but he must patiently expect till it be opened, or scratch softly to make them hear: if nobody comes, he must retire to some distance, lest being found about the door, he should be taken as an eves-dropper, or spy, which would be a great offence to all persons of quality. It is but civil to walk with his hat off in the halls and Antichambers." Such were the regulations of conduct formerly required among the higher ranks of society; and these it was Laneham's office to see most punctiliously observed. With respect to his knowledge of "the tongues," as the ability to speak the Continental languages was in his time denominated, there is Laneham's own testimony concerning their utility; for in the following letter he thus speaks: "And here do my languages now and then stand me in good stead; my French, my Spanish, my Dutch, and my Latin: sometimes among the Ambassador's men, if their master be within Council; sometimes with the Ambassador himself, if he desire me to call for his servant, or ask me what it is o'clock, and I warrant you I answer him so boldly, that they wonder to see such a fellow there." Besides these qualifications, Laneham had travelled, having been a Mercer and Merchant-adventurer; and the very conceits he had brought with him from the Continent, had contributed to fit him for his duties in no ordinary manner. The Courtiers of Elizabeth's time, with a few exceptions, were young men of romantic and enthusiastic imaginations, full of love, chivalry, and poetical expressions; and therefore, one who could ornament his conversation with fragments of foreign languages and flowery metaphors, was of all others fitted to be the amusing servant of such a Court. Laneham would indeed seem to have had qualifications of no ordinary degree; for besides the knowledge of Continental manners that he had acquired in his travels, his mind was well stored with ancient romances, chronicles, and poetry of all descriptions; and it was in consequence

of this that he was so minute in his account of Captain Cox's library. Of his love for bibliography there can be no doubt, because in one part of his letter he thus speaks: "I have leisure sometime when I attend not upon the Council; whereby now I look on one book, and now on another. *Stories I delight in, the more ancient and rare, the more likesome unto me.*" Surely such an assertion as this will be sufficient to rank the name of Robert Laneham with the most eminent of the lovers of early English poetry and romances of the present day.

These, then, were probably the qualifications which procured for Laneham the favour of Leicester; but it is much more difficult to explain a title which he applies to himself twice in the course of the following letter, namely, that of "The Black Prince." It might possibly be allusive to the sign by which his mercer's shop had been known in London, and this appears to be the most plausible supposition, for names so contrived might, at a former period, have been current among the tradesmen of commercial cities. It was also a common practice of Elizabeth's reign, especially with the higher orders of society, to invent romantic appellations for their most familiar acquaintance; but the first supposition is probably the nearest to the truth, since Laneham makes use of the title when writing to an intimate friend, a citizen, and one in the same branch of business which he himself had followed. This circumstance serves to corroborate that it was a title used by his mercantile associates, rather than one given him from a more fashionable source.

Such are nearly all the particulars now extant concerning Laneham; and it is evident that these were in the mind of the author of "Kenilworth," when he wrote the admirable description of Laneham waiting in the anti-room at Greenwich palace, where he even notices the convivial habits of that singular character, which gave a flushed and rosy tint to his face. This information was first given by Laneham himself in the ensuing letter, and in the following terms:—"But in faith it is not so: for sipped I no more sack and sugar than I do malmsey, I should not blush so much now-a-days as I do." Having

now so long dilated upon Laneham's life and the duties of his station, it will not be uninteresting to extract his portrait from the Romance of "Kenilworth" itself; it may well be regarded as an authentic likeness, and nothing can more properly conclude these memoranda concerning him. "Then the Earl was approached, with several fantastic *congées*, by a person quaintly dressed in a doublet of black velvet, curiously slashed and pinked with crimson satin. A long cock's feather in the velvet bonnet, which he held in his hand, and an enormous ruff, stiffened to the extremity of the absurd taste of the times*, joined with a sharp, lively, conceited expression

* Stubbes, who has denounced with much vehemence against the frivolities of the period of which we are speaking, and has given us a vituperative description of the fashions and abuses of apparel then prevalent, inveighs bitterly against all the extravagant minutiae of dress, from the feather in the cap to the spangle on the pantofle; but his zealous fury is kindled into tenfold rage, and indeed he appears to have reached the climax of his execration, as he comes in contact with the manifold abominations of the *ruff*, and its diabolical auxiliary—*starch*. "They have," says he, "great and monstrous ruffles, made either of cambricke, holland, lawne, or els of some other the finest cloth that can be got for money, whereof some be a quarter of a yarde deepe; yea, some more, very few lesse; so that they stande a full quarter of a yarde (and more) from their neckes, hanging over their shoulder-points, insteade of a vaile. But if Æolus with his blasts, or Neptune with his storms, chaunce to hit upon the crasie barke of their brused ruffles, then they goeth flipflap in the winde, like ragges that flew abroad, lying upon their shoulders like the dishcloute of a slut. But, wot you what? The devil, as he, in the fullnesse of his malice, first invented these great ruffles, so hath he now found out also two great pillers to beare up and maintaine this his kyngdome of greate ruffles (for the devil is kyng and prince over all the children of pride). The one arche or piller, whereby his kyngdome of great ruffles is underpropped, is a certain kinde of liquid matter, which they call starch, wherein the devil hath willed them to wash and dive their ruffles well; which, beyng drie, will then stand stiff and inflexible about their neckes. The other piller is a certaine device made of wiers, crested for the purpose, whipped over either with gold,

of countenance, seemed to body forth a vain, hair-brained coxcomb, and small wit; while the rod he held, and an assumption of formal authority, appeared to express some sense of official consequence, which qualified the natural pertness of his manner. A perpetual blush, which occupied rather the sharp nose than the thin cheek of the personage, seemed to speak more of "good life," as it was called, than of modesty."—Vol. ii. p. 115.

Having thus stated the few circumstances relating to the memoirs of Laneham, it remains only to add some bibliographical notices concerning the former editions of his letter. The original impressions of this tract are of extreme rarity; but in the Bodleian Library at Oxford are two copies of it, although of different editions: they are both printed in black letter, and are of a small octavo size, but they are both without either name or date. In 1784, Mr. J. Green, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, published Laneham's Letter in an octavo form with a few notes; and this was in 1788 succeeded by another reprint in quarto, which appeared in Mr. Nichols's most erudite work, entitled "The Progresses and Public Processions of Queen Elizabeth." Vol. i. The latter edition was also greatly improved by being a more accurate transcript of the original, and by having been revised from a copy in the possession of the Duchess of Portland. A third reprint will also be found in the first number of an expensive and beautiful work, entitled "KENILWORTH ILLUSTRATED;" and the present improved edition has been taken from a careful collation of the best which have preceded it. Laneham's Letter is not, however, the only curious morçeau of literature connected with the amusing Romance of Kenilworth, to which this volume is intended as a very humble appendage; for the original legend, which is preserved in Ashmole's History of Berkshire, and Mickle's

thred, silver, or silke; and this he calleth a supportasse, or underpropper. This is to bee applied round about their neckes, under the ruffe, upon the outside of the bande, to beare up the whole frame and bodie of the ruffe from falling and hanging doune."—*Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583, duod.

beautiful ballad of Cumnor Hall, written in the manner of the metrical effusions of the reign of Elizabeth, that "*reigne of faerie*," as it has been termed, may both be considered as portions of the same subject; and as neither of these are known, but to the curious reader, and contained in works of considerable scarcity, they are both here, it is hoped, not obtrusively, inserted.

CUMNOR, which is the seat of the Kenilworth tragedy, is a vicarage in the hundred of Horner, and the Deanery of Abingdon, situated at the northern extremity of Berkshire, about $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant from Abingdon, 3 from Oxford, and 61 from London.

"At the west end of the church," says Ashmole, "are the ruins of a manor anciently belonging (as a cell, or a place of removal, as some report) to the monks of Abington. In the hall, over the chimney, I find Abington arms cut in stone, *viz.* a patonce between four martlets; and also another escutcheon, *viz.* a lion rampant, and several mitres cut in stone about the house. There is also in the said house a chamber, called Dudley's chamber, where the Earl of Leicester's wife was murdered, of which this is the story following:—

"Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, a very goodly personage, and singularly well featured, being a great favourite with Queen Elizabeth, it was thought, and commonly reported, that had he been a bachelor, or widower, the Queen would have made him her husband; to this end, to free himself of all obstacles, he commands, or perhaps, with fair flattering entreaties, desires his wife to repose herself here, at his servant Anthony Forster's house, who then lived in the aforesaid manor-house; and also prescribed to Sir Richard Varney, (a prompter to this design) at his coming hither, that he should first attempt to poison her, and if that did not take effect, then by any other way whatsoever to dispatch her. This, it seems, was proved by the report of Dr. Walter Bayly, sometime Fellow of New College, then living in Oxford, and Professor of Physic in that University; who, because he would not consent to take away her life by poison, the Earl endeavoured to displace him from the Court. This man, it seems, reported for most certain, that there was a practice in Cumnor

among the conspirators, to have poisoned this poor innocent lady, a little before she was killed, which was attempted after this manner: They seeing the good lady sad and heavy (as one that well knew by her other handling, that her death was not far off) began to persuade her, that her present disease was abundance of melancholy and other humours, and therefore would needs counsel her to take some potion, which she absolutely refusing to do, as still suspecting the worst; whereupon they sent a messenger on a day (unawares to her) for Dr. Bayly, and entreated him to persuade her to take some little potion by his direction, and they would fetch the same from Oxford, meaning to have added something of their own for her comfort, as the Doctor, upon just cause and consideration did suspect, seeing their great importunity, and the small need the Lady had of physic, and therefore he peremptorily denied their request, misdoubting (as he afterwards reported) least if they had poisoned her under the name of his potion, he might have been hanged for a colour of their sin; and the Doctor remained still well assured, that this way taking no effect, she would not long escape their violence, which afterwards happened thus:—For Sir Richard Varney abovesaid (the chief projector in this design), who by the Earl's order remained that day of her death alone with her, with one man only, and Forster, who had that day forcibly sent away all her servants from her to Abingdon-market, about three miles distant from this place, they (I say, whether first stifling her, or else strangling her) afterwards flung her down a pair of stairs, and broke her neck, using much violence upon her; but however, though it was vulgarly reported that she by chance fell down stairs (but yet without hurting her hood that was upon her head), yet the inhabitants will tell you there, that she was conveyed from her usual chamber where she lay, to another where the bed's-head of the chamber stood close to a privy postern door, where they in the night came and stifled her in her bed, bruised her head very much, broke her neck, and at length flung her down stairs, thereby believing the world would have thought it a mischance, and so have blinded

their villainy. But behold the mercy and justice of God, in revenging and discovering this Lady's murder; for one of the persons, that was a coadjutor in this murder, was afterwards taken for a felony in the Marches of Wales, and offering to publish the manner of the aforesaid murder, was privately made away with in the prison by the Earl's appointment. And Sir Richard Varney, the other, dying about the same time in London, cried miserably, and blasphemed God, and said to a person of note (who hath related the same to others since) not long before his death, that all the devils in hell did tear him in pieces. Forster likewise, after this fact, being a man formerly addicted to hospitality, company, mirth, and music, was afterwards observed to forsake all this with such melancholy and pensiveness (some say with madness), pined and drooped away. The wife also of Bald. Butler, kinsman to the Earl, gave out the whole fact a little before her death. Neither are these following passages to be forgotten—that as soon as ever she was murdered, they made great haste to bury her, before the Coroner had given in his Inquest, (which the Earl himself condemned as not done advisedly) which her father, or Sir John Robertsett (as I suppose), hearing of, came with all speed hither, caused her corpse to be taken up, the Coroner to sit upon her, and further enquiry to be made concerning this business to the full, but it was generally thought that the Earl stopped his mouth, and made up the business betwixt them; and the good Earl, to make plain to the world, the great love he bare to her while alive, what a grief the loss of so virtuous a lady was to his tender heart, caused (though the thing, by these and other means, was beaten into the heads of the principal men of the University of Oxford) her body to be re-buried in St. Marie's Church in Oxford, with great pomp and solemnity. It is remarkable, when Dr. Babbington (the Earl's chaplain) did preach the funeral sermon, he tripped once or twice in his speech, by recommending to their memories that virtuous Lady so *pitifully murdered*, instead of saying *pitifully slain*. This Earl, after all his murders and poisonings, was himself poisoned by that which was prepared for others (some say by his wife) at

Cornbury Lodge, before mentioned, though Baker in his *Chronicle* would have it at Killingworth, Anno 1588.—Ashmole's *Antiquities of Berkshire*, edit. 1723. 8vo. vol. i. p. 149—154.

The ballad of Cumnor Hall was first printed in Evans's *Collection of Old Ballads*, edit. 1784, vol. iv. with the antique spelling of Queen Elizabeth's period :—in a subsequent edition of this interesting work, in 1810, the poem was modernized, and from that, the present excerpt has been made which is now presented to the reader :—

CUMNOR HALL.

The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies,
The sounds of busy life were still,
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love
"That thou so oft has sworn to me,
"To leave me in this lonely grove,
"Immured in shameful privy?"

"No more thou comest with lover's speed,
"Thy once beloved bride to see;
"But be she alive, or be she dead,
"I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I receiv'd
"When happy in my father's hall:
"No faithless husband then me griev'd;
"No chilling fears did me appal.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,
"No lark more blithe, no flow'r more gay;
"And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
"So merrily sung the live-long day.

" If that my beauty is but small,
" Among court ladies all despis'd ;
" Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
" Where, scornful Earl, it well was priz'd ?

" And when you first to me made suit,
" How fair I was you oft would say !
" And, proud of conquest—pluck'd the fruit,
" Then left the blossom to decay.

" Yes, now neglected and despis'd,
" The rose is pale—the lily's dead—
" But he that once their charms so priz'd,
" Is, sure, the cause those charms are fled.

" For know, when sick'ning grief doth prey,
" And tender love's repaid with scorn,
" The sweetest beauty will decay—
" What flow'ret can endure the storm ?

" At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
" Where every lady's passing rare ;
" That eastern flow'rs, that shame the sun,
" Are not so glowing, not so fair.

" Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
" Where roses and where lilies vie,
" To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
" Must sicken—when those gaudes are by ?

" 'Mong rural beauties I was one,
" Among the fields wild flow'rs are fair ;
" Some country swain might me have won,
" And thought my beauty passing rare.

" But, Leicester, or I much am wrong,
" Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows ;
" Rather ambition's gilded crown
" Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

" Then, Leicester, why, again I plead,
" (The injur'd surely may repine,)
" Why didst thou wed a country maid,
" When some fair princess might be thine ?

“ Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
“ And oh ! then leave them to decay ?
“ Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
“ Then leave me to mourn the live-long day ?

“ The village maidens of the plain
“ Salute me lowly as they go ;
“ Envious they mark my silken train,
“ Nor think a Countess can have woe.

“ The simple nymphs ! they little know ;
“ How far more happy 's their estate—
“ To smile for joy—than sigh for woe—
“ To be content—than to be great.

“ How far less blest am I than them !
“ Daily to pine and waste with care !
“ Like the poor plant that from its stem
“ Divided, feels the chilling air.

“ Nor, cruel Earl ! can I enjoy
“ The humble charms of solitude ;
“ Your minions proud my peace destroy,
“ By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

“ Last night, as sad I chanc'd to stray,
“ The village death-bell smote my ear ;
“ They wink'd aside, and seem'd to say.
“ Countess, prepare—thy end is near.

“ And now, while happy peasants sleep,
“ Here I sit lonely and forlorn ;
“ No one to soothe me as I weep,
“ Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

“ My spirits flag—my hopes decay—
“ Still that dread death-bell smites my ear ;
“ And many a boding seems to say,
“ Countess, prepare—thy end is near.”

Thus sore and sad that lady griev'd,
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,
And many a heart-felt sigh she heav'd,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appear'd
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An ærial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapp'd its wings
Around the tow'rs of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howl'd at village door,
The oaks were shatter'd on the green ;
Woe was the hour—for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball,
For ever since that dreary hour,
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall ;
Nor ever lead the merry dance,
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller oft hath sigh'd,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wandering onwards they've espied
The haunted tow'rs of Cumnor Hall.

A LETTER:

Whearin part of the Entertain-
ment unto the Queen's Majesty
at Killingworth Castl in Warwiksheer
in this Somers Progress—1575 is
signified: from a freend officer
attendant in the Court unto
his freend a Citizen
and Merchaunt
of London.

DE REGINA NOSTRA ILLUSTRISSIMA.

*Dum laniata ruāt vicina ob Regna tumultus,
Læta suos inter genialibus ILLA diebus
(Gratia Diis) fruitur: Rūpantur & ilia Codro.*

CONGREGATION

OF THE

Methodist Episcopal Church
South

of the
City of New York

and
vicinity

of the
State of New York

and
vicinity



KENILWORTH.

UNTO MY GOOD FRIEND,
MASTER HUMPHREY MARTIN, MERCER.



AFTER my hearty commendations, I commend me heartily to you. Understand ye, that since, through God and good friends, I am here placed at Court, as you know, in a worshipful room, whereby I am not only acquainted with the most, and well known to the best, and every officer glad of my company ; but also at present have power, while the Council sits not, to go and to see things sight-worthy ; and to be present at any show or spectacle, any where this progress represented unto her Highness: of

part of which sports, having taken some notes and observations — for I cannot be idle at any rate in the world—as well to put from me suspicion of sluggishness, as to take from you any doubt of my forgetfulness of your friendship; I have thought it meet to impart them unto you, as frankly, as friendly, and as fully, as I can. You know well, the Black Prince was never stained with disloyalty of ingratitude towards any; I dare be his warrant he will not begin with you, that hath at his hand so deeply deserved. But herein, the better for conceiving of my mind, and instruction of your's, you must give me leave a little, as well to preface my matter, as to discourse somewhat of Killingworth Castle, a territory of the right honourable, my singular good Lord, my Lord the Earl of Leicester; of whose incomparable cheer and entertainment there unto her Majesty, I will show you a part, here, that could not see all; nor, had I seen all, could well report the half. Where things for the persons, place, time, cost, devices, strangeness and abundance, of all that ever I saw (and yet have I been, what

under my *Master Bomsted*, and what on my own affairs, while I occupied merchandise, both in France and Flanders long and many a day,) I saw none any where so memorable, I tell you plain.

The Castle hath the name of Killingworth, but of truth, grounded upon faithful story, Kenilworth. It stands in Warwickshire, seventy-four miles north-west from London, and as it were in the centre of England; four miles somewhat south from Coventry, a proper City; and a like distance from Warwick, a fair County-town on the north. Of air sweet and wholesome, raised on an easily mounted hill, it is set evenly coasted with the front strait to the east, and hath the tenants and town about it, that pleasantly shift from dale to hill sundry where, with sweet springs bursting forth; and is so plentifully well sorted on every side into arable, mead, pasture, wood, water, and good air, as it appears to have need of nothing that may pertain to living or pleasure. To advantage, it hath, hard on the west, still nourished with many lively springs, a goodly pool of rare beauty, breadth, length, depth, and store of all kinds of fresh-water

fish, delicate, great, and fat; and also of wild fowl beside. By a rare situation and natural agreement, this pool seems conjoined to the Castle, that on the west lays the head, as it were, upon the Castle's bosom, embraceth it on either side, south and north, with both the arms, and settles itself as in a reach a flight-shoot broad, stretching forth body and legs a mile or two westward: between a fair park on the one side, which by the brays is linked to the Castle on the south, sprinkled at the entrance with a few conies, that for colour and smallness of number seem to be suffered more for pleasure than commodity: And on the other side, north and west, a goodly chase; vast, wide, large, and full of red-deer and other stately game for hunting: Beautified with many delectable, fresh, and shaded bowers, arbours, seats, and walks, that with great art, cost, and diligence were very pleasantly appointed: Which also the natural grace, by the tall and fresh fragrant trees and soil, did so far forth commend, as *Diana* herself might have deigned there well enough to range for her pastime.

The left arm of this pool, northward, hath my Lord adorned with a beautiful bracelet of a fair timbered bridge, that is of fourteen feet wide and six hundred feet long; railed on both sides, strongly planked for passage, reaching from the chase to the Castle. That thus in the midst it hath clear prospect over these pleasures on the back part; and forward over all the town, and much of the country beside.

Here, too, is a special commodity at hand of sundry quarries of large building stone, the goodness whereof may the more easily be judged, in the building and ancient stateliness of the Castle, that (as by the name and histories well may be gathered) was first reared by *Kenulph*, and his young son *Kenelm*, born both indeed within the realm here, but yet of the race of Saxons; and reigned Kings of Marchland from the year of our Lord 798, for 23 years together, above 770 years ago; although the Castle hath one ancient, strong, and large keep, that is called Cæsar's Tower, rather, as I have good cause to think, for that it is square and high, formed after the manner of Cæsar's Forts, than that ever

he built it. Nay, now that I am a little in, *Master Martin*, I will tell you all.

This Marchland, that stories call *Mercia*, is numbered in their books the fourth of the seven kingdoms that the Saxons had whilom here divided among them in the realm. It began in Anno Dom. 616, one hundred and thirty-nine years after Horsa and Hengist; continued in the race of 17 kings, 249 years together, and ended in Anno 875, raised from the rest (says the book) at first by Penda's presumption, overthrown at last by Buthred's hascardy, and so fell to the kingdom of the West-Saxons. Marchland had in it London, Middlesex, herein a bishopric: had more of shires, Gloucester, Worcester, and Warwick, and herein a bishopric; Chester (that now we call Cheshire), Derby, and Stafford, whereunto one bishop that had also part of Warwick and Shrewsbury, and his See at Coventry that was then aforetime at Lichfield: Hereto Hereford, wherein a bishopric that had more to jurisdiction, half Shrewsbury, part of Warwick and also of *Gloucester*, and the See at Hereford: Also had Oxford, Bucking-

ham, Hertford, Huntingdon, and half of Bedford; and to these Northampton, part of Leicester, and also Lincoln, whereunto a bishop; whose See at Lincoln City that sometime before was at Dorchester: hereto the rest of Leicester and in Nottingham, that of old had a special bishop, whose See was at Leicester, but afterwards put to the charge of the Archbishop of York.

Now touching the name, that of old records I understand, and of ancient writers I find, is called Kenilworth; since most of the Worths in England stand nigh unto like lakes, and are either small islands, such one as the seat of this Castle hath been and easily may be, or is land-ground by pool or river, whereon willows, alders, or such like do grow: Which *Althamerus* writes precisely that the Germans call **Werd**: joining these two together with the nighness also of the words and sybred of the tongues. I am the bolder to pronounce, that as our English Worth, with the rest of our ancient language, was left us from the Germans, even so that their Werd and our Worth is all one thing in signification,

common to us both even at this day.^{*} I take the case so clear, that I say not so much as I might. Thus proface ye with the preface; and now to the matter.

ON Saturday the ninth of July, at long Ichington, a town and lordship of my Lord's, within seven miles of Killingworth, his Honor made her Majesty great cheer at dinner, and pleasant pastime in hunting by the way after, that it was eight o'clock in the evening ere her Highness came to Killingworth; where in the park, about a flight-shoot from the brays and first gate of the Castle, one of the ten Sibyls, that we read were all *Fatidicæ* and *Theobulæ*, as parties and privy to the Gods' gracious good wills, comely clad in a pall of white silk, pronounced a proper poesy in English rhyme and metre: of effect, how great gladness her goodness' presence* brought into every stead where it pleased her to come, and especially now into that place that had so long longed after

* The other of the early copies reads "gracious presence."

the same; ending with prophecy certain of much and long prosperity, health, and felicity. This her Majesty benignly accepting, passed forth unto the next gate of the brays, which for the length, largeness and use, (as well it may so serve) they call now the tilt-yard, where a porter, tall of person, big of limb, and stern of countenance, wrapped also all in silk, with a club and keys of quantity according, had a rough speech full of passions, in metre aptly made to the purpose: Whereby (as her Highness was come within his ward,) he burst out in a great pang of impatience to see such uncouth trudging to and fro, such riding in and out, with such din and noise of talk within the charge of his office, whereof he never saw the like, nor had any warning afore, nor yet could make to himself any cause of the matter. At last, upon better view and avisement, as he pressed to come nearer, confessing anon that he found himself pierced at the presence of a personage so evidently expressing an heroical sovereignty over all the whole estates, and by degrees there beside, calmed his astonishment, proclaims open gates and free passage

to all, yields up his club, his keys, his office and all, and on his knees humbly prays pardon of his ignorance and impatience; which her Highness graciously granting, he caused his trumpeters that stood upon the wall of the gate there, to sound up a tune of welcome; which, beside the noble noise, was so much the more pleasant to behold, because these trumpeters, being six in number, were every one eight feet high, in due proportion of person beside, all in long garments of silk suitable, each with his silvery trumpet of five feet long, formed taper-wise, and straight from the upper part unto the lower end, where the diameter was 16 inches over; and yet so tempered by art, that being very easy to the blast, they cast forth no greater noise, nor a more unpleasant sound for time and tune, than any other common trumpet, be it never so artificially formed. These harmonious blasters, from the foreside of the gate, at her Highness' entrance, where they began: walking upon the walls unto the inner [court], had this music maintained from them very delectably, while her Highness all along this tilt-yard rode unto the inner gate, next the base-court of the

Castle, where the Lady of the Lake, (famous in King Arthur's book) with two nymphs waiting upon her, arrayed all in silks, awaited her Highness's coming: From the midst of the pool, where upon a movable island, bright blazing with torches, she floated to land, and met her Majesty with a well-penned metre and matter after this sort: [viz.] First, of the ancestry of the Castle, who had been owners of the same e'en till this day, most always in the hands of the Earls of Leicester; how she had kept this Lake since King Arthur's days; and now, understanding of her Highness's hither coming, thought it both her office and duty in humble wise to discover her and her estate; offering up the same, her lake, and power therein, with promise of repair unto the Court. It pleased her Highness to thank this lady, and to add withall: "We had thought indeed the Lake had been ours, and do you call it yours now? Well, we will herein commune more with you hereafter."

This pageant was closed up with a delectable harmony of hautboys, shalms, cornets, and such other loud music, that held on while her Majesty

pleasantly so passed from thence toward the Castle-gate; whereunto, from the base-court, over a dry valley cast into a good form, there was framed a fair bridge of twenty feet wide, and seventy feet long, gravelled for treading, railed on either part with seven posts on a side, that stood twelve feet asunder, thickened between with well-proportioned turned pillars.

Upon the first pair of posts were set two comely square wire cages, three feet long, and two feet wide; and high in them live bitterns, curlews, shovelers, hernshaws, godwits, and such like dainty birds, of the presents of *Sylvanus*, the God of fowl. On the second pair two great silvered bowls, featly apted to the purpose, filled with apples, pears, cherries, filberds, walnuts, fresh upon their branches, and with oranges, pomegranates, lemons, and pippins, all for the gifts of *Pomona*, Goddess of fruits. The third pair of posts, in two such silvered bowls, had (all in ears green and old) wheat, barley, oats, beans, and pease, as the gifts of *Ceres*. The fourth post, on the left hand, in a like silvered bowl, had grapes in clusters, white and red,

gracified with their vine leaves: The match post against it had a pair of great white silver livery pots for wine: and before them two glasses of good capacity, filled full; the one with white wine, the other with claret, so fresh of colour, and of look so lovely, smiling to the eye of many, that by my faith methought, by their leering, they could have found in their hearts, (as the evening was hot,) to have kissed them sweetly and thought it no sin: And these were the potencial presents of *Bacchus*, the God of wine. The fifth pair had each a fair large tray, strewed with fresh grass*; and in them conger, burt, mullet, fresh herrings, oysters, salmon, crevis, and such like, from *Neptunus*, God of the sea. On the sixth pair of posts were set two ragged staves of silver, as my Lord gives them in his arms, beautifully glittering of armour, there-upon depending bows, arrows, spears, shield, head-piece, gorget, corslets, swords, targets, and such like, for *Mars'* gifts, the God of war. And

* In the other early copy "strewed a little with fresh grass."

the aptlier (methought) was it that those ragged staves supported these martial presents, as well because these staves by their tines seem naturally meet for the bearing of armour, as also that they chiefly in this place might take upon them the principal protection of her Highness's person, that so benignly pleased her to take harbour. On the seventh posts, the last and next to the Castle, were there pight two fair bay branches of four feet high, adorned on all sides with lutes, viols, shalms, cornets, flutes, recorders, and harps, as the presents of *Phæbus*, the God of music, for rejoicing the mind, and also of physic, for health to the body.

Over the Castle-gate was there fastened a table beautifully garnished above with her Highness's arms, and featly with ivy wreaths bordered about, of ten feet square: the ground black, whereupon, in large white capital Roman fairly written, was a poem mentioning these Gods and their gifts, thus presented unto her Highness: which, because it remained unremoved, at leisure and pleasure I took it out, as followeth:—

AD MAJESTATEM REGIAM.

Jupiter huc certos cernens te tendere gressus,
 Cælicolas PRINCEPS actutum convocat Omnes:
 Obsequium præstare jubet TIBI quenque benignum.
 Unde suas Sylvanus Aves, Pomonaque fructus,
 Alma Ceres fruges, hilarantia vina Liæus,
Neptunus pisces, tela et tutantia *Mavors*,
 Suave Melos *Phæbus*, solidamq; longamq; salutem.
 Dii TIBI REGINA hæc (cum sis DIGNISSIMA) præbent:
 Hoc TIBI, cum Domino, dedit se et verda KENELMI.

All the letters that mention her Majesty, which are here put in capitals, for reverence and honour, were there made in gold.

But the night well spent, for that these verses by torch-light could easily be read; a poet, therefore, in a long ceruleous garment, with side [i. e. long] and wide sleeves, Venetian-wise drawn up to his elbow, his doublet sleeves under that, of crimson, nothing but silk; a bay garland on his head, and a scroll in his hand, making first an humble obeisance at her Highness's coming, and pointing unto every present as he spake, the same were pronounced. Thus viewing the gifts, as

she passed, and how the posts might agree with the speech of the poet: At the end of the bridge and entry of the gate, was her Highness received with a fresh delicate harmony of flutes, in performance of *Phæbus*' presents.

So passing into the inner court, her Majesty (that never rides but alone) there, set down from her palfrey, was conveyed up to her chamber: When after did follow so great a peal of guns, and such lightening by fire-work a long space together, as though *Jupiter* would have shown himself to be no further behind with his welcome than the rest of his Gods: and that he would have all the country to know, for indeed the noise and flame were heard and seen twenty miles off. Thus much, *Master Martin*, (that I remember me) for the first day's *bien venu*. Be you not weary, for I am scant in the midst of my matter.

On Sunday, the forenoon occupied as for the Sabbath-day, in quiet and vacation from work, and in divine service and preaching at the parish church: the afternoon in excellent music of sundry sweet instruments, and in dancing of

Lords and Ladies, and other worshipful degrees, uttered with such lively agility, and commendable grace, as whether it might be more strange to the eye, or pleasant to the mind, for my part indeed I could not discern; but it was exceedingly well, methought, in both.

At night late, as though *Jupiter* the last night had forgot for business, or forborne for courtesy and quiet, part of his welcome unto her Highness appointed, now entering at the first into his purpose moderately (as mortals do) with a warning piece or two, proceeding on with increase, till at last the *Altitonant* [i. e. High Thunderer,] displays me his main power; with blaze of burning darts flying to and fro, leams of stars coruscant, streams and hail of fiery sparks, lightnings of wildfire on water and land, flight and shooting of thunderbolts, all with such continuance, terror and vehemency, that the heavens thundered, the waters surged, the earth shook, and in such sort surely, as had we not been assured that the fulminant Deity was all hot in amity, and could not otherwise testify his welcome unto her Highness, it would have

made me for my part, as hardy as I am, very vengeably afraid. This ado lasted until the midnight was passed, that it seemed well with me soon after, when I found me in my cabin. And this for the second day.

Monday was hot, and therefore her Highness kept in till five o'clock in the evening; what time it pleased her to ride forth into the chase to hunt the hart of force: which found anon, and after sore chased, and chafed by the hot pursuit of the hounds, was fain of fine force, at last to take soil. There to behold the swift fleeting of the deer afore with the stately carriage of his head in his swimming, spread (for the quantity) like the sail of a ship; the hounds harrowing after as they had been a number of skiffs to the spoil of a Carvell: the one no less eager in purchase of his prey, than was the other earnest in safeguard of his life: so as the yearning of the hounds in continuance of their cry, the swiftness of the deer, the running of footmen, the galloping of horses, the blasting of horns, the hallooing and shouting of the huntsmen, with the excellent echoes between whiles from

the woods and waters in valleys resounding ; moved pastime delectable in so high a degree as for any person to take pleasure by most senses at once ; in mine opinion, there can be none in any way comparable to this : and specially in this place, that of nature is formed so fit for the purpose ; in faith, *Master Martin*, if ye could with a wish, I would you had been at it : Well, the hart was killed, a goodly deer, but so ceased not the game yet.

For about nine o'clock, at the hither part of the chase, where torch light attended, out of the woods, in her Majesty's return, there came roughly forth *Hombre Salvagio* [i. e. a Savage Man,] with an oaken plant plucked up by the roots in his hand, himself foregrown all in moss and ivy ; who, for personage, gesture, and utterance beside, countenanced the matter to very good liking ; and had speech to this effect : — That continuing so long in these wild wastes, wherein oft had he fared both far and near, yet happed he never to see so glorious an assembly before : and now cast into great grief of mind, for that neither by himself could he guess, nor knew

where else to be taught, what they should be, or who bare estate. Reports, some had he heard of many strange things, but broiled thereby so much the more in desire of knowledge. Thus, in great pangs, bethought he, and called he upon all his familiars and companions, the fawns, the satyrs, the nymphs, the dryades, and the hama-dryades; but none making answer, whereby his care the more increasing, in utter grief and extreme refuge, called he aloud at last after his old friend *Echo*, that he wist would hide nothing from him, but tell him all, if she were here. "Here" (quoth *Echo*.) "Here, *Echo*, and art thou there?" (says he) "Ah! how much hast thou relieved my careful spirits with thy courtesy onward. Ay me, good *Echo*, here is a marvellous presence of dignity; what are they, I pray thee, who is Sovereign, tell me, I beseech thee, or else how might I know?" "I know," (quoth she.) "Knowest thou?" says he; "marry, that is exceedingly well: Why then, I desire thee, heartily show me what majesty, (for no mean degree is it) have we here: a King, or a Queen?" "A Queen!" (quoth *Echo*.)

“A Queen !” says he, pausing, and wisely viewing awhile, “ now full certainly seems thy tale to be true.” And proceeding by this manner of dialogue, with an earnest beholding her Highness awhile, recounts he, first, how justly that former reports agree with his present sight, touching the beautiful lineaments of countenance, the comely proportion of body, the princely grace of presence, the gracious gifts of nature, with the rare and singular qualities of both body and mind in her Majesty conjoined, and so apparent at eye. Then shortly rehearsing Saturday’s acts, of *Sibyl’s* salutation ; of the Porter’s proposition ; of his Trumpeters music ; of the Lake Lady’s oration, and of the seven Gods’ seven presents, he reported the incredible joy that all estates in the land have always of her Highness wheresoever she came ; ending with presage and prayer of perpetual felicity, and with humble subjection of him and his, and all that they may do. After this sort the matter went, with little difference, I guess, saving only in this point, that the thing which I here report in unpolished prose, was there

pronounced in good metre and matter, very well endited in rhyme. *Echo* finely framed, most aptly, by answers thus to utter all. And I shall tell you, *Master Martin*, by the mass, of a mad adventure—As this Savage, for the more submission, broke his tree asunder, and cast the top from him, it had almost light upon her Highness's horse's head; whereat he startled, and the gentleman much dismayed. See the benignity of the prince: as the footmen looked well to the horse, and he of generosity soon calmed of himself—"No hurt, No hurt," quoth her Highness. Which words, I promise you, we were all glad to hear, and took them to be the best part of the play.

Tuesday, pleasant passing of the time with music and dancing; saving that toward night it liked her Majesty to walk afoot into the chase over the bridge, where it pleased her to stand: while upon the pool, out of a barge, finely appointed for the purpose, to hear sundry kinds of very delectable music; thus recreated, and after some walk, her Highness returned.

Wednesday, Her Majesty rode into the chase

a hunting again of the hart of force. The deer, after his property, for refuge took the soil ; but so mastered by hot pursuit on all parts, that he was taken quick in the pool : The watermen held him up hard by the head, while at her Highness's commandment, he lost his ears for a ransom, and so had pardon for life.

Thursday, the fourteenth of this July, and the sixth day of her Majesty's coming, a great sort of Ban-dogs were there tied in the outer court, and thirteen bears in the inner. Whosoever made the pannel, there were enough for a quest, and one for challenge an need were. A wight of great wisdom and gravity seemed their foreman to be, had it come to a jury ; but it fell out that they were caused to appear there upon no such matter, but only to answer to an ancient quarrel between them and the Ban-dogs, in a cause of controversy that had long depended, been obstinately full often debated, with sharp and biting arguments on both sides, and could never be decided : grown now to so marvellous a malice, that with spiteful upbraidings and uncharitable chaffings,

always they fret, as any where the one can hear, see, or smell the other: and indeed at utter deadly feud. Many a maimed member, (God wot) bloody face, and a torn coat, hath the quarrel cost between them; so far likely the less yet now to be appeased, as there wants not partakers to back them on both sides.

Well, Sir, the bears were brought forth into the court; the dogs set to them to argue the points even face to face; they had learned counsel also on both parts: what, may they be counted partial that are retainers but to a side? I ween no. Very fierce both the one and the other, and eager in argument: if the dog in pleading should pluck the bear by the throat, the bear with traverse would claw him again by the scalp: Confess an he list, but avoid he could not, that was bound to the bar; and his counsel told him that it could be to him no policy in pleading. Therefore thus with 'fending and proving, with plucking and tugging, scratching and biting, by plain tooth and nail on one side and the other, such expense of blood and leather was there between them, as a month's licking, I ween, will

not recover; and yet remain as far out as ever they were.

It was a sport very pleasant of these beasts; to see the bear with his pink eyes leering after his enemies approach, the nimbleness and wait of the dog to take his advantage, and the force and experience of the bear again to avoid the assault: If he was bitten in one place, how he would pinch in another to get free; that if he was taken once, then what shift, with biting, with clawing, with roaring, tossing and tumbling, he would work to wind himself from them; and when he was loose, to shake his ears twice or thrice with the blood and the slaver about his physiognomy, was a matter of a goodly relief.

As this sport was held at day-time, in the Castle, so was there abroad at night very strange and sundry kinds of fire-works, compelled by cunning to fly to and fro, and to mount very high into the air upward, and also to burn unquenchably beneath the water, contrary, ye wot, to fire's kind: This intermingled with a great peal of guns, which all gave both to the ear and to the eye the greater grace and delight,

for that with such order and art they were tempered, touching time and continuance, that was about two hours space.

Now, within also, in the mean time, was there showed before her Highness, by an Italian, such feats of agility, in goings, turnings, tumblings, castings, hops, jumps, leaps, skips, springs, gambols, summersets, caperings, and flights; forward, backward, sideways, downward, and upward, with sundry windings, gyrings and circumflexions; all so lightly and with such easiness, as by me, in few words, it is not expressible by pen or speech, I tell you plainly. I blessed me, by my faith, to behold him; and began to doubt whether it was a man or a spirit; and I ween had doubted me till this day, had it not been that anon I bethought me of men that can reason and talk with two tongues, and with two persons at once, sing like birds, courteous of behaviour, of body strong, and in joints so nimble withal, that their bones seemed as lythie and pliant as sinews. They dwell in a happy island (as the book terms it,) four months

sailing southward beyond Ethiopia. Nay, *Master Martin*, I tell you no jest ; for both *Diodorus Siculus*, an ancient Greek historiographer, in his third book of the acts of the old Egyptians ; and also from him *Conrad Gesnerus*, (a great and learned man, and a very diligent writer in all good arguments of our time, but deceased ;) in the first chapter of his *Mithridates*, reporteth the same. As for this fellow, I cannot tell what to make of him, save that I may guess his back be metalled like a lamprey, that has no bone, but a line like a lute-string. Well, Sir, let him pass and his feats, and this day's pastime withal, for here is as much as I can remember me for Thursday's entertainment.

Friday and *Saturday* there were no open shows abroad, because the weather inclined to some moisture and wind, that very seasonably tempered the drought and the heat, caused by the continuance of fair weather and sunshine all the while since her Majesty's thither coming.

On *Sunday*, opportunely, the weather broke up again ; and after divine service in the parish

church for the sabbath-day, and a fruitful sermon there in the forenoon: At afternoon, in worship of this Kenilworth Castle, and of God and Saint Kenelm, whose day, forsooth, by the Calendar this was, a solemn bridal of a proper couple was appointed: Set in order in the tilt-yard, to come and make their show before the Castle in the great court, where was pight a comely Quintain for feats at arms, which when they had done, to march out at the north-gate of the Castle homeward again into the town.

And thus were they marshalled. First, all the lusty lads and bold bachelors of the parish, suitably habited every wight, with his blue buckram bride-lace upon a branch of green broom (because rosemary is scant there) tied on his left arm, for on that side lies the heart; and his alder pole for a spear in his right hand, in martial order ranged on afore, two and two in a rank: Some with a hat, some in a cap, some a coat, some a jerkin, some for lightness in doublet and hose, clean truss'd with points afore; Some boots and no spurs, this spurs and no boots, and he again nei-

ther one nor other: One had a saddle, another a pad or a pannel fastened with a cord, for girths were geazon: And these, to the number of sixteen wights, riding men and well beseen: But the bridegroom foremost in his father's tawny worsted jacket, (for his friends were fain that he should be a bride-groom before the Queen) a fair straw hat with a capital crown, steeple-wise on his head; a pair of harvest gloves on his hands, as a sign of good husbandry; a pen and ink-horn at his back, for he would be known to be bookish: lame of a leg that in his youth was broken at foot-ball; well beloved of his mother, who lent him a new muffler for a napkin, that was tied to his girdle for losing it. It was no small sport to mark this minion in his full appointment, that, through good tuition, became as formal in his action as had he been a bride-groom indeed; with this special grace by the way, that ever as he would have framed to himself the better countenance, with the worst face he looked.

Well, Sir, after these horsemen, a lively morrice-dance according to the ancient man-

ner: six dancers, maid-marian, and the fool. Then three pretty pucelles, as bright as a breast of bacon, of thirty years old a-piece; that carried three special spice-cakes of a bushel of wheat (they had by measure, out of my Lord's bake-house) before the bride, Cicely, with set countenance and lips so demurely simpering, as it had been a mare cropping of a thistle. After these, a lovely loober-worts, freckle-faced, red-headed, clean trussed in his doublet and his hose, taken up now indeed by commission, for that he was loath to come forward, for reverence belike of his new cut canvas doublet; and would by his good will have been but a gazer, but found to be a meet actor for his office; that was to bear the bride-cup, formed of a sweet sucket barrel, a fair turn'd foot set to it, all seemly besilvered and parcell gilt adorned with a beautiful branch of broom, gaily begilded for rosemary: from which two broad bride-laces of red and yellow buckram begilded, and gallantly streaming by such wind as there was, for he carried it aloft: this gentle cup-bearer had his freckled physiognomy somewhat unhappily infested,

as he went, by the busy flies, that flocked about the bride-cup, for the sweetness of the sucket that it savoured of; but he, like a tall fellow, withstood their malice stoutly—see what manhood may do—beat them away, killed them by scores, stood to his charge, and marched on in good order.

Then followed the worshipful bride, led, after the country manner, between two ancient parishioners, honest townsmen. But a stale stallion and a well spread (hot as the weather was,) God wot, and ill-smelling was *she: thirty years old,* of colour brown-bay, not very beautiful indeed, but ugly, foul, and ill-favored; yet marvelous fond of the office, because she heard say she should dance before the Queen, in which feat she thought she would foot it as finely as the best: Well, after this bride there came, by two and two, a dozen damsels for bride-maids, that for favour, attire, for fashion and cleanliness, were as meet for such a bride as a tureen

* The other early copy reads "thirty-five years old."

ladle for a porridge-pot : More, but for fear of carrying all clean, had been appointed, but these few were enough.

As the company in this order were come into the court, marvellous were the martial acts that were done there that day. The bride-groom, for pre-eminence, had the first course at the Quintain, and broke his spear with true hardiment; but his mare in her manege did a little so titubate, that much ado had his manhood to sit in his saddle, and escape the foil of a fall; With the help of his hand, yet he recovered himself, and lost not his stirrups (for he had none to his saddle,) had no hurt as it happened, but only that his girth burst, and lost his pen and ink-horn which he was ready to weep for : but his handkercher, as good hap was, found he safe at his girdle : that cheered him somewhat, and had good regard it should not be soiled. For though heat and cold had upon sundry occasions made him some times to sweat, and sometimes rheumatic, yet durst he be bolder to blow his nose and wipe his face with the flappet of his father's jacket, than with his mother's muffler : 'tis a goodly matter,

when youth are mannerly brought up, in fatherly love and motherly awe.

Now, Sir, after the bride-groom had made his course, ran the rest of the band a while in some order; but soon after, tag and rag, cut and long tail: where the specialty of the sport was, to see how some for their slackness had a good bob with the bag; and some for their haste, too, would topple downright, and come down tumbling to the post: Some striving so much at the first setting out, that it seemed a question between the man and the beast, whether the course should be made on horseback or on foot: and put forth with the spurs, then would run his race by as among the thickest of the throng, that down came they together, hand over head: Another, while he directed his course to the quintain, his jument would carry him to a mare among the people; so his horse was as amorous, as himself adventurous: Another, too, would run and miss the quintain with his staff, and hit the board with his head.

Many such frolicsome games were there

among these riders; who, by and by afterwards, upon a greater courage, left their quintaining, and ran at one another. There to see the stern countenances, the grim looks, the courageous attempts, the desperate adventures, the dangerous curvets, the fierce encounters, whereby the buff at the man, and the counter-buff at the horse, that both sometimes came toppling to the ground: By my troth, *Master Martin*, 'twas a lively pastime; I believe it would have moved a man to a right merry mood, though it had been told him that his wife lay dying.

And heretofollowed as good a sport, methought, presented in an historical cue, by certain good-hearted men of Coventry, my Lord's neighbours there: who understanding among them the thing that could not be hidden from any: how careful and studious his Honor was, that by all pleasant recreations her Highness might best find herself welcome, and be made gladsome and merry, (the ground-work indeed and foundation of his Lordship's mirth, and gladness of us all,) made petition that they might renew now their old storial

show: of argument how the Danes whilom here in a troublous season were for quietness borne withal and suffered in peace, that anon, by outrage and unsupportable insolency, abusing both Ethelred the King, then, and all estates every where beside; at the grievous complaint and counsel of Huna, the King's Chieftain in wars, on Saint Brice's night, Anno Dom. 1012, (as the book says, that falleth yearly on the thirteenth of November) were all dispatched and the Realm rid. And for because that the matter mentioneth how valiantly our English women, for love of their country, behaved themselves, expressed in action and rhymes after their manner, they thought it might move some mirth to her Majesty the rather. The thing, said they, is grounded in story, and for pastime wont to be played in our City yearly: without ill example of manners, papistry, or any superstition: and else did so occupy the heads of a number, that likely enough would have had worse meditations: had an ancient beginning and a long continuance 'till now of late laid down, they knew no cause why, unless it was by

the zeal of certain of their preachers; men very commendable for their behaviour and learning, and sweet in their sermons, but somewhat too sour in preaching away their pastime: they wished therefore, that as they should continue their good doctrine in pulpit, so, for matters of policy and governance of the City, they would permit them to the Mayor and the Magistrates: and said, by my faith, *Master Martin*, they would make their humble petition unto her Highness, that they might have their plays up again.

But aware, keep back, make room now, here they come—

And first, Captain Cox, an odd man, I promise you: by profession a mason, and that right skilful; very cunning in fence, and hardy as Gawain; for his ton-sword hangs at his table's end; great oversight hath he in matters of story: For as for *King Arthur's Book*; *Huon of Bourdeaux*; *The Four Sons of Aymon*; *Bevis of Hampton*; *The Squire of Low Degree*; *The Knight of Courtesy*, and the *Lady Faguell*; *Fredrick of Geneva*; *Sir Eglamour*; *Sir Tryc-*

mour ; Sir Lamwell ; Sir Isenbras ; Sir Gawain ; Oliver of the Castle ; Lucrece and Euryalus ; Virgil's Life ; The Castle of Ladies ; The Widow Edyth ; The King and the Tanner ; Friar Rush ; Howleglas ; Gargantua ; Robin Hood ; Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesley ; The Churl and the Bird ; The Seven Wise Masters ; The Wife lapt in a Morel's-skin ; The Sack-full of News ; The Serjeant that became a Friar ; Scogan ; Colin Clout ; The Friar and the Boy ; Elynour Rumming ; and The Nutbrown Maid ; with many more than I rehearse here—I believe he hath them all at his fingers ends.

Then in philosophy, both moral and natural, I think he be as naturally overseen; beside poetry and astronomy, and other hid sciences, as I may guess by the omberty of his books; whereof part, as I remember, *The Shepherds Kalendar ; The Ship of Fools ; Daniel's Dreams ; The Book of Fortune ; Sians Puer ad Mensam ; The Highway to the Spittle-house ; Julian of Brentford's Testament ; The Castle of Love ; The Budget of Demands ; The Hundred Merry*

Tales ; The Book of Riddles ; The Seven Sorrows of Women ; The Proud Wives Pater-Noster ; The Chapman of a Pennyworth of Wit. Besides his ancient plays, *Youth and Charity ; Hickskorner ; Nugizee ; Impatient Poverty ;* and herewith Doctor Boord's *Breviary of Health.* What should I rehearse here ; what a bunch of ballads and songs, all ancient : as *Broom broom on Hill ; So woe is me begone, trolly lo ; Over a Whinny Meg ; Hey ding a ding ; Bonny lass upon a green ; My bonny one gave me a beck ; By a bank as I lay :* and a hundred more he hath fair wrapt up in parchment, and bound with a whipcord. And as for Almanacs of antiquity, (a point for Ephemerides) I ween he can show from Jasper Laet of Antwerp unto Nostradamus of France, and thence unto our John Securiz of Salisbury. To stay ye no longer herein, I dare say he hath as fair a library of these sciences, and as many goodly monuments both in prose and poetry, and at afternoons can talk as much without book, as any inn-holder between Brentford and Bagshot, what degree soever he be.

Beside this, in the field a good marshal at musters; of very great credit and trust in the town here; for he has been chosen ale-conner many a year, when his betters have stood by; and hath ever acquitted himself with such estimation, as to taste of a cup of *Nippitate*, his judgement will be taken above the best in the parish, be his nose ne'er so red.

Captain Cox came marching on valiantly before, clean trussed and gartered above the knee, all fresh in a velvet cap (Master Golding lent it him,) flourishing with his ton-sword; and another fence-master with him: Thus in the forward making room for the rest. After them, proudly pricked on foremost, the Danish lance-knights on horseback, and then the English: Each with their alder pole martially in their hand. Even at the first entry, the meeting waxed somewhat warm; that by and by, kindled with courage on both sides, grew from a hot skirmish unto a blazing battle: first by spear and shield, outrageous in their races as rams at their rut; with furious encounters, that together they tumbled to the dust, sometimes horse and man, and after

fall to it with sword and target, good bangs on both sides. The fight so ceasing, but the battle not so ended : then followed the footmen ; both the hosts, one after the other :—first marching in ranks ; then warlike turning ; then from ranks into squadrons ; then into triangles ; from that into rings, and so winding out again. A valiant Captain of great prowess, as fierce as a fox assaulting a goose, was so hardy to give the first stroke : then got they so grisly together, that great was the activity that day to be seen there on both sides ; the one very eager for purchase of prey, the other utterly stout for redemption of liberty : thus, quarrel enflamed the fury on both sides : twice the Danes had the better, but at the last conflict, beaten down, overcome, and many led captive for triumph by our English women.

This was the effect of this show ; that as it was handled, made much matter of good pastime, brought all, indeed, into the great court, even under her Highness's window, to have seen but as unhappy it was for the bride, that came thither too soon, (and yet it was four

o'clock,) for her Highness beholding in the chamber delectable dancing indeed, and therewith the great throng and unruliness of the people, was cause that this solemnity of bridal and dancing had not the full muster that was hoped for. Her Highness also saw but little of the Coventry play, and commanded it therefore on the Tuesday following to have it full out: as accordingly it was presented; whereat her Majesty laughed well: They were the merrier, and so much the more, because her Highness had given them two bucks and five marks in money, to make merry together: They prayed for her Majesty, long happily to reign, and oft to come thither, that oft they might see her: And what rejoicing upon their ample reward, and what triumphing upon the good acceptance, they vaunted their play was never so dignified, nor ever any players before so beatified.

Thus, tho' the day took an end, yet slipped not the night all sleeping away: for as neither office nor obsequy ceased at any time to the full, to perform the plot his Honor had appointed, so after supper was there a play of a very good

theme presented : but so set forth, by the actors well handling, that pleasure and mirth made it seem very short, tho' it lasted two good hours and more. But stay, *Master Martin*, all is not done yet.

After the play, out of hand followed a most delicious and (if I may so term it) an ambrosial banquet : whereof, whether I might more muse at the daintiness, shapes, and the cost ; or else, at the variety and number of the dishes (that were three hundred), for my part, I could little tell then ; and now less, I assure you. Her Majesty eat smally or nothing ; which understood, the courses were not so orderly served and sizely set down, but were, by and by, as disorderly wasted and coarsely consumed ; more courtly, methought, than courteously : But that was no part of the matter : it might please and be liked, and do that it came for, then was all well enough.

Unto this banquet there was appointed a masque : for riches of array of an incredible cost : but the time being so far spent, and very late in the night now, was cause that it came not

forth to the show : And thus for *Sunday's* season, having staid you the longer, according to the matter, here make I an end : Ye may breathe ye awhile.

Monday the eighteenth of this July, the weather being hot, her Highness kept the Castle for coolness, 'till about five o'clock, her Majesty in the chase hunted the hart (as afore) of force : that whether were it by the cunning of the huntsmen, or by the natural desire of the deer, or else by both ; anon he got him to soil again, which raised the accustomed delight : a pastime indeed so entirely pleasant, as whereof at times who may have the full and free fruition, can find no more satiety (I ween) for the recreation, than of their good viands at times for their sustenance.

Well, the game was gotten : and her Highness returning, came there upon a swimming mermaid, (that from top to tail was eighteen feet long,) *Triton*, Neptune's blaster : who with his trumpet formed of a wrinkled welk, as her Majesty was in sight, gave sound very shrill and sonorous, in sign he had an em-

bassy to pronounce. Anon her Highness was coming upon the bridge, whereunto he made his fish to swim the swifter; he then declared——

“ How the supreme salsipotent monarch Neptune, the great God of the swelling seas, Prince of profundities, and Sovereign Signor of all lakes, fresh waters, rivers, creeks, and gulphs; understanding how a cruel Knight, one *Sir Bruce sans pitié*, a mortal enemy unto ladies of estate, had long lain about the banks of this pool, in wait with his bands here, to distress the *Lady of the Lake*, whereby she had been restrained not only from having any use of her ancient liberty and territories in these parts; but also of making repair and giving attendance unto you, Noble Queen, (quo’ he) as she would; she promised, and also should; doth therefore signify, and hereto, of you, as of her good liege and dear friend, make this request, that you will deign but to shew your person toward this pool; whereby your only presence shall be matter sufficient of abandoning this uncourteous Knight, and putting all his

“bands to flight, and also deliver the Lady out
“of this thralldom.”

Moving herewith from the bridge, and fleeting more into the pool, charged he in *Neptune's* name *Æolus* with all his winds, the waters with his springs, his fish and fowl, and all his clients in the same, that they ne be so hardy in any force to stir, but keep them calm and quiet while this Queen be present. At which petition her Highness staying, it appeared strait how *Sir Bruce* became unseen, his bands scaled, and the Lady, by and by, with her two Nymphs floating upon her moveable Islands, *Triton*, on his mermaid skimming by, approached towards her Highness on the bridge,—as well to declare that her Majesty's presence had so graciously thus wrought her deliverance, as also to excuse her not coming to court as she promised, and chiefly to present her Majesty, as a token of her duty and good heart, for her Highness' recreation, with this gift: which was, *Arion*, that excellent and famous musician; in tire and appointment strange, well seeming to his per-

son, riding aloft upon his old friend the dolphin, that from head to tail was four and twenty feet long, and swam hard by these Islands. Herewith, *Arion*, for these great benefits, after a few well-couched words unto her Majesty of thanksgiving, in supplement of the same; began a delectable ditty of a song well apted to a melodious noise; compounded of six several instruments, all covert, casting sound from the dolphin's belly within: *Arion*, the seventh, sitting thus singing (as I say) without.

Now, Sir, the ditty in metre so aptly endited to the matter, and after by voice deliciously delivered. The song, by a skilful artist into his parts so sweetly sorted; each part in his instrument so clean and sharply touched; every instrument again in his kind so excellently tunable; and this in the evening of the day, resounding from the calm waters, where the presence of her Majesty, and longing to listen, had utterly damped all noise and din; the whole harmony conveyed in time, tune, and temper thus incomparably melodious; with what pleasure, (*Master Martin*), with what sharpness of conceit, with

what lively delight, this might pierce into the hearer's hearts, I pray ye imagine yourself, as ye may ; for, so God judge me, by all the wit and cunning I have, I cannot express, I promise you. " Mais j'ai bien vû cela, Monsieur, que fort grande est la pouvoir qu'avoit la très noble science de Musique sur l'esprit humain." Perceive ye me? I have told you a great matter now: As for me, surely I was lulled in such liking, and so loath to leave off, that much ado a good while after had I, to find me where I was. And take ye this by the way, that for the small skill in music that God hath sent me (you know it is somewhat), I'll set the more by myself while my name is *Laneham* ; and, grace of God, music is a noble art !

But stay a while, see a short wit: by troth I had almost forgot. This day was a day of grace beside, wherein were advanced five gentlemen of worship unto the degree of Knighthood ; *Sir Thomas Cecil* ; son and heir unto the right honourable the Lord Treasurer, *Sir Henry Cobham*, brother unto the Lord Cobham ; *Sir Thomas Stanhope* ; *Sir Arthur Basset* ; and *Sir*

Thomas Tresham. And also by her Highness' accustomed mercy and charity, nine were cured of the painful and dangerous disease called the King's Evil; for that Kings and Queens of this Realm, without other medicine, save only by handling and prayers, do cure it: Bear with me, though perchance I place not those gentlemen in my recital here, after their estates; for I am neither a good herald of arms, nor yet know how they are set in the subsidy books: men of great worship I understand they are all.

Tuesday, according to commandment, came our Coventry men. What their matter was, of her Highness' mirth and good acceptance, and reward unto them, and of their rejoicing thereat, I have informed you before, and so say the less now.

Wednesday, in the forenoon, preparation was in hand for her Majesty to have supped in Wedgenall, three miles west from the Castle, a goodly Park of the Queen's Majesty.* For

* The Duchess of Portland's copy reads "a goodly park of the right honourable my very good Lord the

that cause a fair pavilion, and other provision was accordingly thither sent and prepared : but by means of the weather not so clearly disposed, the matter was countermanded again. Had her Highness happened this day to have come abroad, there was made ready a device of Goddesses and Nymphs, which, as well for the ingenious argument, as for the well handling of it in rhyme and enditing, would undoubtedly have gained great liking, and moved no less delight. Of the particularities whereof, however, I cease to entreat, lest like the bungling carpenter, by mis-sorting the pieces, I mar a good frame in the bad setting up ; or by my bad tempering beforehand, blemish the beauty, when it should be reared up indeed. This day also was there such earnest talk and appointment of removing, that I gave over my noting, and hearkened after my horse.

Marry, Sir, I must tell you : As all endeavour

Earl of Warwick." It still belongs to that noble family, and is now called *Wedgnoek Park*.—*Nichols's Progresses*, 1788, Vol. 1.

was to move mirth and pastime (as I told you), even so, a ridiculous device of an ancient minstrel and his song, was prepared to have been proffered, if meet time and place had been found for it. Once in a worshipful company, where I chanced to be, full appointed, he recounted his matter in sort as it should have been uttered. What I noted, here thus, I tell you.—

A person very meet seemed he for the purpose, of forty-five years old, appareled partly as he would himself. His cap of his head, seemly rounded tonsor-wise; fair combed, that with a sponge daintily dipped in a little capon's grease was finely smoothed, to make it shine like a mallard's wing. His beard snugly shaven; and yet his shirt after the new trick, with ruffs fair starched, sleeked and glistening like a pair of new shoes; marshaled in good order with a setting-stick, and stout that every ruff stood up like a wafer. A side gown of Kendal green, after the freshness of the year now; gathered at the neck with a narrow gorget, fastened afore with a white clasp, and a keeper, close up to the chin; but easily for heat to undo when he list,

seemly begirt in a red Cadiz girdle ; from that a pair of capped Sheffield knives hanging to a side : Out of his bosom drawn forth a lappet of his napkin, edged with blue lace, and marked with a truelove [knot], a heart, and a D. for *Damian*, for he was but a batchelor yet.

His gown had side [i. e. long] sleeves down to mid-leg, slit from the shoulder to the hand, and lined with white cotton. His doublet-sleeves of black worsted ; upon them a pair of poignets [i.e. wristbands] of tawny camblet, laced along the wrist with blue threaden points ; a welt toward the hand of fustian-a-napes : a pair of red nether-stocks ; a pair of pumps on his feet, with a cross cut at the toes for corns ; not new indeed, yet cleanly blacked with soot, and shining as a shoe-ing horn. About his neck, a red ribband suitable to his girdle. His harp in good grace dependent before him ; his wrest tied to a green lace and hanging by. Under the gorget of his gown, a fair flaggon chain of pewter (for silver), as a *Squire Minstrel of Middlesex* ; that travelled the country this summer season unto fairs, and worshipful men's houses.

From his chain hung an escutcheon, with metal and colour, resplendent upon his breast, of the ancient arms of *Islington*: Upon a question whereof, he, as one that was well schooled, and conned his lesson perfect without book to answer at full, if question were asked him, declared: “How the
“worshipful village of Islington in Middlesex,
“well known to be one of the most ancient and
“best towns in England next London at this
“day, for the faithful friendship of long time
“shown, as well at Cook’s feast in Aldersgate-
“street yearly upon Holy-rood day, as also at
“all solemn bridals in the city of London all
“the year after; in well serving them of fur-
“mety for porridge, not oversodden till it be
“too weak: of milk for their flawnes, not
“pild nor chalked; of cream for their custards,
“not frothed nor thickened with flour; and of
“butter for their pasties and pie-paste, not made
“of well curds, nor gathered of whey in sum-
“mer, nor mingled in winter with salt-butter
“watered or washed; did obtain long ago, these
“worshipful arms in colour and form as you see:
“which are—The arms: a field *Argent*, as the

“ field and ground indeed wherein the milk-wives
“ of this worthy town, and every man else in his
“ faculty doth trade for his living. On a fess
“ *tenné*, three plates between three milk-tan-
“ kards *proper*. The three milk-tankards, as
“ the proper vessels wherein the substance and
“ matter of their trade is to and fro transported.
“ The fess *tenné*, which is a colour betokening
“ doubt and suspicion ; so as suspicion and good
“ heed-taking, as well to their markets and ser-
“ vants, as to their customers that they trust
“ not too far, may bring unto them plates, that
“ is coined silver ; three, that is sufficient and
“ plenty ; for so that number in armory may
“ well signify.

“ For crest, upon a wad of oat-straw for a
“ wreath, a bowl of furmety. Wheat (as you
“ know) is the most precious gift of *Ceres* ; and
“ in the midst of it, sticking, a dozen of horn
“ spoons in a bunch, as the instrument meetest
“ to eat furmety porridge withal : a dozen, as a
“ number complete for full cheer or a banquet ;
“ and of horn, as of a substance more estimable
“ than is made for a great deal ; being neither

“ so churlish in weight, as metal ; nor so forward and brittle to manure, as stone ; nor yet
“ so soily in use, nor rough to the lips, as wood ;
“ but light, pliant, and smooth ; that with a
“ little licking, will always be kept as clean as
“ a die. With your patience, Gentlemen,”
(quoth the Minstrel) “ be it said ; were it not
“ indeed that horns be so plenty, hornware, I
“ believe, would be more set by than it is ; and
“ yet there are in our parts, those that will not
“ stick to avow, that many an honest man, both
“ in city and country, hath had his house by
“ horning well upholden, and a daily friend
“ also at need : And this with your favour may
“ I further affirm ; a very ingenious person was
“ he, that for dignity of the stuff, could thus by
“ spooning devise to advance the horn so near
“ to the head. With great congruity also were
“ these horn-spoons put to the wheat ; as a
“ token and portion of *Cornucopiæ*, the horn of
“ *Achelous* ; which the *Maiades* did fill with all
“ good fruits, corn, and grain ; and afterwards
“ did consecrate unto abundance and plenty.
“ This scutcheon with beasts, very aptly

“ agreeing both to the arms and to the trade of
“ the bearers; gloriously supported. Between
“ a grey mare, (a beast meetest for carrying of
“ milk-tankards) her pannel on her back, as al-
“ ways ready for service at every feast and
“ brid-ale at need; her tail displayed at most
“ ease; and her filly foal, with a fallow and
“ flaxen mane after the sire.

“ In the scroll undergraven (quoth he) is
“ there a proper word, an hemistich, well squar-
“ ing with all the rest, taken out of Salerne’s
“ chapter of things that most nourish man’s
“ body: *Lac, Caseus infans*. That is: ‘ good
“ milk, and young cheese.’ And thus much,
“ Gentlemen, an please you (quoth he) for the
“ arms of our worshipful town:” And there-
withal made a mannerly leg, and so held his
peace.

As the company paused, and the minstrel
seemed to gape after praise for his *beau parlé*:
and because he had rendered his lesson so well,
says a good fellow of the company, “ I am sorry
“ to see how much the poor Minstrel mistakes
“ the matter; for indeed the arms are thus:—

“ Three milk-tankards proper, in a field of
“ clouted cream, three green cheeses upon a
“ shelf of cake-bread. The furmety bowl and
“ horn-spoons ; cause their profit comes all by
“ horned beasts. Supported by a mare with a
“ galled back, and therefore still covered with
“ a pannel, fisking with her tail for flies,
“ and her filly foal neighing after the dam for
“ suck. The words *Lac, Caseus infans*, that
“ is, a fresh cheese and cream, the common cry
“ that these milk-wives make in London streets
“ yearly betwixt Easter and Whitsuntide: and
“ this is the very matter, I know it well enough:”
and so ended his tale and sat him down again.

Hereat every man laughed much, save the Minstrel; that though the fool was made privy all was but for sport, yet to see himself thus crossed with a contrary cue that he looked not for, would strait have given over all, and waxed very wayward, eager, and sour: howbeit at last, by some entreaty and many fair words, with sack and sugar, we sweetened him again; and afterward he became as merry as a pye. Appearing then afresh, in his full formality, with a

lovely look; after three lowly courtesies, cleared his voice with a hem and reach, and spat out withal; wiped his lips with the hollow of his hand, for filing his napkin; tempered a string or two with his wrest, and after a little warbling on his harp for a prelude, came forth with a solemn song, warranted for story out of King Arthur's acts, the 1st book and 26th chapter, whereof I got a copy; and that is this, viz.

THE MINSTREL'S SONNET.

So it befell upon a Pentecost day,
When King Arthur at Camelot kept court royal,
With his comely Queen, dame Guenever the gay,
And many bold Barons sitting in hall;
Ladies apparelled in purple and pall,
When Heralds in hukes herried full by,
Largess, Largess, Chevaliers tres hardy!

A doughty dwarf unto the uppermost deas
Right pertly 'gan prick, and kneeling on knee,
With steven full stout amidst all the press,
Said, Hail, Sir King, God thee save, and see
King Ryence of North-Wales greeteth well thee,

And bids that thy beard anon thou him send,
Or else from thy jaws he will it off rend.

For his robe of state, a rich scarlet mantle,
With eleven kings' beards bordered about,
He hath made late, and yet in a cantle
Is left a place the twelfth to make out,
Where thine must stand, be thou never so stout ;
This must be done, I tell thee no fable,
Maugre the pow'r of all thy Round Table.

When this mortal message from his mouth was
past,
Great was the bruit in hall and in bow'r ;
The King fumed, the Queen shrieked, Ladies were
aghast,
Princes puff'd, Barons blustered, Lords began to
lour,
Knights stamped, 'Squires startled as steeds in a
stour,
Yeomen and Pages yell'd out in the hall,
When herewith came in Sir Kay, Seneschal.

"Silence, my sufferaunce," quoth the courteous Knight,
And in that stound the charm became still ;

The Dwarf's dinner full dearly was dight,
For wine and wassail he had at his will ;
And when he had eaten and fed his fill,
One hundred pieces of coined gold
Were given the Dwarf for his message bold.

“ Say to Sir Ryence, thou Dwarf,” quoth the King,
“ That for this proud message I him defy,
And shortly with basons and pans will him ring
Out of North Wales ; whereas he and I
With swords, and no razors, shall utterly try
Which of us both is the better barber :”
And therewith he shook his sword *Excaliber* !

At this the Minstrel made a pause and a courtesy for *primus passus*. More of the song there is, but I got it not. As for the matter, had it come to the shew, I think the fellow would have handled it well enough.

Her Highness tarried at Kenilworth till the Wednesday after, being the 27th of this July, and the nineteenth inclusive of her Majesty's coming thither ; for which seven days, perceiving my notes so slenderly answering, I took it less blame to cease, and thereof to write you

nothing at all, than in such matters to write nothing likely; and so much the rather, (as I have well bethought me) that if I did but ruminate the days I have spoken of, I shall bring out yet somewhat more meet for your appetite, (though a dainty tooth have ye) which I believe your tender stomach will brook well enough.

Whereof part is, first, how according to her Highness' name *Elizabeth*, which I hear say, out of the Hebrew signifieth, among other, *the seventh of my God*; divers things here did so justly in number square with the same. As first, her Highness hither coming in this seventh month; then presented with the seven presents of the seven Gods; and after, with the melody of the seven sorted music in the dolphin, the Lake-Lady's gift. Then, too, consider how fully the Gods, as it seemed, had conspired most magnificently in abundance to bestow their influences and gifts upon her Court, there to make her Majesty merry.

Sage *Saturn* himself in person (that because of his lame leg could not so well stir) in chair, therefore to take order with the grave officers of

the household, holpen indeed with the good advice of his prudent niece *Pallas*, that no unruly body, or disquiet, disturb the noble assembly, or else be once so bold to enter within the Castle gates. Away with all rascals, captives, melancholic, wayward, froward conjurers and usurers, and to have labourers and under-workmen for the beautifying of any place, always at hand as they should be commanded.

Jupiter sent personages of high honour and dignity; Barons, Lords, Ladies, Judges, Bishops, Lawyers, and Doctors; with them, Virtue, Nobleness, Equity, Liberality, and Compassion; due season, and fair weather; saving that, at the petition of his dear sister *Ceres*, he granted a day or two of some sweet showers for ripening of her corn that was so well set, and to get forward harvest. Herewith bestowed he such plenty of pleasant thunder, lightning, and thunderbolts, by his halting son and fire-master *Vulcan*, still fresh and fresh framed, always so frequent, so intellable, and of such continuance in the spending (as I partly told ye) consumed, that surely he seems to be as of power inestim-

able ; so, in store of munition, unwasteable ; for all *Ovid's* censure that says,

Si quoties peccant homines sua fulmina mittat
Jupiter, exiguo tempore inermis erit.

If Jove should shoot his thunderbolts, as oft as men offend,

Assure you his artillery would soon be at an end !

What a number of estates and of nobility had *Jupiter* assembled there, guess you by this, that of sort worshipful there were in the Court daily above forty, whereof the meanest of a thousand marks yearly revenue, and many of much more. This great gift beside did his Deity confer upon her Highness—to have fair and seasonable weather at her own appointment ; according whereunto her Majesty so had. For her gracious presence, therefore, with this great gift endowed, Lichfield, Worcester, and Middleton, with many places more, made humble suit unto her Highness to come ; to such whereof as her Majesty could, it came, and they season acceptable.

Phœbus, beside his continual and most delicious music, (as I have told you) appointed he Princes to adorn her Highness' court, Counselors, Herald, and sanguine Youth, pleasant and merry, costly garments, learned physicians, and no need of them.

Juno, Gold chains, ouches, jewels of great price and rich attire worn in much grace and good beseming, without pride or emulation of any.

Mars, Captains of good conduct, men skilful in feats of arms, politic in stratagems, of good courage in good quarrels, valiant and wise-hardy; abandoning pique-quarrels and ruffians: appointing also pursuivants, couriers, and posts, still feeding her Highness with news and intelligences from all parts.

Venus, Unto the Ladies and Gentlewomen, beauty, good favour, comeliness, gallant attire, dancing with comely grace, sweet voice in song and pleasant talk, with express commandment and charge unto her son, on her blessing, that he shoot not a shaft in the Court all the while her Highness remained at Kenilworth.

Mercury, Learned men in sciences; Poets, Merchants, Painters, Carvers, Players, Engineers, Devicers, and dexterity in handling of all pleasant attempts.

Luna, Calm nights for quiet rest, and silver moonshine, that nightly indeed shone for most of her Majesty's being there.

Blind *Plutus*, Bags of Money, Customers, Exchangers, and Bankers, with store of riches in plate and in coin.

Bacchus, Full cups every where, every hour of all kinds of wine. There was no dainty that the sea could yield, but *Neptune* (though his reign at the nearest lay well nigh a hundred miles off) did daily send in great plenty, sweet and fresh. As for fresh-water fish, the store of all sorts was abundant.

And how bountiful *Ceres* in provision was, guess ye by this, that in little more than three days space, seventy-two tuns of ale and beer were piped up quite; what that night, whilst with it, of bread beside meat, I report me to you: and yet the Master Comptroller, Master Cofferer, and divers Officers of the court, some honourable and

sundry right worshipful were placed at Warwick, for more room in the Castle. But here was no ho ! *Master Martin*, in devout drinking alway ; that brought lack unlooked for ; which being known to the worshipful my lord's good neighbours, came there in two day's space, from sundry friends, a relief of forty tuns, till a new supply was got again : and then to our drinking afresh as fast as ever we did.

Flora, Abroad and within the house, ministered of flowers so great a quantity, of such sweet savour, so beautifully hued, so large and fair proportion, and of such strange kinds and shapes, that it was great pleasure to see : and so much the more, as there was great store of others that were counterfeit, and formed of feathers by art ; alike glorious to the show, as were the natural.

Proteus, His tumbler, that could by nimbleness cast himself into so many forms and fashions.

Pan, His merry morrice-dance, with their pipe and tabor.

Bellona, Her Quintain Knights, and proper bickerings of the Coventry men.

Polyphemus, Neptune's son and heir: (let him I pray, an it be but for his father's sake and for his good will, be allowed for a God,) with his bears, his bear-whelps, and ban-dogs.

Æolus, Holding up his winds, while her Highness at any time took pleasure on the water, and staying of tempests during her abode here.

Sylvanus, Besides his plentiful provision of fowl for dainty viands, his pleasant and sweet singing birds: whereof I will show you more anon.

Echo, Her well ended dialogue.

Faunus, His jolly savage.

Genius loci, His tempering of all things within and without, with apt time and place to pleasure and delight.

Then the three *Charites*: [or Graces] *Aglaia*, with her lightsome gladness; *Thalia*, her flourishing freshness; *Euphrosyne*, her cheerfulness of spirit: and with these three in one assent, *Concordia*, with her amity and good agreement. That to

how great effect their powers were poured out here among us, let it be judged by this, that by a multitude thus met of three or four thousand every day; and divers days more, of so sundry degrees, professions, ages, appetites, dispositions and affections; such a drift of time was there passed, with such amity, love, pastime, agreement, and obedience where it should; and without quarrel, jarring, grudging, or (that I could hear) of ill words between any. A thing, *Master Martin*, very rare and strange, and yet no more strange than true.

The *Parcæ*, [or Fates] as erst I should have said, the first night of her Majesty's coming, they hearing and seeing so precious ado here at a place unlooked for, in an uplandish country so far within the realm: pressing into every stead where her Highness went, whereby so duddled with such variety of delights, did set aside their huswifery, and could not for their hearts tend their work a whit. But after they had seen her Majesty a-bed, got them a prying into every place: Old hags! as fond of novelties as young girls that had never seen Court before: but

neither full with gazing, nor weary with gadding; left off yet for that time, and at high midnight gat them giggling, (but not aloud) in the Presence Chamber: minding indeed, with their present diligence, to recompense their former slackness.

So, setting themselves thus down to their work, "Alas!" says *Atropos*, "I have lost my sheers:" *Lachesis* laughed apace and would not draw a thread: "And think ye, dames, that I'll hold the distaff, while both ye sit idle? Why, no, by my mother's soul," quoth *Clotho*. Therewith, carefully lapped in fine lawn, the spindle and rock, that was dized with pure purple silk, laid they safely up together; that of her Majesty's distaff, for eighteen days, there was not a thread spun, I assure you. The two sisters after that (I heard say) began their work again, that long may they continue: but *Atropos* heard no tidings of her sheers, and not a man that moaned her loss. She is not beloved surely; for this can I tell you, that whether it be for hate to the hag, or love to her Highness, or else for both, every man prays God she may never find them for that work; and so pray I daily and duly with the devoutest.

Thus partly you perceive now, how greatly the Gods can do for mortals, and how much always they love where they like: that what a gentle *Jove* was this, thus courteously to contrive here such a train of Gods? Nay then rather, *Master Martin*, to come out of our poeticalities, and to talk on more serious terms, what a magnificent Lord may we justly account him, that could so highly cast order for such a *Jupiter* and all his Gods beside: that none with his influence, good property, or present, were wanting; but always ready at hand, in such order and abundance for the honouring and delight of so high a Prince, our most gracious Queen and Sovereign. A Prince (I say) so singular in pre-eminence, and worthiness above all other Princes and Dignities of our time: though I make no comparison to years past, to him that in this point, either of ignorance—(if any such can be), or else of malevolence, would make any doubt: *sit liber Judex* (as they say); let him look on the matter, and answer himself, he has not far to travel.

As for the amplitude of his Lordship's mind, albeit that I, poor soul, can in conceit no more attain unto, than judge of a gem whereof I have no skill : yea, though daily worn and resplendent in mine eye ; yet some of the virtues and properties thereof, in quantity, or quality, so apparent as cannot be hidden, but seen of all men, might I be the bolder to report here unto you ; but as for the value, your jewellers by their carats let them cast, an they can.

And first, who that considers unto the stately seat of Kenilworth Castle, the rare beauty of building that his Honor hath advanced, all of the hard quarry-stone : every room so spacious, so well belighted, and so high roofed within : so seemly to sight by due proportion without ; In day-time on every side so glittering by glass ; at nights, by continual brightness of candle, fire, and torch-light, transparent thro' the lightsome windows, as it were the Egyptian Pharos reluctant unto all the Alexandrian coast : or else, (to talk merrily with my merry friend,) thus radiant, as though *Phæbus* for his ease would rest him in the Castle, and not every night so to travel

down unto the Antipodes. Here, too, so fully furnished of rich apparel and utensils apted in all points to the best.

Unto this, his Honor's exquisite appointment of a beautiful garden, an acre or more in quantity, that lieth on the north there: Wherein hard all along by the Castle wall, is reared a pleasant terrace, ten feet high, and twelve feet broad, even under foot, and fresh of fine grass; as is also the side thereof towards the garden: In which, by sundry equal distances, with obelisks, and spheres, and white bears, all of stone upon their curious bases, by goodly shew were set; To these, two fine arbours redolent by sweet trees and flowers, at each end one, the garden plot under that, with fair alleys, green by grass, even voided from the borders on both sides, and some (for change) with sand, not light, or too soft, or soily by dust, but smooth and firm, pleasant to walk on, as a sea-shore when the water is availed. Then, much gracified by due proportion of four even quarters: in the midst of each, upon a base of two feet square, and high, seemly bordered of itself, a square pilaster rising pyramidi-

cally fifteen feet high. Symmetrically pierced through from a foot beneath to two feet of the top: whereupon, for a capital, an orb of ten inches thick; every of these, with its base, from the ground to the top, of one whole piece; hewn out of hard porphyry, and with great art and heed (think me) thither conveyed and there erected. Where, further also, by great cast and cost, the sweetness of savour on all sides, made so respirant from the redolent plants and fragrant herbs and flowers, in form, colour, and quantity so deliciously variant; and fruit-trees bedecked with apples, pears, and ripe cherries.

And unto these, in the midst, against the terrace: a square cage, sumptuous and beautiful, joined hard to the north wall, (that on that side guards the garden, as the garden the Castle) of a rare form and excellency was raised: in height twenty feet, thirty long, and fourteen broad. From the ground strong and close, reared breast-high, whereat a framing of a fair moulding was couched all about: from that upward, four great windows, in front, and two at each end, every

one five feet wide, as many more even above them, divided on all parts by a transom and architrave, so likewise ranging about the cage. Each window arched at the top, and parted from the other at even distances by flat fair bolted columns, all in form and beauty alike, these supported a comely cornice couched all along upon the bole square. Which with a wire net, finely knit, of meshes six square, an inch wide (as it were for a flat roof) and likewise the space of every window with great cunning and comeliness, even and tight was all over-strained. Under the cornice again, every part beautified with great diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires: pointed, tabled, rock and round, and garnish'd with gold; by skilful head and hand, and by toil and pencil so lively expressed, as it might be great marvel and pleasure to consider how near excellency of Art could approach unto perfection of Nature.

Bear with me, good countryman, though things be not showed here as well as I would, or as well as they should. For indeed I can better imagine and conceive that which I see, than well utter, or duly declare it. Holes were there also

and caverns in orderly distances and fashion, voided into the wall, as well for heat, for coolness, for roost at nights and refuge in weather, as also for breeding when time is. More ; fair, even, and fresh holly trees for perching and pruning, set within, toward each end one.

Here, too, their diversity of meats, their fine several vessels for their water and sundry grains; and a man skilful and diligent to look to them and tend them.

But, shall I tell you, of the silver sounded lute, without the sweet touch of hand ; the glorious golden cup, without the fresh fragrant wine ; or the rich ring with gem, without the fair featured finger ; is nothing, indeed, in his proper grace and use: even so his Honor accounted of this mansion 'till he had placed there tenants according. Had it, therefore, replenished with lively Birds, English, French, Spanish, Canarian, and I am deceived if I saw not some African. Whereby, whether it became more delightful in change of tunes, and harmony to the ear ; or else in difference of colours, kinds, and properties to the eye, I'll tell you, if I can, when I have better bethought me.

One day, *Master Martin*, as the garden door was open, and her Highness hunting, by licence of my good friend *Adrian*, I came in at a beckon, but would scant out with a thrust: for sure I was loath so soon to depart. Well may this, *Master Martin*, be somewhat to magnitude of mind, but more thereof as ye shall know, more cause ye shall have so to think: hear out what I tell you, and tell me when we meet.

In the centre, as it were, of this goodly garden, was there placed a very fair fountain, cast into an eight-square, reared four feet high; from the midst whercof, a column upright, in shape of two *Athlants*, joined together a back half; the one looking east, the other west, with their hands upholding a fair-formed bowl of three feet over; from whence sundry fine pipes did lively distil continual streams into the reservoir of the fountain, maintained still two feet deep by the same fresh falling water: wherein pleasantly playing to and fro, and round about, carp, tench, bream, and for variety, pearch and eel, fish fair-liking all, and large: In the top, the ragged staff; which, with

the bowl, the pillar, and eight sides beneath, were all hewn out of rich and hard white marble. On one side, *Neptune* with his trident al fuskin triumphing in his throne, traile into the deep by his marine horses. On another, *Thetis* in her chariot drawn by her dolphins. Then *Triton* by his fishes. Here *Proteus* herding his sea-bulls. There *Doris* and her daughters solacing on sea and sands. The waves surging with froth and foam, intermingled in place, with whales, whirlpools, sturgeons, tunneys, conches, and wealks, all engraven by exquisite device and skill, so as I may think this not much inferior unto *Phæbus*' gates, which *Ovid* says, and peradventure a pattern to this, that *Vulcan* himself did cut: whereof such was the excellency of art, that the work in value surmounted the stuff, and yet were the gates all of clean massy silver.

Here were things, ye see, might inflame any mind to long after looking: but whoso was found so hot in desire, with the wrest of a cock was sure of a cooler: water spirting upward with such vehemency, as they should, by and by, be moistened from top to toe; the he's to some

laughing, but the she's to more sport : this sometime was occupied to very good pastime.

A garden then so appointed, as wherein aloft upon sweet shadowed walk of terrace, in heat of summer, to feel the pleasant whisking wind above, or delectable coolness of the fountain-spring beneath ; to taste of delicious strawberries, cherries, and other fruits, even from their stalks ; to smell such fragrancy of sweet odours, breathing from the plants, herbs, and flowers ; to hear such natural melodious music and tunes of birds ; to have in eye for mirth sometime these underspringing streams ; then, the woods, the waters (for both pool and chase were hard at hand in sight), the deer, the people (that out of the east arbour in the base Court, also at hand in view), the fruit-trees, the plants, the herbs, the flowers, the change in colours, the birds flittering, the fountain streaming, the fish swimming, all in such delectable variety, order, and dignity ; whereby, at one moment, in one place, at hand, without travel, to have so full fruition of so many God's blessings, by entire delight unto all senses (if all can take) at once :

for etymon of the word worthy to be called Paradise : and though not so goodly as Paradise, for want of the fair rivers, yet better a great deal by the lack of so unhappy a tree. Argument most certain of a right noble mind, that in this sort could have thus all contrived.

But, *Master Martin*, yet one windlass must I fetch, to make you one more fair course, an I can : and cause I speak of One, let me tell you a little of the dignity of One-hood ; wherein always all high Deity, all Sovereignty, Pre-eminence, Principality, and Concord, without possibility of disagreement, is contained : As, One God, One Saviour, One Faith, One Prince, One Sun, One Phoenix ; and as One of great wisdom saith, One heart, One way. Where One-hood reigns, there Quiet bears rule, and Discord flies apace. Three again may signify company, a meeting, a multitude, plurality ; so as all tales and numberings from two unto three, and so upward, may well be counted numbers, 'till they mount unto infinity, or else to confusion, which thing the sum of two can never admit ; nor itself can well be counted a number, but rather a

friendly conjunction of two Ones ; that, keeping in a sincerity of accord, may purport unto us charity to each other ; mutual love, agreement and integrity of friendship without dissimulation. As is in these : The two Testaments ; the Two Tables of the Law ; the Two great Lights, *Duo luminaria magna*, the Sun and Moon. And, but mark a little, I pray, and see how of all things in the world, our tongues in talk do always so readily trip upon two's, pairs, and couples ; sometimes as of things in equality, sometime of difference, sometime of contraries, or for comparison, but chiefly, for the most part, of things that between themselves do well agree, and are fast linked in amity : As, first, for pastimes, Hounds and Hawks ; Deer red and fallow ; Hare and Fox ; Partridge and Pheasant ; Fish and Fowl ; Carp and Tench. For Wars, Spear and Shield ; Horse and Harness ; Sword and Buckler. For sustenance, Wheat and Barley ; Pease and Beans ; Meat and Drink ; Bread and Meat ; Beer and Ale ; Apples and Pears.

But lest by such dualities I draw you too far ; let us here stay, and come nearer home.

See what a sort of friendly binities we ourselves do consist and stand upon : First, our Two feet, Two legs, Two knees, so upward ; and above, Two shoulders, Two arms, and Two hands. But chiefly our principal Two ; that is, body and soul : Then in the head, where all our senses meet, and almost all in Two's : Two Nostrils, Two ears, and Two eyes : So are we of friendly Two's from top to toe. Well, to this number of binities, take ye one more for an upshot, and here an end.

Two dials nigh unto the battlements, are set aloft upon two of the sides of Cæsar's Tower ; one east, the other south ; for so stand they best to show the hours to the town and country : both fair, large, and rich, blue bice for ground, and gold for letters, whereby they glitter conspicuous a great way off. The clock-bell, that is good and shrill, was commanded to silence at first, and indeed, sung not a note all the while her Highness was there ; the clock stood also still withal. But mark now, whether were it by chance, by constellation of stars, or by fatal appointment (if fates and stars do deal with

dials) thus was it indeed. The hands of both the tables stood firm and fast, always pointing at two o'clock. Which thing beholding by hap at first, but after seriously marking in deed, enprinted into me a deep sign and argument certain: that this thing, among the rest, was for full significance of his Lordship's honourable, frank, friendly, and noble heart towards all estates: which, whether they come to stay and take cheer, or strait to return; to see, or to be seen; come they for duty to her Majesty, or love to his Lordship, or for both: come they early or late: for his Lordship's part, they come always all at two o'clock, e'en jump at two o'clock: that is to say, in good heart, good acceptance, in amity, and friendly welcome: who saw else that I saw, in right must say as I say. For so many things beside, *Master Humphrey*, were herein so consonant unto my construction, that this pointing of the clock (to myself) I took in amity, as an oracle certain. And here is my windlass like your course, as please you.

But now, Sir, to come to an end. For receiving of her Highness, and entertainment of

all the other estates. Since of delicates, that any way might serve or delight ; as of wine, spice, dainty viands, plate, music, ornaments of house, rich arras and silk (to say nothing of the meaner things), the mass by provision was heaped so huge, which the bounty in spending did after bewray. The conceit so deep in casting the plat at first : such a wisdom and cunning in acquiring things so rich, so rare, and in such abundance : by so immense and profuse a charge of expence, which, by so honourable service, and exquisite order, courtesy of officers, and humanity of all, were after so bountifully bestowed and spent ; what may this express, what may this set out unto us, but only a magnific mind, a singular wisdom, a princely purse, and an heroical heart ? If it were my theme, *Master Martin*, to speak of his Lordship's great honour and magnificence, though it be not in me to say sufficiently, as bad a pen-clerk as I am, yet could I say a great deal more.

But being here now in magnificence, and matters of greatness, it falls well to mind the greatness of his Honor's tent, that for her Majesty's

dining was pight at Long Ichington, the day her Highness came to Kenilworth Castle. A tabernacle indeed for number and shift of large and goodly rooms, for fair and easy offices both inward and outward, all so likesome in order and eye-sight: that justly for dignity may be comparable with a beautiful palace; and for greatness and quantity, with a proper town, or rather a citadel. But to be short, lest I keep you too long from the Royal Exchange now, and to cause you conceive much matter in fewest words. The iron bedstead of Og, the king of Basan (you know) was four yards and a half long, and two yards wide, whereby ye consider a giant of a great proportion was he: This tent had seven cart-load of pins pertaining to it: Now for the greatness, guess as you can.

And great as it was (to marshal our matters of greatness together,) not forgetting a wether at Grafton, brought to the Court, that for body and wool was exceeding great; the measure I took not: let me show you with what great marvel a great child of Leicestershire, at this Long Ichington, by the parents was presented: great,

I say, of limbs and proportion, of four feet and four inches high, and else lanuginous as a lad of eighteen years; being indeed avowed to be but six years old, nothing more bewraying his age than his wit, that was, as for those years, simple and childish.

As for unto his Lordship, having with such greatness of honourable modesty and benignity so passed forth, as *laudem sine invidia et amicos parit*. By greatness of well-doing, won with all sorts to be in such reverence as *de quo mentiri fama veretur*. In sincerity of friendship so great, as no man more devoutly worships *illud amicitiae sanctum et venerabile nomen*. So great in liberality, as hath no way to heap up the mass of his treasure, but only by liberal giving and bounteous bestowing his treasure; following (as it seems) that saw of *Martial*, that saith,

Extra-fortunam est, quicquid donatur amicis;
Quas dederis, solas semper habebis opes.

Out of all hazard dost thou set that to thy friends
thou givest:

A surer treasure canst thou not have ever while
thou livest.

What may these greatnesses bode, but only as great honour, fame, and renown for these parts here away, as ever was unto these two noble greats, the *Macedonian Alexander* in Emathia or Greece, or to *Roman Charles* in Germany or Italy? Which, were it in me any way to set out, no man of all men by God, *Master Martin*, had ever more cause, and that hereby consider you.

It pleased his Honor to bear me good will at first, and so to continue. To have given me apparel even from his back, to get me allowance in the stable, to advance me unto this worshipful office so near the most honourable Council, to help me in my licence of beans (though indeed I do not so much use it, for, I thank God, I need not) to permit my good father to serve the stable. Whereby I go now in my silks, that else might ruffle in my cut canvas: I ride now on horseback, that else many times might manage it on foot: am known to their Honors, and taken forth with the best, that else might be bidden to stand back myself. My good father a good relief, that he fares much the better by, and none of these for my desert, either at first or

since, God knows. What say you, my good friend Humphrey, should I not for ever honour and extol him all the ways I can? Yes, by your leave, while God lends me power to utter my mind. And, having as good cause of his Honor, as *Virgil* had of *Augustus Cæsar*, will I poet it a little with *Virgil*, and say,

Namque erit Ille mihi semper Deus, illius aram
Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.

For he shall be a God to me, 'till death my life
consumes,

His altars will I sacrifice with incense and perfumes.

A singular patron of humanity may he be well unto us toward all degrees: of honour toward high estates, and chiefly whereby we may learn in what dignity, worship, and reverence her Highness is to be esteemed, honoured, and received, that was never indeed more condignly done than here; so as neither by the builders at first, nor by the edict of pacification after, was ever Kenilworth more ennobled, than by this his Lordship's receiving her Highness here now.

But, Jesu, Jesu, whither am I drawn now ? But talk I of my Lord once, even thus it fares with me : I forget all my friends, and myself too. And yet you, being a mercer, a merchant, as I am, my countryman born, and my good friend withal, whereby I know you are compassionated with me ; methought it my part somewhat to impart unto you how it is here with me, and how I lead my life, which indeed is this :

A mornings I rise ordinarily at seven o'clock : then ready, I go into the chapel ; soon after eight, I get me commonly into my Lord's chamber, or into my Lord's presidents. There at the cupboard, after I have eaten the manchet served over night for livery, (for I dare be as bold, I promise you, as any of my friends the servants there ; and indeed I could have fresh, if I would tarry ; but I am of wont jolly and dry a mornings) : I drink me up a good bowl of ale : when in a sweet pot it is defecated by all night's standing, the drink is the better, take that of me : and a morsel in a morning, with a sound draught, is very wholesome and good for the eyesight : Then I am as fresh all the forenoon

after, as had I eaten a whole piece of beef. Now, Sir, if the Council sit, I am at hand; wait at an inch, I warrant you: If any make babbling, "Peace," say I, "wot ye where ye are?" If I take a listener, or a pryer in at the chinks or at the lock-hole, I am by and by in the bones of him: but now they keep good order, they know me well enough: If he be a friend, or such a one as I like, I make him sit down by me on a form or a chest; let the rest walk, in God's name.

And here doth my languages now and then stand me in good stead, my French, my Spanish, my Dutch, and my Latin: sometime among Ambassadors' men, if their masters be within the Council: sometime with the Ambassador himself, if he bid call his lacquey, or ask me what's o'clock; and I warrant you I answer him roundly, that they marvel to see such a fellow there: then laugh I, and say nothing. Dinner and supper I have twenty places to go to, and heartily prayed to: Sometimes I get to *Master Pinner*; by my faith a worshipful Gentleman, and as careful for his charge as any her Highness hath. There find I always good store of

very good viands ; we eat, and be merry, thank God and the Queen. Himself in feeding very temperate and moderate as you shall see any ; and yet, by your leave, of a dish, as a cold pigeon or so, that hath come to him at meat more than he looked for, I have seen him even so by and by surfeit, as he hath plucked off his napkin, wiped his knife, and eat not a morsel more ; like enough to stick in his stomach two days after : (some hard message from the higher officers ; perceive ye me ?) Upon search, his faithful dealing and diligence had found him faultless.

In afternoons and at nights, sometime am I with the right worshipful *Sir George Howard*, as good a Gentleman as any that lives. And sometime, at my good *Lady Sidney's* chamber, a Noble-woman that I am as much bound unto, as any poor man may be unto so gracious a Lady ; and sometime in some other place. But always among the Gentlewomen by my good will ; (O, you know that comes always of a gentle spirit) : And when I see company according, then can I be as lively too : Sometimes I foot it

with dancing: now with my gittern, or else with my cittern, then at the virginals: You know nothing comes amiss to me: Then carol I up a song withal; that by and by they come flocking about me like bees to honey; And ever they cry, "Another, good *Laneham*, another!" Shall I tell you? when I see *Mistress* —— (Ah! see a mad knave; I had almost told all!) that she gives once but an eye, or an ear; why then, man, am I blest; my grace, my courage, my cunning is doubled: She says, sometime, "She likes it;" and then I like it much the better: it doth me good to hear how well I can do. And to say truth; what with mine eye, as I can amorously gloit it, with my Spanish sospires, my French heighes, mine Italian dulcets, my Dutch hoves, my double releas, my high reaches, my fine feigning, my deep diapason, my wanton warbles, my running, my timing, my tuning, and my twinkling, I can gracify the matters as well as the proudest of them, and was yet never stained, I thank God: By my troth, countryman, it is sometimes high midnight, ere I can get from them. And thus have I

told you most of my trade, all the live long day : what will you more, God save the Queen and my Lord. I am well, I thank you.

Herewith meant I fully to bid ye farewell, had not this doubt come to my mind, that here remains a doubt in you, which I ought (methought) in any wise to clear. Which is, ye marvel perchance to see me so bookish. Let me tell you in few words: I went to school, forsooth, both at Paul's and also at St. Anthony's: In the fifth form, passed Æsop's Fables, I wis, read Terence *vos istæc intro auferte*, and began with my Virgil *Tityre tu patulæ*. I conned my rules, could construe and parse with the best of them: since that, as partly you know, have I traded the feat of merchandize in sundry countries, and so got me languages; which do so little hinder my Latin, as I, thank God, have much encreased it. I have leisure sometimes, when I tend not upon the Council; whereby, now look I on one book, now on another. Stories I delight in: the more ancient and rare, the more likesome to me. If I told you, I liked William of Malmesbury so well, because of his diligence

and antiquity, perchance you would construe it because I love malmsey so well: But i' faith it is not so: for sipt I no more sack and sugar, (and yet never but with company,) than I do malmsey, I should not blush so much adays as I do: you know my mind.

Well now, thus fare ye heartily well i' faith: If with wishing it could have been, ye had had a buck or two this summer; but we shall come nearer shortly, and then shall we merrily meet, an grace o' God. In the mean time commend me, I beseech you, unto my good friends, almost most of them your neighbours: *Master Alderman Pullison*,* a special friend of mine: And in any wise to my good old friend *Master Smith*, Customer, by that same token, —— “Set my horse up to the rack, and then let's have a cup of Sack.” He knows the token well enough, and will laugh, I hold you a groat. To Master Thorogood: and to my merry companion (a

* Afterwards Sir Thomas Pullison, and Lord Mayor in 1584.

Mercer, you know, as we be) *Master Denman*,
Mio fratello in Christo: He is wont to summon
me by the name of “*Ro. La. of the County of*
Nosingham Gentleman:” A good companion,
i’faith. Well, once again, fare ye heartily well.
From the Court. At the City of Worcester,
the twentieth of August, 1575.

Your Countryman, companion, and friend
assuredly: Mercer, Merchant-adventurer, and
Clerk of the Council chamber-door, and also
Keeper of the same :

El Prencipe Negro. Par me R. L. Gent. Mercer

DE MAJESTATE REGIA

Benigna.

Cedant arma togæ, concedat laurea linguæ,

Jactanter Cicero, at justius illud habe :

Cedant arma togæ, vigil et toga cedit honori,

Omnia concedant imperioque suo.

Deo Opt. Max. Gratia.

GLOSSARIAL
AND
EXPLANATORY NOTES.

Page 4.—*A flight-shoot broad.*

This passage may have two significations: One derived from the same expression which Laneham uses when speaking of the fire-works, in which place it is understood to mean a flying shot, or one discharged from a mortar.—The other method of understanding the words is, supposing that a flight signified a small arrow; in contradistinction to shafts, quarrels, bolts, and piles. The latter of these is, however, the most probable, as the pool itself was not more than three hundred feet in breadth.

Ibid.—*by the brays, &c.*

The Park at Kenilworth was separated from the Castle on the south side by a part of the pool, but was, as the text states, connected as it were with the building by the sloping banks next the water. The word Bra, Brae, or Bray, in the northern counties and Scotland is used for the acclivity of a hill, and the brink or bank of a river.—*Vide* Grose and Jamieson.

Page 6.—*Penda's presumption.*

In the year 642. Penda, King of Mercia, invaded the dominions of Oswald, King of Northumberland; who was slain after a fierce battle at Maserfield. Burthred or Buthred, who is mentioned in the context, was the last King of Mercia; whose kingdom was invaded in 874, by the West-Saxons, under Alfred. Thus overpowered, he fled to Rome, where he died.

Page 6.—*Buthred's Hascardy.*

The latter of these words, signifies a dispersion or scattering, the cause of which, has been related in the preceding note. Hascardy is derived from the Saxon *Ȧrcadian*, which is of the same interpretation. — *Vide* Somner.

Page 7.—*Althamerus writes.*

Andrew Althamer, a Lutheran minister of Nuremberg, who lived about 1560; he wrote several controversial works, and some valuable notes on Tacitus, from which the passage in the text is taken.—*Vide* Dictionnaire Universel.

The termination Worth, which is mentioned in the text to signify land situate by water, is more properly derived from the Saxon *ƿorð*, a court or farm; and hence the place was originally denominated Kenelm's Worth, or the Court of Kenelm.

Ibid.—*Sybred.*

A word signifying kindred, from the Saxon *Sib-peden*—Consanguinity.—*Vide* Lye.

Page 8.—*Long Ichington.*

Another copy erroneously states this town to be only three miles distant from Kenilworth. In Dr. Thomas's edition of Dugdale's Warwickshire, Lond. 1730, Vol. 1. p. 345, it is related that at the period mentioned in the text, "the Earl of Leicester gave the Queen a glorious entertainment here, in her passage to Kenilworth Castle, erecting a tent of extraordinary largeness for that purpose, the pins belonging whereto amounted to seven cart-loads; by which the magnificence thereof may be guessed at." Laneham also subsequently notices this circumstance, when speaking of the preparations for the Queen's reception at Kenilworth. *Vide* p. 83, ante.

Ibid.—*in a pall of white silk.*

A long and large upper mantle was denominated a pall, from the Latin *pallium*, or *palla*, a cloak. The great mantle worn by the Knights of the Garter, is by ancient writers called *pallium*.

Ibid.—into every stead.

That is to say, every where, or into every place; the word stead is from the Saxon *stede*, a room or place.—*Vide* Somner.

Page 10 — *The Lady of the Lake.*

The Lady of the Lake was a distinguished character in the celebrated romance called "*La Morte d'Arthur*," and in the xxvth chapter of the 1st book of that Work she is thus introduced. "Soo they rode tyl they came to a lake the whiche was a fayr water, and brood. And in the myddes of the lake, Arthur was ware of an arme clothed in white samyte, [i. e. satin] that held a fayr swerd in that hand, loo said Merlin, yonder is that swerd that I spak of, with that they sawe a damoisel going upon the lake, what damoisel is that? said Arthur; that is the lady of the lake, said Merlin." From this lady it was that King Arthur received his sword Excalibor, which some have explained to signify cut steel, and others have supposed to be a Hebrew term, meaning more precious than iron or steel. At the conclusion of the romance this famous sword is again cast into the lake, when the same hand receives it; the dying Arthur is also taken into a barge wherein were many "fayr ladyes, and amonge hem al was a quene, and al they had blacke hoodes, and al they wepte and shryked when they sawe Kyng Arthur." Such was that Sovereign's departure from this world, but yet he is not supposed to be dead, but only sleeping on the magic lap of the Lady of the Lake, "by the wylle of our Lord Jhesu in another place, and men say that he shal come ageyn and he shal wynne the holy crosse."—*Vide* "*La Morte d'Arthur*," Caxton's Edit. 1485.

Page 11.—*Shalms, Cornets, &c.*

The word shalm or shawm is derived from the German *gehalme*, a musical instrument; it however strictly signifies a psaltery or species of harp. The cornet is a horn, as its name signifies in several languages.—*Vide* Bailey, Buy, &c.

Page 14.—*Pight*.

This word is the ancient preterite and participle past of the verb *to pitch*. It signifies, generally, any thing placed, fixed, pitched, or determined. *Vide* Bailey.

Ibid.—*Recorders*.

These were wind-instruments somewhat resembling flutes, or rather clarionets; for by the description which is given of one by Lord Bacon, in the Second Century of his "*Sylva Sylvarum*," at the 159th and 161st experiments, it may be ascertained that the instrument was blown into at one end. It appears from the same authority, that it consisted of a tube with stops or wind-holes, and a fipple, or mouth-piece; the lower end was open, like the flageolets of the present time. The word fipple, used by Bacon for mouth-piece, literally signifies a stopper, from the Latin *fibuli*, whence it may be argued that the upper end of the Recorder terminated in a cap, from which issued the pipe that conveyed the breath throughout the whole instrument. *Vide* Mallet's Bacon, vol. 1, and Bailey.

Page 15.—*Ceruleous*.

Azure-blue, or sky-colour, from the Latin *ceruleus*. Anciently, blue dresses were worn by all servants. *Vide* Strutt.

Page 18.—*Takes soil*.

A term used in hunting, when a deer runs into the water. *Vide* Phillips.

Ibid.—*To the spoil of a Karvell*.

A Carvel, or Caravel, was a species of light round vessel, with a square stern, rigged and fitted out like a galley, and of about 140 tons burthen. Such ships were formerly much used by the Portuguese, and were esteemed the best sailers on the seas. *Vide* Phillips.

Ibid.—*The yearning of the Hounds*.

A hunting expression, used to signify the barking of beagles at their prey. *Vide* Bailey.

Page 23.—*A great sort of Ban-dogs.*

Bewick describes the Ban-dog as being a variety of the mastiff, but lighter, smaller, and more vigilant; although at the same time not so powerful. The nose is also less, and possesses somewhat of the hound's scent; the hair is rough, and of a yellowish grey colour, marked with shades of black. The bite of a Ban-dog is keen, and considered dangerous; and its attack is usually made upon the flank. Dogs of this kind are now rarely to be met with.

Page 25.—*The Bear with his pink eyes.*

There is a singular coincidence between Laneham's description of a bear-fight, and that given in the Romance of "Kenilworth," where the Earl of Sussex presents a petition from Orson Pinnit, Keeper of the Royal Bears, against Shakspeare and the players. It is evident that the author of "Kenilworth" had the passage in his mind; and as the reader may also like to compare the two passages, an extract from the Romance is here inserted: "There you may see the bear lying at guard with his red pinky eyes, watching the onset of the mastiff like a wily captain, who maintains his defence, that an assailant may be tempted to venture within his danger." *Vide Kenilworth*, vol. ii. p. 129.

Page 26.—*Gyrings.*

An old English noun formed of the Latin *gyrus*, a circuit or compass; a career or circle.

Page 27.—*Diodorus Siculus, an ancient Greek writer.*

The reference made in the text to the third book of this author is erroneous; the passage alluded to, being in the fourth chapter of the second book, the which, as it tends more perfectly to illustrate Laneham's remarks, is here extracted from Booth's translation of Diodorus Siculus, page 82. "The inhabitants are much unlike to us in these parts of the world, both as to their bodies and their way of living; but among themselves, they are for form and shape like one to another, and in stature

above four cubits high (six feet). They can bend and turn their bodies like unto nerves; and as the nervous parts, after motion ended, return to their former state and position, so do their bones. Their bodies are very tender, but their nerves far stronger than ours, for whatever they grasp in their hands, none are able to wrest out of their fingers. They have not the least hair in any part of their bodies, but upon their heads, eyebrows, eyelids, and chins; all other parts are so smooth, that not the least down appears any where. They are very comely and well-shaped, but the holes of their ears are much wider than ours, and have something like little tongues growing out of them. Their tongues have something in them singular and remarkable, the effect both of nature and art; for they have partly a double tongue, naturally a little divided, but cut farther inwards by art, so that it forms two, as far as to the very root, and therefore there's great variety of speech among them, and they not only imitate man's voice in articulate speaking, but the various chatterings of birds, and even all sorts of notes, as they please; and that which is more wonderful than all, is, that they can speak perfectly to two men at once, both in answering to what is said, and aptly carrying on a continued discourse relating to subject-matter in hand; so that with one part of their tongue they speak to one, and with the other part to the other." Diodorus, surnamed Siculus, because he was born at Argyra in Sicily, flourished about 44 years before the Christian era.

Page 27.—*Conradus Gesnerus*.

An eminent physician, naturalist, and scholar of the 16th century, who was born at Zurich in 1516. He was made Professor of Greek at Lausanne, and at Basil he took the degree of Doctor of Medicine. After having published many valuable works in Botany, Medicine, Natural History, and Philology, he died of the plague in the year 1565, aged forty-nine. His "*Mithridates*," mentioned in the text, is a work on the difference of tongues throughout the world.

Page 28.—*A comely Quintain.*

In the Glossary to Bishop Kennet's Parochial Antiquities, it is stated that the Quintain was a customary sport at weddings. It consisted of an upright piece with a cross piece, one end of which is broad, and pierced full of holes, and to the other is appended a bag of sand, which swings round upon the slightest blow.—“The pastime was,” says Hasted,” for the youth on horseback to run at it as fast as possible, and hit the broad part in his career with much force. He that by chance hit it not at all was treated with loud peals of derision; and he who did hit it, made the best use of his swiftness, lest he should have a sound blow on his neck from the bag of sand, which instantly swang round from the other end of the quintain. The great design of this sport was to try the agility of the horse and man, and to break the board, which whoever did, he was accounted chief of the day's sport.”

Ibid.—*Blue buckram bride-lace.*

Laces of this description were anciently presented to all the guests at weddings, and scarfs at funerals.—*Vide* Ellis's edit. of Brand.

Page 29.—*Girths were Geazon.*

Or *Geason*, an ancient word, signifying rare or scarce.—*Vide* Phillips.

Page 30.—*Pucelles.*

A French word for maids or virgins.

Ibid.—*Loober Worts.*

A dull, heavy, and useless fellow. The word is probably derived from the Danish *lubben*, gross or fat, and *vorte*, a wart or wen.—*Vide* Wolff.—Shakspeare uses the latter word somewhat in this sense, when he makes Prince Henry say of Falstaff, “I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog.”

Ibid.—*A sweet Sucket Barrel.*

A vessel used for containing sweetmeats, for which sucket is the ancient word.

Page 30.—*Parcell.*

Partially, or partly.

Page 33.—His *Jument.*

A French word for a mare.

Page 34.—*Certain good-hearted men of Coventry.*

Previous to the suppression of the English Monasteries, the City of Coventry was particularly famed for the Pageants which were performed in it on the 14th of June, or Corpus-Christi day. This appears to have been one of the ancient fairs; and the Gray Friars, or Friars Minors of the above City, had, as Dugdale relates, "Theatres for the several scenes very large and high, placed upon wheels, and drawn to all the eminent parts of the City, for the better advantage of the spectators: and contained the story of the Old and New Testament, composed in the old English rhyme." Coventry appears to have derived great benefit from the numbers of persons who came to visit these pageants.

Page 36.—*Too sour in preaching away their pastime.*

While the Catholic religion was the established faith of England, there were, in connexion with it, many public amusements and festivals, by which all the orders of society were entertained; such as the performance of Moralities or sacred plays, popular customs to be observed on certain vigils and saints' days, and the keeping of the many holidays enjoined by the Romish Calendar, in the pastimes common to the lower classes. In the commencement of most reformations in society, it is common to find the reverse of wrong assumed for right; and hence the Puritans, who increased rapidly after the English Reformation, not only banished all those festivals and customs peculiar to the Catholic religion, but also violently declaimed against popular pastimes, innocent in themselves, but condemned by them because they had existed in former times. This illiberal spirit of denouncing public amusements, was, however, not without some opposition; Randolph severely attacked "the sanctified fraternity of Blackfriars," in his "Muses

Looking Glass," and Ben Jonson scarcely ever let them pass without some satirical remark. In the Monologue, or "Masque of Owls," the latter of which, as it was performed at Kenilworth, in the reign of Charles I., is most to the present purpose; the third owl is intended to represent a Puritan of Coventry, one of those who contributed to put down the Coventry plays, and is thus described:

HEY OWL THIRD!

"A pure native bird
This, and though his hue
Be Coventry blue,
Yet is he undone
By the thread he has spun;
For since the wise town
Has let the sports down
Of May-games and Morris,
For which he right sorry is;
Where their maids and their makes,*
At dancings and wakes,
Had their napkins and posies,
And the wipers for their noses,
And their smocks all-be-wrought
With his thread which they bought:
It now lies on his hands,
And having neither wit nor lands,
Is ready to hang or choke him,
In a skein of that that broke him."

From the above keen satire may be gathered, that in abolishing of the Coventry pageants, the trade of that City suffered considerably. The chief staple of the place was the manufactory of blue thread, of which a great consumption was formerly made in the embroidering of scarfs and napkins. But beside the decay of trade in Coventry, occasioned by the loss of the Pageants, the unpatriotic taste for articles of foreign production, was also of considerable detriment to that, as well as to the other manufacturing towns of England. In a very rare tract, entitled "A Briefe Conceipte of English Pollicye," Lond. 1581, with the initials W. S. and ascribed to

* Mates.

Shakspeare, but in reality written by W. Stafford, there are the following passages concerning the effect of this destructive fashion upon the staple of Coventry: and as they tend so particularly to illustrate the period of the Kenilworth pageants, and Laneham's own manners, which were so strongly tinged with foreign fopperies, it is presumed that their insertion will not be unacceptable to the reader:—"I will tell you; while men were contented with such as were made in the market-towns next unto them, then they of our towns and cities were well set a work, as I knew the time when men were contented with caps, hats, girdles and points, and all manner of garments made in the towns next adjoining, whereby the towns were then well occupied and set a work, and yet the money paid for the stuff remained in the country. Now, the poorest young man in a country cannot be content with a leather girdle, or leather points, knives or daggers, made nigh home. And specially no gentleman can be content to have either cap, coat, doublet, hose, or shirt in his country, but they must have this gear come from London, and yet many things hereof are not there made, but beyond the sea: whereby the artificers of our good towns are idle, and the occupations in London, and specially of the towns beyond the seas, are well set a work even upon our costs.--I have heard say that the chief trade of Coventry was heretofore in making of blue thread, and then the town was rich even upon that trade in manner only, and now our thread comes all from beyond sea. Wherefore that trade of Coventry is decayed, and thereby the town likewise."—In consequence, therefore, of the desire for foreign articles of dress and ornament, England, which had been hitherto in a great measure supplied from her own resources, became about the close of the sixteenth century filled with manufactures which were imported from the Continent; while at the same time the most important British productions were exchanged for what, in a commercial sense, might be considered only as superfluities. This, also, is very forcibly hinted at in the pamphlet before quoted, in the following manner:—"And I marvel no man takes heed to it, what number first of trifles

comes hither from beyond the sea, that we might either clean spare, or else make them within our realm, for the which we either pay inestimable treasure every year, or else exchange substantial wares and necessary, for them, for the which we might receive great treasure. Of the which sort I mean as well looking-glasses as drinking, and also to glaze windows, dials, tables, cards, balls, puppets, penners (pen-cases), ink-horns, toothpicks, gloves, knives, daggers, ouches (collars or necklaces), brooches, aglets (the metal ends of tags or laces), buttons of silk and silver, earthen pots, pins and points, hawks' bells, paper both white and brown, and a thousand like things that might either be clean spared, or else made within the realm sufficient for us : and as for some things they make it of our own commodities, and send it us again, whereby they set their people a work, and do exhaust much treasure out of this realm : as of our wool they make cloths, caps, and kerseys ; of our fells (hides) they make Spanish skins, gloves and girdles ; of our tin salt-sellers, spoons and dishes ; of our broken linen cloths and rags, paper both white and brown : what treasure think ye goes out of the realm for every of these things ; and then for altogether it exceeds mine estimation. There is no man can be contented now with any other gloves than is made in France or in Spain ; nor kersey, but it must be of Flanders dye ; nor cloth, but French or Friseadowe ; nor ouch, brooch, or agklet, but of Venice making, or Milan ; nor dagger, sword, knife, or girdle, but of Spanish making, or some outward country ; no not as much as a spur, but that is fetched at the milliner. I have heard within these forty years, when there was not of these haberdashers that sells French or Milan caps, glasses, knives, daggers, swords, girdles, and such things, not a dozen in all London : and now, from the town to Westminster along, every street is full of them, and their shops glitters and shines of glasses as well drinking as looking, yea all manner of vessel of the same stuff : painted cruises, gay daggers, knives, swords, and girdles, that it is able to make any temperate man to gaze on them, and to buy somewhat though it serve to no purpose necessary."

Page 36.—*Captain Cox.*

There is something extremely characteristic in Laneham's manner of introducing this humorous personage; as he does it in the ordinary style of his office, it being customary for Heralds, Gentlemen ushers, and waiters of the Presence-chamber, to call out for room to be made for the passage of any Prince, Ambassador, or Minister of state, attending the Court. In Gifford's admirable edition of Ben Jonson's Works, in the notes to the "Masque of Owls," Captain Cox is supposed "to have been some well-known humourist;" but at any rate, as the judicious editor very properly observes, though Laneham, in his description of Cox, "evidently meant to raise a laugh at the Captain's expense, there is no occasion for it. 'The list of his books and songs' shews him to have been a diligent and successful collector of the domestic literature of his country, and so far he is entitled to praise." By some antiquaries, the existence of Captain Cox has been considered as doubtful, and by others it has been supposed that Laneham shadowed out his own portrait under that name; yet with respect to his library, every bibliographer, from Bodley and Selden down to those of the present times, has been as anxious to possess it as Sir Launcelot du Lake was to win the holy vessel. In 1626, a year after Charles I. became King, the Kenilworth pageants were again revived; and for this occasion was written the Monologue, or "Masque of Owls," which commenced with the ghost of Captain Cox appearing on his Hobby-horse. This, according to the custom of the morris-dancers, was formed with the resemblance of a horse's head and tail, having a light wooden frame to be attached to the body of the person who performed the hobby-horse. The trappings and foot-cloth reached to the ground, and so concealed the feet of the actor, who was to prance, curvet, and imitate all the motions of a living horse. Such, it may be supposed, were the horses of those who performed in the Coventry play. Almost the whole of the first part of Captain Cox's speech alludes to the entertainments exhibited to Queen Elizabeth, as may be seen by the following extract: speaking of his horse, he says,

" For to tell you true, and in rhyme,
 He was foaled in Queen Elizabeth's time,
 When the great Earl of Lester
 In this Castle did feast her.
 Now, I am not so stupid
 To think, you think me a Cupid,
 Or a Mercury, that sit him ;
 Though these cocks here would fit him :
 But a spirit very civil,
 Neither poet's god, nor devil,
 An old Kenilworth fox,
 The ghost of Captain Cox,
 For which I am the bolder
 To wear a cock on each shoulder.
 This Captain Cox, by Saint Mary,
 Was at Boulogne with King Ha-ry ;
 And (if some do not vary)
 Had a goodly library,
 By which he was discerned
 To be one of the learned,
 To entertain the Queen here,
 When she last was seen here :
 And for the town of Coventry
 To act to her Sovereignty.
 But so his lot fell out,
 That serving then a-foot,
 And being a little man ;
 When the skirmish began
 'Twixt the Saxon and the Dane,
 (From thence the story was ta'en)
 He was not so well seen
 As he would have been o' the Queen.
 Though his sword was twice as long
 As any man's else in the throng ;
 And for his sake, the play
 Was call'd for the second day."

In the above lines may also be found an explanation of
 a part of Laneham's text, namely, the word "*ton-sword*,"
 which most probably signifies a large and long two-
 handed sword. The epithet is very likely a corruption of
espadon, a French word which has the above meaning.

Page 44.—*Salsipotent.*

An epithet derived from the Latin *salsipotens*, which signifies one who has power over the salt seas; in which sense it is used by Plautus. *Ainsworth.*

Page 45.—*His bands scaled.*

Came away.

Page 50.—*Tonsor wise.*

More properly written tonsure-wise; that is to say, shaven in a circle after the manner of the monks. *Vide Percy.*

Page 50.—*Kendal green.*

This description of the minstrel's dress is particularly valuable, as it gives a highly-finished portrait of a class of men long since entirely extinct; and therefore, as many parts of the costume alluded to in the text are now unknown, it will form an interesting note to consider over and to explain them. The person mentioned is stated to have resembled "a Squire Minstrel of Middlesex;" and from this Dr. Percy supposes, that "there were other inferior orders, as yeomen minstrels, or the like." Philip Stubbes, in his "*Anatomy of Abuses*," 1595, gives a particular detail of the *Ruff*, which is the first part of the minstrel's dress mentioned in the text. From this it may be learned, that a *setting stick*, also alluded to, was an instrument made either of wood or bone for laying the plaits of the ruff in proper form. "*A side gown of Kendal green*," was a long hanging robe of coarse green woollen cloth or baize, for the manufacture of which the town of Kendal in Westmoreland was very anciently celebrated. From Stafford's tract already cited, it would appear that this cloth was appropriated to servants; as he there says, "For I know when a serving-man was content to go in a Kendal coat in summer, and a frise coat in winter; and with a plain white hose made meet for his body; and with a piece of beef, or some other dish of sodden meat, all the week long: now will he look to have at the least for summer, a coat of the finest cloth that may be gotten for money, and his hosen of the finest kersey, and that of

some strange dye, as Flanders-dye or French-puke, that a Prince or great lord can wear no finer if he wear cloth." The mantle of Kendal-green, Laneham proceeds to state, was gathered at the neck with a *narrow gorget*, or collar. The gorget, which literally signifies a throat-piece, was originally a part of the female dress, and consisted of a long piece of cloth, or other stuff, wrapped several times about the neck, raised on either side the face, and secured in the front by long pins driven into the folds. The *white clasp and keeper* were probably formed of pewter, as the words "white metal" are often used in this sense in the writers of Laneham's period. A *red Caddis girdle* was one of those Spanish manufactures of which Stafford so much complains; they derived their name from being made at the city of Cadiz in Spain, out of the fells or untanned hides, which were sent from England to be formed into skins of Spanish leather. To this girdle hung, as usual, a pair of *Sheffield knives*, capped, or placed within a case; for as the use of forks was not known in England till about the year 1610, knives, for common purposes, were usually made in pairs. The word *napkin* is placed for handkerchief. The description of the minstrel's gown will easily be understood; and it is only requisite to remark upon it, that *fustain-a-napes* signifies Naples fustain, or what was sometimes called fustain bustain. *Nether stocks* were under stockings. The scutcheon about the minstrel's neck, alludes to an ancient custom for persons of that profession to wear the badge of that family by which they were retained; as the three belonging to the House of Percy wore each of them a silver crescent.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, this class of men had lost all their former credit, and were sunk so low in public estimation, that in 1597, 39th of Eliz. a statute was passed, by which minstrels, wandering abroad, were included with "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," and were directed to be punished as such. This act seems to have put an end to the profession.

Page 52.—*Flawnes*.

Phillips describes a flawn to be "a kind of dainty made of fine flower, eggs, and butter."

Page 57.—*Out of King Arthur's acts.*

In Caxton's edition, "La Morte d'Arthur," the chapter whence this story is taken is entitled, "How the tydings came to Arthur that Kyng Ryons had overcome xi kynges; and how he desyred Arthur's berde to purfyl his mantel." With respect to the poetical tale given in the text, Dr. Percy, by whom it was printed in his "Reliques," supposes the thought to have been originally taken from Jeffery of Monmouth's History. It has also been printed in "Percy Enderbie's Cambria Triumphans," with some variations in the text, which is probably much more pure than that used by Laneham, since it is stated to have been procured from "a manuscript in the library of the Right Honourable Thomas Lord Windesore."

Ibid.—*Camelot.*

The city of Winchester.

Ibid.—*Heralds in cloaks.*

The original word in this ballad is *hewkes*, which is derived from the French *hugue*, a cloak. The tabards, or surcoats, of the ancient heralds, were often denominated houces, or housings; and this expression was applied, indiscriminately, to their coats of arms, as well as to a dark-coloured robe without sleeves, edged with fur, which they formerly wore.

Ibid.—*Largess.*

A cry used by the heralds whenever they were rewarded by knights or sovereigns. It is still in use at a Coronation. It is a French expression, signifying a present or gift.

Ibid.—*Deas.*

The highest or principal table in a hall, which usually stood upon a platform. The word comes from the French *dais*, a canopy, as such a covering was usually erected over the chief seats.

Ibid.—*'Gan prick.*

Pressed hastily forwards.

Page 57.—*Steven.*

Voice, sounds.

Page 58.—*Cantle.*

A piece, or part. Shakspeare uses the word in King Henry IV. part I. act 3, scene 1.

“And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monstrous *cantle* out.

Ibid.—*Stour.*

A battle.

Page 68.—*The Spindle and Rock.*

A distaff held in the hand, from which the wool was spun by a ball fixed below on a spindle, upon which every thread was wound up as it was done. It was the ancient way of spinning, and is still in use in many northern counties. *Vide* Bailey.

Page 71.—*A beautiful garden.*

It would appear from the “Secret Memoirs of the Earl of Leicester,” that the magnificent gardens and spacious parks at Kenilworth were not completed without some oppression on the part of their possessor, as the unknown author of the above work thus speaks concerning them:—“The like proceedings he used with the tenants about Killingworth, where he received the said Lordship and Castle from the Prince, in gift, of 24*l.* yearly rent, or thereabouts, hath made it better than 500*l.* by year, by an old record also found, by great good fortune, in a hole of the wall, as it is given out (for he hath singular good luck always in finding out records for his purpose;) by virtue whereof he hath taken from his tenants round about, their lands, woods, pastures, and commons, to make himself parks, chases, and other commodities therewith, to the subversion of many a good family which was maintained there before this devourer set foot in that country.” At a subsequent part of the same volume is mentioned Lord Leicester’s “intolerable tyranny” upon the lands of one Lane, “who offered to take Killing-

worth Castle." A royal favourite, however, and a successful minister, was never yet without enemies, and it is certain that Lord Leicester was not; the whole of the volume out of which these extracts have been made, is filled with charges of the most dreadful crimes with which human nature can be stained; yet even these are related with such levity, such seeming familiarity with vice, that the reader is tempted to believe that a great proportion of it was fabricated by malice, and that the author was even worse than the character he describes. But to return:—The garden mentioned in the text will doubtless remind some readers of those splendid pleasure-grounds which belonged to Lord Burleigh, at Theobalds in Hertfordshire, and Sir Walter Raleigh's at Shirburne Castle in Dorsetshire. Of the former, Peck, in his "*Desiderata Curiosa*," says, "He also greatly delighted in making gardens, fountains, and walks, which at Theobalds were perfected most costly, beautifully, and pleasantly. Where one might walk two miles in the walks before he came to their ends." Sir Paul Hentzner, in his "*Journey into England*," when speaking of the same place, describes it more particularly. "From this place" [i. e. the gallery,] "one goes into the garden, encompassed with a ditch full of water, large enough for one to have the pleasure of going in a boat, and rowing between the shrubs; here are great variety of trees and plants; labyrinths made with a great deal of labour; a *jet d'eau*, with its bason of white marble; and columns and pyramids of wood and other materials up and down the garden: After seeing these, we were led by the gardener into the summer-house, in the lower part of which, built semicircularly, are the twelve Roman Emperors, in white marble, and a table of touchstone; the upper part of it is set round with cisterns of lead, into which water is conveyed through pipes, so that fish may be kept in them, and in summer time they are very convenient for bathing; in another room for entertainment, very near this, and joined to it by a little bridge, is an oval table of red marble." Concerning the pleasure-grounds at Shirburne, in Peck's work before cited, there is only a notice that Sir Walter Raleigh had drawn the river

through the rocks into his garden ; but Coker states, that he built in the park adjoining to the Castle, " from the ground, a most fine house, which he beautified with orchards, gardens, and groves, of such variety and delight, that whether you consider the goodness of the soil, the pleasantness of the seat, and other delicacies belonging to it, it is unparalleled by any in these parts." The above extracts will be an amusing counterpart to Laneham's elaborate description of Lord Leicester's gardens.

Page 71.—*White Bears.*

These effigies were allusive to the ancient badge of the Earls of Warwick, which was, *a bear erect Argent, muzzled Gules, supporting a ragged staff of the first* ; the ragged staffs were introduced in another part of the garden, *vide ante*, page 75. Lord Leicester's connexion with the Earls of Warwick was through the houses of Lisle and Beauchamp, brought into the family of Dudley by his mother, Elizabeth Talbot. In 1561, Ambrose Dudley, Robert's elder brother, was made Earl of Warwick, and consequently the badge was thus introduced.

Ibid.—*Redolent.*

From the Latin *redolens*, yielding a sweet smell or scent.

Page 73.—*Transom and architrave.*

The word architrave signifies the lowest member of the cornice, and an architrave window is one with an ogee, or wreathed moulding. A transom is a beam or lintel crossing over a window.

Ibid.—*Bolteld columns.*

Boltel is a term used in building, to signify any prominence or jutting-out beyond the flat face of the wall.

Ibid.—*Pointed, tabled, rock and round.*

It is evident that these precious stones were imitated in painting ; and that they were meant to represent the gems in their various appearances. *Pointed*, or rose, as it is termed by the lapidaries, is when a stone is cut with

many angles rising from an octagon, and terminating in a point. *Tabled* is when a diamond is formed with one flat upper surface; and the word *table* also signifies the principal face. *Rough* is understood to mean the gem in its primary state, when its radiance is seen to sparkle through the dross of the mine. *Round* denotes the jewel when it is cut and polished with a convex surface. The expression, "Garnished with their gold," which follows in the text, signifies ornamented with their settings.

Page 76.—*Tridental fuskín.*

A term derived from the Latin *fuscina*, an eel-spear, trident, or three-forked mace.—*Vide* Ainsworth.

Page 77.—*For etymon of the word worthy to be called Paradise.*

Laneham, in making use of this expression, gave to Lord Leicester's gardens a name which it was customary to apply to pleasure-grounds and houses in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as in the instances of Wressell and Lekinfield, in the East Riding of Yorkshire.

Page 80.—*Binites.*

A word probably coined by Laneham to express duality, or the quality of being two. Its principal derivation is evidently from the Latin *binus*, two.

Page 80.—*Bice for ground, and gold for letters.*

Bice is a pale blue colour prepared from the Armenian stone, formerly brought from Armenia, but now from the silver mines of Germany; in consequence of which smalt is sometimes finely levigated, and called bice. The dials alluded to in the text were enamelled, and with the sun's reflection on the gold figures, heightened by the azure ground, must have had a most splendid appearance.

Page 83.—*The iron bedstead of Og, King of Basan.*
Vide Deuteronomy, chap. iii. verse 11.

Page 84.—*Lanuginous*.

An adjective derived from the Latin *lanuginosus*, downy, covered with soft hair.

Page 87.—*Defecated*.

A participle formed of the Latin verb *defæco*, to purify liquors from their lees and foulness.

Ibid.—*Gittern—cittern—virginals*.

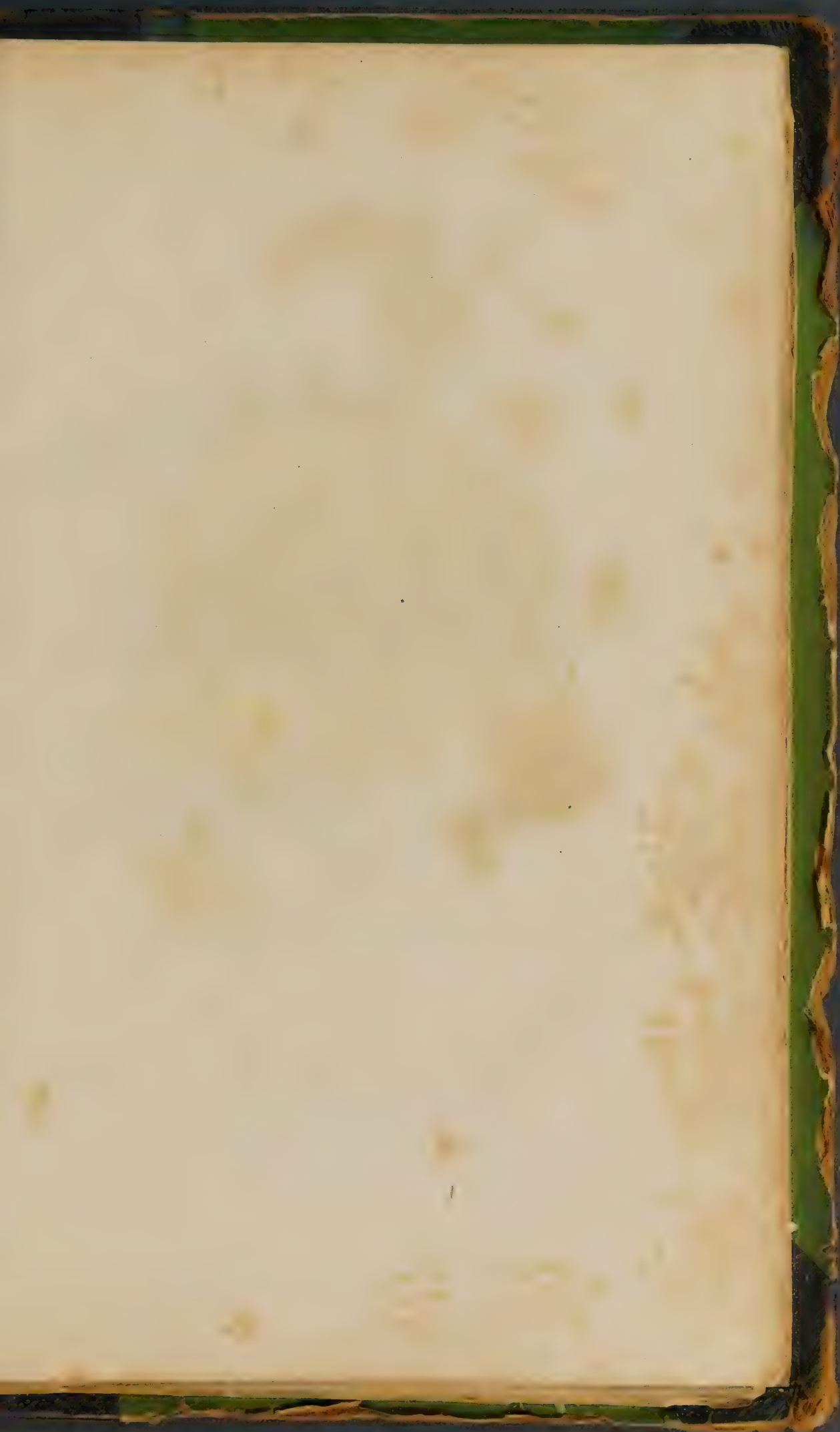
The first two of these instruments, if not the same, were at least closely resembling each other. The words are a corruption from the Spanish *citara*, a guitar; or *Citron*, a guitar-maker. Citterns were a species of that extensive class of musical instruments of the guitar form, known in the best era of music in England, which went under the names of the Lute Ompharion, Bambora, &c. some of which had notes to 9.—*Vide* “A Pathway to Musick,” obl. 8vo. The *virginals* was a keyed instrument of one string to each note like a spinet, but in shape resembling a small piano-forte.

Page 90.—*Spanish Sospire, &c.*

Laneham gives in this passage a specimen of making love in the various languages in which he was skilled. *Suspiro*, in the Spanish tongue, signifies a very deep sigh; *Hé*, in the French, expresses the emotions of the soul in love; *Dolce*, in Italian, means dear or beloved; and in Dutch, *Hoofshied* is the word for courtship.

London :

Printed by S. and R. BENTLEY, Dorset-street, Salisbury-square.





Engraved by W. T. Fry from a Drawing by R. Hudson

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

AUTHOR OF

PRINCELY PLEASURES AT

KENILWORTH CASTLE, IN 1575.

GASCOIGNE'S
PRINCELY PLEASURES
AT
KENILWORTH.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET-STREET,
SALISBURY-SQUARE.

INTRODUCTORY PREFACE.

THE festivities which took place at Kenilworth Castle being now familiar to nearly all the reading public, as well by the recent reprint of Robert Laneham's letter, as by the admirable and interesting Romance of Kenilworth, it becomes a desirable appendage to both those works to have some specimens of the literary compositions which were prepared for the dramatic entertainments then displayed before Queen Elizabeth. Although Laneham's letter contains a perfect description of the arrangement and nature of the various pageants, yet he often professes himself unable to give more than a general abstract of the many laudatory orations, both in verse and prose, which were delivered in the course of the Queen's visit. For instance, such expressions as these convey only general information:—"A proper poesy in English rhyme and metre,"—"A rough speech full of passions,"—"A well-penned metre, and matter after this sort;" and he also uses these apologetical terms, which may be considered as an excuse for all his omissions. "Had her Highness happened this day to have come abroad, there was made ready a device of goddesses and nymphs, which, as well for the ingenious argument, as for the well-handling of it in rhyme and enditing, would undoubtedly have gained great liking, and moved no less delight. Of the particularities whereof, however, I cease to entreat, lest, like the bungling carpenter, by mis-sorting the pieces, I mar a good frame in the bad setting up; or by my bad tempering before-hand, blemish the beauty when it should be reared up indeed." In the printer's preface to the present work, also, is another allusion to

the incompleteness of Laneham, "And these being thus collected," says he, "I have for thy commodity, gentle reader, now published, the rather because of a report thereof lately imprinted by the name of the Pastimes of the Progress; which indeed doth nothing touch the particularity of every commendable action, but generally rehearseth her Majesty's cheerful entertainment in all places where she passed; together with the exceeding joy that her subjects had to see her, which report made very many the more desirous to have this perfect copy." Since, then, from this most impartial character of Laneham's letter, it is evident that it is imperfect in its details, a reprint of the "Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth," as advertised at the end of the former publication, is now presented to the public, arranged upon the same popular plan, to supply his deficiencies, and to give a perfect idea of the Kenilworth pastimes. The following masques, as will be hereafter seen, were not the productions of one person only; and in the notes appended to this volume some biographical sketches will be found of the principal authors employed; but, as the ensuing poems are generally known under the title of Gascoigne's Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth, having been first printed with his works, the account of this celebrated writer has been reserved for the Introductory Preface.

There are several sources whence these memoirs have been derived; firstly, the author's own works; secondly, the admirable life written by Mr. Chalmers, for his edition of the English Poets; and, lastly, from a curious biographical poem by Gascoigne's friend, George Whetstone, a reprint of which immediately follows this introduction. The history of the last-mentioned authority, though by no means singular to bibliographers, is curious. Bishop Tanner, in his *Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica*, edit. 1748, fol. p. 310, was the first who mentioned it in the following doubtful terms, "Whether it is our or another George Gascoigne, who is described by George Whetstone by this title, a remembrance of the well-employd life and godly end of Geo. Gascoign, Esq; who deceased at Stamford in Lincolnshire, 7 Octob. MDLXXVII. reported by Geo. Whetstone, among the

books of Tho. Tanner, Bishop of St. Asaph." In consequence of this notice, a search was commenced through the Bodleian Library, where the Bishop's books were deposited. This, as well as the examination of several other libraries, was unsuccessful; and serious doubts were entertained, whether such a pamphlet had ever existed. At length, however, it was some years since found in the collection of the late Mr. Voight, of the Custom-house, London; at the sale of whose books in December, 1806, it was bought by Mr. Malone, for 42*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* The tract itself is of that character so well known to bibliographers, slight, and of uncommon rarity; it contains only thirteen pages, printed in the black letter in small quarto. But although it had thus been concealed, yet, besides Bishop Tanner's words, there was sufficient evidence of its existence in the books of the Stationers' Company, which shew, that Robert Aggas, of the Red Dragon, in St. Paul's Church-yard, had a license to print it, dated November 15th, 1577; which is also mentioned by Herbert, *Typog. Antiq.* p. 1169. Such is the history of Whetstone's tract, which, though it contains nothing worthy of being denominated, a Life of Gascoigne, has some few facts, though very obscurely related, that are certainly of great importance to his memoirs, and which have been carefully noticed in the following sketch:

George Gascoigne, the son and heir of Sir John Gascoigne, was descended from an ancient and respectable family of Essex, and was first educated under a minister named Nevinson, who, as Mr. Chalmers observes, was probably "Stephen Nevinson, LL.D. Prebendary and Commissary of the City and Diocese of Canterbury." Gascoigne was next removed to the University; Wood supposes him to have studied both at Oxford and Cambridge, but from several passages in his works, it is most probable that he belonged only to the latter. From College, like many young gentlemen of his time, Gascoigne went to Gray's Inn, of which he became a member, and it is probable, that about this period, he entered upon that dissolute course of life, his repentance of which is so strongly marked in the greater part of his

writings. With a mind certainly highly-gifted with poetic feeling, and a disposition amorous to a very great degree, it is not surprising, that the youthful poems of Gascoigne are all on the subject of love; Gabriel Harvey, in his *Gratulationes Valdinenses*, celebrates him, with Chaucer, and the Earl of Surrey, as a poetic champion of the female sex. It was most probably this dissipated course of life that caused Sir John Gascoigne to disinherit his son; although, from several passages in his poems, it would seem that his offences had been exaggerated by slanderous reports. Left entirely to himself, and cast into the world alone, he for some time endeavoured to brave it with independence; but, finding that the revellers with whom he had associated, and the mistresses on whom he had lavished his property, were alike insensible to his situation or unable to amend it, on March 19th, 1572, he sailed for Holland, and entered into the army of William, Prince of Orange. After a dangerous voyage, in which twenty of the crew were drowned through the pilot's intoxication, Gascoigne landed in Holland, and received a Captain's commission under the Prince. His poems entitled "Gascoigne's Voyage into Holland," "The Fruites of Warre," and "the Fruite of Fetters, with the Complaint of the Greene Knight." under which name it appears that Gascoigne was known in the army, contain much information respecting his life at this period. From these may be learned, that he was in a fair path to promotion, when an unfortunate dispute with his Colonel caused him to remove to Delf, in order to resign his commission to the Prince, who, however, exerted himself to bring about a reconciliation. During these events, while Gascoigne remained at Delf, a lady at the Hague, which was then occupied by the enemy's troops, sent a letter to him concerning his portrait which he had given her. This billet got into the possession of his Colonel and his enemies, who made such use of it as to excite considerable suspicion in the minds of many, especially the Dutch burghers, that Gascoigne was unfaithful to their cause. In consequence of this he underwent considerable privations, which lasted, as he remarks, "a winter's tyde," until the Prince coming into Zeeland, Gascoigne laid the

whole affair before him, and immediately received passports for visiting the lady, and an ample testimonial of his worth. Soon after, William of Nassau laid siege to Middleburg, and Gascoigne evinced such bravery in the capture of it, that the Prince, as he relates, presented him with,

“Three hundred guilders good above my pay,
And bad me bide till his abilitie
Might better guerdon my fidelitie.”

The credit which Gascoigne had thus attained, was certainly a principal cause of the misfortunes which succeeded it; since his enemies had then to add envy to their former hatred and suspicion. A reinforcement was at that period sent from England to the Spaniards, and Gascoigne was ordered, under the command of Captain Sheffield, to an unfinished fort at Valkenburg, which was immediately attacked. The Dutch forces there amounted only to five hundred men, while those of the Spanish were about three thousand; added to which, the fortification works were incomplete, and the garrison not supplied either with provision or ammunition. It was vain to contend when this miserable defence was assaulted, though Gascoigne and his companions held out until they were forced to retreat, which they at length did to Leyden, the gates of which were shut against them. The rest is easily imagined—they surrendered to the Spaniards, upon honourable terms, and after about four months' captivity, the officers were sent home to their own countries. After his return to England, Gascoigne resided at his chambers in Gray's Inn, and occasionally at Walthamstow, as he again began the study of the law, and also published such of his more serious poems as he expected would efface the memory of his amatory verses. In the summer of 1575, he attended Lord Leicester at Kenilworth, to assist Hunnis, Goldingham, Mulcaster, &c. in the production of masques and pageants for Queen Elizabeth's entertainment; and in the course of the following work, the reader will observe what share he took in their composition. When the Kenilworth festival was over, Gascoigne is supposed to

have been employed at Walthamstow, in preparing his several works for the press; of which an accurate bibliographical account will be found at the end of this memoir. According to Whetstone, he wrote in this retirement, the satire of "The Steele Glasse," "The Glass of Government," "The Delicate Diet," "a Book of Hunting," and "The Doom's Day Drum;" the latter of which was not published until after his death. Though Gascoigne was certainly admired and caressed in his own time, and enjoyed the friendship and patronage of many great and eminent men, "yet," says Mr. Chalmers, "during this period he complains bitterly of what poets in all ages have felt, the envy of rivals and the malevolence of critics, and seems to intimate that, although he apparently bore this treatment with patience, yet it insensibly wore him out, and brought on a bodily distemper which his physicians could not cure. In all his publications, he takes every opportunity to introduce and bewail the errors of his youth, and to atone for any injury, real or supposed, which might have accrued to the public from a perusal of his early poems, in which, however, the proportion of indelicate thoughts is surely not very great." In little more than two years after the Queen's visit to Kenilworth, on October the 7th, 1577, Gascoigne died, at Stamford in Lincolnshire, according to Whetstone, in the presence of his wife and son, and with such calmness,

" as no man there perceiv'd
By struggling sign, or striving from his breath,
That he abode the pains and pangs of death."

It is supposed by his biographers, that his age did not exceed forty years.

The above hasty sketch of Gascoigne's life cannot be better concluded, than by the following finely-written poetic character, which Mr. Chalmers has given of him and of his works. "If we consider the general merit of the poets in the early part of the Elizabethan period, it will probably appear that the extreme rarity of Gascoigne's works has been the chief cause of his being so much neglected by modern readers. In smoothness and harmony of versification, he yields to no poet of his own

time, when these qualities were very common; but his higher merit is, that in every thing he discovers the powers and invention of a poet; a warmth of sentiment, tender and natural; and a fertility of fancy, although not always free from the conceits of the Italian school. As a satirist, if nothing remained but his Steele Glass, he may be reckoned one of the first. There is a vein of sly sarcasm in this piece, which appears to me to be original; and his intimate knowledge of mankind, acquired indeed at the expense probably of health, and certainly of comfort and independence, enabled him to give a more curious picture of the dress, manners, amusements, and follies of the times, than we meet with in almost any other author. To point out the individual beauties of his miscellaneous pieces, after the specimens exhibited by Mrs. Cooper, by Bp. Percy, Warton, Headley, and Ellis, would be unnecessary; but there are three respects in which his claims to originality require to be noticed, as æras in a history of poetry. His Steele Glass is among the first specimens of blank verse in our language; his *Jocasta* is the second theatrical piece written in that measure; and his *Supposes* is the first comedy written in prose."

Chronological List of the Works, in Verse and Prose, of George Gascoigne.

"*A Hundreth sundrie Flowres*, bound up in one small Posie. Gathered partly (by translation) in the fyne outlandish gardins of Euripides, Ouid, Petrarke, Ariosto, and others: and partly by inuention, out of our owne fruitefull orchardes in England: Yelding sundrie sweete sauours of tragicall, comical, and morall discourses, bothe pleasaunte and profitable to the well-smellyng noses of learned readers.

Meretum petere, graue.

Imprinted for Richarde Smith." [1572]. 4to.

In this edition, which Herbert has fully described, *Typog. Antiq.* p. 990, was first published, "*Supposes*, a Comedie, written in the Italian tongue by Ariosto, englished by George Gascoigne, of Greies inne, Esquire, and there presented 1566;" reprinted in Hawkins's

Origin of the English Drama, 1773, vol. II. And "Jocasta, a tragedie, written in Greeke by Euripides, translated and digested into acte by George Gascoigne and Francis Kinwelmarsh*", of Greies inne, and there by

* From the very little that is known respecting this author, or rather translator, it appears that he was a Member of Gray's Inn, that he and his brother Anthony were the intimate friends of George Gascoigne, were also gentlemen of Essex, and had the character of being noted poets of their time. The "Ode to Concord," inserted by him in this translation of "Jocasta," in conjunction with Gascoigne, was not originally written by Euripides, but has received the highest commendation from Warton, as exhibiting great elegance of expression and versification, and has been transcribed by that distinguished critic into his *History of English Poetry*, vol. III. p. 374. Kinwelmarsh has also several verses in "The Paradyse of Daynty Deuyyses," originally printed in 1576, which Mr. Haslewood, in his excellent prefix to the reprint of that work in the *British Bibliographer*, vol. IV. considers as inferior to the productions of the more distinguished contributors, Richard Edwards; Thomas, Lord Vaux; Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford; and William Hunnis. The following stanzas, "On Learning," have however justly received his commendation, as being very pleasing; and as a fair specimen of Kinwelmarsh's poetical abilities, it is hoped they are not obtrusively inserted.

*Who wyll aspire to dignitie,
By learnyng must advaunced be.*

THE poor that liue in needie rate,
By learning doo great riches gayne:
The rich that liue in wealthy state,
By learnyng doo their wealth maintayne.
Thus ritch and poore are furthered still
By sacred rules of learned skill.

All fond conceits of franticke youth
The golden gyft of learning stayes:
Of doubtfull thinges to searche the trueth,
Learning sets forth the redde wayes.
O happy him doo I repute,
Whose brest is fraught with learninges fruite.

them presented in 1566." This edition is of such extreme rarity, that only two perfect copies are known, one formerly in the possession of the late George Steevens, Esq., and a second in Emanuel College Library, placed there, it is conjectured, by Dr. Farmer; a third, perfected in manuscript from the last named copy, was in the library of Thomas Hill, Esq. Steevens, in a notice of this work, has stated that it differed very materially from the subsequent edition, in 1587; and contained several pieces which were afterwards omitted. The only variation, however, which was perceptible to Mr. Alex. Chalmers, on a comparison of the two editions, was the omission of a short piece, not very delicate, entitled "*Ariosto allegorised*." The edition of 1572, appears in short to have been an *unchastised* work, published, as it should seem, without the author's formal consent, though certainly not without his knowledge at the time of printing. The paginary numbers in all the known copies extant, terminate abruptly at 164, and recommence at 201.

There growes no Corne within the feelde,
That Oxe and Plough did neuer tyll :
Right so the mind no fruite can yeelde,
That is not lead by learninges skill;
Of ignoraunce comes rotten weedes,
Of learnyng springes right noble deedes.

Like as the Captayne hath respect
To trayne his souldiers in aray :
So learning dooth mans mind direct,
By *Vertues* staffe his lyfe to stay.
Though Freendes and Fortune waxeth skant,
Yet learned men shall neuer want.

You Impes therefore in youth be sure
To fraught your mindes with learned thinges :
For Learning is the fountayne pure
Out from the which all glory springes.
Who so therefore wyll glory winne,
With Learning fyrst must needes beginne.

Finis. F. K.

“*The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esquier.* Corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Authour, 1575.

‘Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.’

Printed at London, for Richard Smith.” 1575. 4to.

This is generally termed the second edition of Gascoigne’s poems, and commences with an “Epistle to the Reverend Deuines unto whom these Posies shall happen to be presented,” in defence of his former publication. Bishop Tanner, in his enumeration of Gascoigne’s pieces, has erroneously described them as having been published in two volumes, 1577 and 1587; Mr. Haslewood has, however, expressed his belief that Tanner should have noticed them, as being dated 1572 and 1575; these editions being evidently to bind in two volumes, and the title, with the date of 1575, was probably intended for the second volume. Herbert has noticed another edition of these Posies, printed for Christopher Barker, 1575, 4to. *Typog. Antiq.* p. 1077. This, however, though it is not intended to deny Herbert’s assertion, must remain a matter of doubt, as no catalogue, which the writer has consulted, appears to contain this particular edition. There were some material variations in the names of persons, in some of Gascoigne’s pieces, in the edition of 1575, from that of 1572. A detailed digest of the contents, &c. of the edition of 1575, containing the whole of Gascoigne’s poetry, collected and published anterior to the author’s decease, is inserted in the preliminary memoranda prefixed to Mr. Alex. Chalmers’s reprint of Gascoigne’s poems, in the *Works of the English Poets*, 1810. vol. ii. p. 452.

In the title of this edition of Gascoigne’s Posies is inserted an admirable wood-cut device, prefixed by Richard Smith to most of the books which he published, representing Time drawing forth the figure of Truth from a pit or cavern, encircled with the legend “*OCCULTA VERITAS TEMPORE PATET.*” Bishop Percy has copied this device, with some variations, in his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, edit. 1765. vol. ii. p. 259; and observes, that it possibly suggested to Rubens his well-known design of a similar kind, *Le Temps decouvre la Verité*, which

he has introduced into the Luxembourg Gallery. *Reliques, ut supra*, vol. ii. p. 151.

“*The Glasse of Gouvernement*. A tragicall Comedie so intituled, because therein are handled the rewardes for Vertues, as also the punishment for Vices. Done by George Gascoigne, Esquier. 1575.”

Colophon “Imprinted at London by H. M. for Christopher Barker at the Grassehopper in Paules Church-ward. 1575.” 4to. Herbert notices, another edition with this Colophon, “Imprinted in Fleet-street at the Faulcon, by Henry Middleton, for Christopher Barker, 1575.” 4to. *Typog. Antiq.* p. 1076. 1803. It is, however, highly improbable that there was more than one edition; the first notice of the printer and publisher being evidently the imprint on the title; the latter, that of the usual detailed Colophon at the end, affixed to almost all books published during the reign of Elizabeth.

“*The Hermits Tale at Woodstock*, 1575.” Royal MSS. 18 A XLVIII. in the British Museum. Printed in the first volume of *Queen Elizabeth’s Progresses* by Mr. Nichols, 1788. 4to. vol. i. Andrews, in his *Continuation of Dr. Henry’s History of Great Britain*, has the following note: “The poet Gascoigne, as he draws his own picture, presenting his book to Elizabeth, has a pen for an ear-ornament, and thus he sings,

“Behold good queene, a poett with a speare,
(Strange sightes well mark’d are understode the better)
A soldier arnde with pensyle in his eare,
With pen to fighte, and sworde to write a letter.

*Frontispiece to Gascoigne’s Translation of
“The Heremyte.”*

“*The Princely Pleasures at the Courte at Kenelwoorth*: That is to saye, the copies of all such verses, Proses, or Poeticall inuentions, and other deuices of pleasure, as were there deuised, and presented by Sundry Gentlemen, before the Quenes Maiesty: in the yeare 1575.

Imprinted at London by Richard Jhones, 1576. 8vo. Of this edition, which is the first, only one copy is known. At the sale of Dr. Wright’s library, in April,

1787, Dr. Farmer obtained it for the very trifling sum of ten shillings! On the demise of Dr. Farmer, in 1798, his library was also dispersed by the hammer, and this unique copy was purchased by Mr. Jeffery of Pall Mall, for the late George Ellis, Esq., for two pounds six shillings, which is somewhat surprising, as the rarity of the volume had then become more generally known; it subsequently passed through the hands of Mr. Park to Messrs. Longman and Co., from whom it was transferred to its present possessor, William Staunton, Esq. of Longbridge. The existence of this edition was unknown to Mr. Nichols, while editing the *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*; and the "Princely Pleasures," of Gascoigne, are there given from a transcript from the subsequent edition of 1587; nor does it appear, that although Ritson had noticed this edition in his *Bibliographia Poetica*, that Mr. A. Chalmers knew any thing more respecting it than Mr. Nichols, as in the preliminary notices prefixed to his republication of Gascoigne's poems, speaking of this work, he observes, "This piece was first printed in the posthumous edition of his works." *Works of the English Poets*, 1810. vol. ii. p. 450.

"*A delicate diet for daintie mouthde Droonkardes. Wherein the fowle abuse of common Carowsing and Quaffing with hartie draughtes, is honestlie admonished. By George Gascoigne, Esquier.*

'Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.'

Imprinted at London by Richard Jhones, Aug. 22. 1576." 8vo.

The late Mr. F. G. Waldron reprinted this tract, which originally comprised three sheets, in 1789, from a copy which Steevens possessed, and with his usual urbanity lent him for that purpose; it afterwards formed one of the rare tracts reprinted in the *Literary Museum*, edited by Waldron, in 1792. 8vo. Mr. Heber purchased Steevens's copy, at the sale of his library, in 1800. Herbert notices another, which was in the collection of Edward Jacob, Esq., of Faversham, Kent. *Typog. Antiq.* p. 1042.

"*The wyll of the Deuyll*; with his ten detestable Commaundementes: Directed to his obedient and accursed chyl dren; and the reward promised to all such as obediently wil endeuer themselves to fulfil them. Whereunto is adjoyned a Dyet for dyuers of the Deuylls dearl ings, comonly called dayly Dronkardes. Very necessarie to be read, and well considered of all Christians.

Imprinted by Richard Jhones." *no date*, 8vo. *Herbert*, p. 1051-2.

A tract of extreme rarity, a copy appears to have once been in the library of the Hon. Topham Beauclerk, see Paterson's *Catal. Bibl. Beauclerk*, 1781, part 1. n^o. 4137, where it is ascribed to George Gascoigne. Steevens refers to it, in a note on Shakspeare's *King Lear*: see *Shakspeare's Plays*, edit. 1793, vol. xiv. p. 109; and Mr. Haslewood has inserted it in the list of Gascoigne's works, *British Bibliographer*, 1810, vol. i. p. 80. In 1576, Richard Jones had licence for "*The Temptations of the Deuyll: with remedies against the same.*" *Herbert*, p. 1052. Whether this was another book, or the title under which the above was originally intended to have been published, is doubtful.

"*The Steele Glas*. A Satyre cōpiled by George Gascoigne. Together with the Complainge of Phylomene, an Elegie deuised by the same author.

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

Printed for Richard Smith." 1576. 4to.

The title of this extremely rare tract, is within a prettily ornamented border, formed of metal pieces, and has also Richard Smith's device, noticed p. xiv. *ante*. On the reverse of the title, is Gascoigne's portrait in armour, with a ruff round his neck; on his right hand a musket and bandaleers; on his left, books, placed with their backs to the wall, on a shelf; and, underneath his motto, "*Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.*" A copy of this portrait is inserted in the *British Bibliographer*, vol. i. p. 73, and in the second number of *Kenilworth Illustrated*.

"*The Griefe of Joy*. Certeyne Elegies, wherein the doubtfull Delightes of Manes Lyfe are displaied.

Written to the Queenes most excellent Matie.
 Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.
 1576."

An unpublished MS. Poem, in the British Museum. Beloe has printed the dedication "To the highe and mightie Princesse Elizabeth," in which the author humbly entreats her Highness "to accept this *Nifle* for a new yer'es gyfte," dated "this first of January, 1577." accompanied with a specimen of the poem, taken from the fourth song or section, *Anecdotes of Literature and Scarce Books*, 1807, vol. ii. The object of this poem, which consists of what the author calls "four songs," seems intended to impress the idea so beautifully expressed by the writer of the celebrated *Ode to Indifference*:

"Bliss goes but to a certain bound;
 Beyond is agony."

After treating of the sports and amusements of youth, he proceeds to censure the vanities of extreme fondness for dancing, leaping, and what he terms *roonyng*, vaultyng, &c. continuing his invectives to "wrestlyng," where the poem abruptly terminates: "left imperfect," as he observes, "for feare of horsmen." The MS. displays a beautiful specimen of penmanship and wherever the Queen is immediately addressed, the letters are emblazoned in burnished gold.

Gascoigne has verses before Turbervile's booke of Hunting, 1575, "in commendation of the noble Arte of Venerie," Cardanus comforte, &c. 1576, and Hollyband's French Littleton, 1595. He has also a prose preface before "A Discourse of a Discouerie for a new passage to Cathaia, written by Sir Humfrey Gilbert, Knight, 1576," *Herbert*, p. 1041; and is celebrated by Gabriel Harvey, as one of the English poets who have written in praise of Women.

Chaucerusque adsit. Surreius et inclytus adsit
 Gascoignoque aliquis sit, mea Corda, locus.
Gratulationes Valdenses, 1578. 4to. lib. iv. p. 22.

The Drum of Dooms-Day, was a posthumous publication, and appeared under the following title :—

“ *The Droomme of Domesday*. Wherein the frailties and miseries of man’s life, are lyvely portrayed and learnedly set forth. Deuided as appeareth in the page next following. Translated and collected by George Gascoigne, Esquyer.

Tam, &c. *ut supra*.

At London, imprinted by John Windet, for Gabriel Cawood : dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Holy Ghost, 1586.” 4to.

In the dedication to his patron the Earl of Bedford, we are informed that this work is principally a translation from an old volume he found in his library ; which wanting the beginning and end, he could not ascertain the author’s name ; that he was prompted to translate, arrange, and publish the same, partly to atone for mis-spent time, and partly in consequence of the suggestion of a friend, who, after allowing his poetry its full merit, said “ hee woulde like the gardiner much better if he would employ his spade in no worse ground, then either diuinitie or moral philosophie.” The dedication is dated, “ From my Lodging, where I finished this trauaile in weake plight for health, as your good Lordshippe well knoweth, this 2 of Maye, 1576.”

“ *The Whole Works of George Gascoigne, Esquyre*. Newlye compyled into one volume ; that is to say : His Flowers, Hearbes, Weedes, the Fruites of Warre, the Comedie called Supposes, the Tragedie of Jocasta, the Steelglasse, the Complaint of Phylomene, the Storie of Ferdinando Jeronimi, and the Pleasure at Kenelworth Castle. Imprinted by Abell Jeffes, dwelling in the Fore Street, without Creéple-gate, neere vnto Grubstreét, 1587.” 4to. *Herbert*, p. 1161.

Mr. Alex. Chalmers denominates this “ the third, and most complete edition of his works, and may be reckoned the best, except that the errors pointed out in the former editions are not corrected in this.” *Works of the English Poets*, vol. ii. p. 454. Mr. Haslewood has also given a particular description of the contents of this volume in the *British Bibliographer*, vol. i. p. 79, 80.

Abel Jeffes, who was a disorderly member of the Stationers' Company, and appears to have been of too despicable a character to have been admitted on the livery, was not only in this, but in other instances, an unprincipled infringer on the literary property of his fellow-printers and stationers. The right of Gascoigne's poems seems in part to have been the property of Henry Bynneman, whose apprentice Abel Jeffes had been; but after the decease of his master, 8th of Jan. 1583-4, on which day Newberry and Denman, his assignees, delivered up certain copies, "which belonged to Hen. Bynneman, deceased," to the Stationers' Company, for the benefit of their poor; he would seem to have reprinted Gascoigne's "whole works," without any right of assignment whatever. "The Steel Glas," printed in 1576, and contained in this edition of 1587, appears on inspection to have been only once printed, a new title being the only substitution in lieu of that with the portrait of Gascoigne on the reverse. By what means he obtained the printed sheets of this and the other pieces attached to the volume of 1587, whether by purchase or an unjust encroachment, it is now certainly beyond the reach of discovery. The surreptitious aggrandisement of the right of Gascoigne's "whole workes," or rather the poetical portion only, on the part of Abel Jeffes, does not appear to have ensured to him the success he possibly had hoped for, as some copies are extant with the following variation in the title:

"*The pleasauntest workes of George Gascoigne, Esquire : Newlye compyled, &c. &c. ut supra.*"

Imprinted by Abel Jeffes, 1587." 4to. See an interesting article on Gascoigne, communicated by Mr. Octavius Gilchrist, whose copy had formerly been the late Thomas Warton's. *Cens. Literaria*, vol. i. p. 109. A copy with the same variation appears to have been in the library of the Hon. Topham Beauclerk. See *Catal. Bibl. Beauclerk*, 1781, part i. n^o. 3278. It is also perhaps not wholly unworthy of notice to observe, that no two copies of the volume of 1587, which the writer has seen, were found to comprise the same uniform arrangement of the several pieces of which it consists.

A REMEMBRANCE

of the wel imployed life, and godly end of
GEORGE GASKOIGNE, Esquire, who
deceased at Stalmford in Lin-
colne Shire, the 7 of October
1577.

The reporte of GEOR. WHETSTONS,
Gent. an eye witnes of his
Godly and charitable
End in this world.

Formæ nulla Fides.

IMPRINTED AT LON-
don for Edward Aggas, dwelling
in Pauls Churchyard, and
are there to be solde.

The Stanzas commencing,

“ What is this World ? ” &c. p. xxxi.

to that ending,

“ Save only man, who as his earthly living is,
Shall live in wo, or els in endles blis.” p. xxxiii.

Are the contents of a Poem, in the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, edit. 1600. entitled “ A Description of the World,” signed *G. Gaske*. From a conjecture that this name was only an abbreviation for *G. Gascoigne*, these stanzas have ever since been attributed to him; it is, however, clearly evident that Whetstone’s name should have supplied the place of that signature, he being in reality the author of the following Poem, from which they are an extract. *G. Gaske* had, therefore, no existence, though admitted by Ritson as “ an authour ” of the reign of Elizabeth, in his *Bibliographia Poetica*, 1802. p. 218.

The wel employed life, and godly end of
G. Gascoigne, Esquire.

AND is there none wil help to tel my tale,
Who (ah) in helth, a thousand plaints have shone?
feeles all men joy? cā no mā skil of bale?
O yes! I see a comfort in my mone:
Help me, good George! my life and death to touch
some man for thee may one day doo as much.

Thou seest my death, and long my life didst knowe;
my life? nay, death: to live I now begin:
But some wil say, *Durus est hic sermo*,
Tis hard indeed, for such as feed on sin.
Yet trust me, frends! (though flesh doth hardly bow)
I am resolv'd, I never liv'd til now.

And on what cause in order shall ensue:
My worldly life (is first) must play his parte;
Whose tale attend; for once the same is true;
Yea, Whetston! thou has knowen my hidden hart,
And therefore I conjure thee to defend
(When I am dead) my life and godly end.

first of my life, which some (amis) did knowe ;
 I leve mine armes, my acts shall blase the same ;
 Yet on a thorne a grape will never growe,
 no more a churle dooth breed a childe of fame :
 but (for my birth) my birth right was not great :
 my father did his forward sonne defeat.*

This froward deed could scarce my hart dismay :
 Vertue (quod I) wil see I shall not lacke :
 And wel I wot *Domini est terra* ;
 Besides, my wit can guide me from a wrack.
 Thus finding cause to foster hye desire,
 I clapt on cost (a help) for to aspire.

But, foolish man ! deckt in my peacock's plumes,
 my wanton wil commaunded strait my wit ;
 Yea, brainsick I was drunk with fancies fumes ;
 But, *Nemo sine crimine vivit* ;
 for he that findes himself from vices free,
 I give him leve to throw a stone at me.

It helps my praise that I my fault recite :
 The lost sheep found, the feast was made for joy ;
 Evil sets out good, as far as black dooth white ;
 The pure delight is drayned from anoy.
 But (that in cheef which writers should respect)
 Trueth is the garbe that keepeth men uncheckt.

* He was Sir John G. sonne and heire disinherited.

And for a trueth, begilde with self-conceit,
 I thought that men would throwe rewards on me ;
 But as a fish seld bites without a baight,
 So none, unforst, mens needs will hear or see ;
 and begging sutes from dunghil thoughts proceed :
 the mounting minde had rather sterve in need.

Wel, leave I hear of thriftles wil to write :
 wit found my rents agreed not with my charge ;
 The sweet of war, sung by the carpet knight,
 In poste haste then shipt me in Ventures barge.
 These lusty limes, *saunce use* (quod I) will rust :
 That pitee were, for I to them must trust.

Wel plaste at length, among the drunken Dutch,
 (though rumours lewd impayred my desert)
 I boldely vaunt, the blast of fame is such,
 As prooves I had a froward sours hart.
 My slender gaine a further witnes is ;
 for woorthiest men the spoiles of war do mis.

Euen there the man that went to fight for pence,
 Cacht by sly hap, in prison vile was popt :
 Yea, had not woordes fought for my lives defence,*
 for all my hands, my breth had there been stopt ;
 But I, in fine, did so persuade my foe,
 As (set free) I was homewards set to goe.

* He had the Latin, Italian, French and Dutch languages.

Thus wore I time, the welthier not a whit ;
 Yet awckward chance lackt force to heard my hope.
 In peace (*quod I*) ile trust unto my wit ;
 The windowes of my muse then straight I ope,
 and first I shoue the travail of such time
 as I in youth imployd in looving rime.

Some straight way said (their lungs with envy fret),
 those wanton layes inductions were to vice.
 Such did me wrong, for (*quod nocet, docet*)
 our neyghbours harms are items to the wise ;
 And sure these toyes do shoue, for your behoof,
 The woes of loove, and not the wayes to love.

And that the worlde might read them as I ment,
 I left this vaine to path the vertuous waies ;
 The lewd I checkt in GLAS OF GOVERNMENT :
 And (laboring stil, by paines, to purchase praise)
 I wrought a GLASSE wherin eche man may see
 Within his minde what canckred vices be.

The druncken soule transformed to a beast,
 my DIET, helps a man again to make.
 But (that which should be praisd above the rest)
 My DOOMES DAY DRUM from sin doeth you awake.
 for honest sporte, which doeth refresh the wit,
 I have for you A BOOK OF HUNTING writ.

These few books are dayly in your eyes,
 Parhaps of woorth, my fame alive to keep;
 Yet other woorks (I think) of more emprise,
 Coucht close as yet, within my cofers sleep:
 yea, til I dy, none shall the same revele;
 So men wil say, that *Gaskoign* wrote of zeale.

O Envy vile! foule fall thee, wretched sot!
 Thou mortal foe unto the forward minde!
 I curse thee, wretch! the only cause, God wot,
 That my good wil no more account did finde.
 And not content thy self to do me fear,
 Thou nipst my hart with *Spight*, *Suspect* and *Care*.

And first of spight, foule Envies poysoned pye:
 To Midas eares, this as[s] hath Lyntius eyes;
 with painted shewes he heaves himself on hie.
 full oft this Dolte in learned authors pries;
 But as the Drone the hony hive doth rob,
 with woorthy books so deales this idle lob.

He filcheth tearms to paint a pratling tung,
 When (God he knowes) he knows not what he saies;
 And lest the wise should find his wit but yung,
 he woorkes all means their woorkes for to dispraise.
 To smooth his speech, the beast this patch doth crop:
 he shows the bad, the writers mouthes to stop.

Ye, woorse than this, he dealeth in offence,
 (Ten good turnes he with silence striketh dead);
 A slender fault, ten times beyond pretence,
 This wretched *spight* in every place doth spread;
 And with his breth, the Viper dooth infect
 The hearers heads and harts with false suspect.

Now of *suspect* the propertie to shoue:
 he hides his dought, yet still mistrusteth more
 The man; suspect is so debard to knowe
 The cause and cure of this his ranckling sore;
 And so in vain he good account doeth seek,
 who by this Feinde is brought into mislike.

Now hear my tale, or cause which kild my hart!
 These privy foes, to tread me under foot,
 My true intent with forged faults did thwart;
 so that I found, for me it was no boot
 to woork, as Bees, from WEEDES, with honyd ranes,
 when Spiders turned my FLOWERS into banes.

When my plain woords by fooles miscontred were,
 by whose fond tales reward held his hands back
 To quite my woorth, a cause to settle care
 within my brest, who wel deserv'd, did lack;
 for who can brook to see a painted crowe
 Singing aloft, when Turtles mourn belowe?

What man can yeld to starve among his books,
and see pied Doultles uppon a booty feed ?

What honest minde can live by favring looks,
And see the lewd to rech a freendly deed ?
what hart can bide in bloody warres to toile,
when carpet swads devour the soldiers spoile ?

I am the wretch whom fortune stinted soe :
These men were bribed ere I had breth to speak.
Muse then no whit with this huge overthrowe,
though crushing care my giltles hart doth break ;
But you wil say that in delight doo dwell ;
my outward showe no inward greef did tel.

I graunt it true ; but hark unto the rest !
The Swan in songs dooth knolle her passing bel ;
The Nightingale with thornes against her brest,
when she might mourn, her sweetest laye doth yel ;
The valiant man so playes a pleasant parte,
When mothes of mone doo gnaw upon his hart.

for prooffe, myself, with care not so afeard,
But as hurt Deere waile (through their wounds,
When stoutly they doo stand among the heard) alone ;
So that I saw but few hark to my mone,
made choise to tel deaf walles my wretched plaint,
in sight of men who nothing seemd to faint.

XXX

But as oft use doeth weare an iron cote,
as misling drops hard flints in time doth pearse,
By peece meales care so wrought me under foot.
but more than straunge is that I now rehearse :
Three months I lived and did digest no food,
when none by arte my sicknes understood.

What helpeth then? to death I needs must pine :
yet as the horse, the use of warre which knowes,
If he be hurt, will neither winch nor whine,
but til he dye poste with his Rider goes,
Even so my hart whilst lungs may lend me breth,
Bares up my limmes, who living go like death.

But what availes Achilles hart to have,
king Cressus welth, the sway of all the world?
The Prince, the Peere, so to the wretched Slave,
when death assaults, from earthly holdes are whorld ;
yea, oft he strikes ere one can stir his eye ;
Then good you live as you would dayly dye.

You see the plight I wretched now am in,
I looke much like a threshed ear of corne ;
I holde a forme within a wrimpled skin,
but from my bones the fat and flesh is worne :
See ! see the man, late plesures minion,
pinde to the bones with care and wretched mone.

See gallants ! see a picture worth the sight,
 (as you are now, myself was heretofore)
 my body, late stuft ful of many might,
 As bare as Job is brought to Death his doore ;
 My hand of late which fought to win me fame,
 Stif clung with colde, wants forse to write my name.

My legges which bare my body ful of flesh,
 Unable are to stay my bones upright ;
 My tung (God wot!) which talkt as one would wish,
 In broken words can scarce my minde recite ;
 My head, late stuft with wit and learned skill,
 may now conceive but not convay my wil.

What say you, freends ! this sudain chaunge to see ?
 you rue my greef, you doe like flesh and blood ;
 But mone your sinnes, and never morne for me.
 And to be plain, I would you understood
 My hart dooth swim in seas of more delight :
 Then your who seems to rue my wretched plight.

What is this world ? A net to snare the soule,
 A mass of sinne, a desart of decett,
 A moments joy, an age of wretched dole,
 A lure from grace, for flesh a loothsome baight,
 Unto the minde a cankerworm of care,
 Unsure, unjust in rendring man his share ;

A place where pride oreruns the honest minde,
 Where rich men joynes to rob the shiftles wretch,
 Where bribing mists the judges eyes doo blinde,
 Where Parasites the fattest crummes do catch;
 Where good deserts (which chalenge like reward)
 Are overblowen with blasts of light regard.

And what is man? Dust, Slime, a puff of winde,
 Conceivd in sin, plaste in the woorld with greef,
 Brought up with care, til care hath caught his minde,
 And then, (til death vouchsafe him some relief)
 Day, yea nor night, his care dooth take an end,
 To gather goods for other men to spend.

O foolish man that art in office plaste!
 Think whence thou camst, and whether the shall goe:
 The huge hie Okes small windes have overcast,
 when slender reeds in roughest wethers growe.
 Even so pale death oft spares the wretched wight,
 And woundeth you who wallow in delight.

You lusty youths that nourish hie desire!
 Abase your plumes which makes you look so big:
 The Colliers cut the Courtiars steed wil tire;
 Even so the Clark the Parsones grave dooth dig,
 whose hap is yet heer longer life to win,
 Doth heap (God wot) but sorowe unto sinne.

And to be short, all sortes of men take heede !
 the thunderboltes the loftye Towers teare ;
 The lightning flash consumes the house of reed ;
 Yea more in time all earthly things will weare,
 Save only man, who as his earthly living is,
 Shall live in wo, or els in endles blis.

More would I say, if life would lend me space,
 but all in vain ; death waits of no mans will :
 The tired Jade dooth trip at every pace,
 when pampered horse will prauce against the hil ;
 So helthfull men at long discourses sporte,
 when few woords the sick would fain reporte.

The best is this, my will is quickly made :
 my welth is small, the more my conscience ease.
 This short accompt (which makes me ill apaid)
 my loving wife and sonne will hardly please :
 But in this case, to please them as I may,
 These following woords my testament do wray.

My soule I first bequeath Almighty God,
 An though my sinnes are grevous in his sight,
 I firmly trust to scape his fry rod,
 whenas my faith his deer Sonne shall recite,
 whose precious blood (to quench his Fathers ire)
 Is sole the cause that saves me from hel fire.

My body now which once I decked brave,
 (from whence it came) unto the earth I give;
 I wish no pomp the same for to ingrave;
 once buried corn dooth rot before it live,
 And flesh and blood in this self sorte is tryed:
 Thus buriall cost is (without proffit) pride.

I humbly give my gracious sovereign Queene
 (by service bound) my true and loyall hart;
 And trueth to say, a sight but rarely seene,
 As Iron greeves from thadamant to parte;
 her highnes so hath recht the Grace alone
 To gain all harts, yet gives her hart to none.

My loving wife whose face I fain would see,
 my love I give, with all the welth I have;
 But since my goods (God knoweth) but slender bee,
 most gracious Queene! for Christs his sake I crave
 (not for any service that I have doon)
 you will vouchsafe to aid her and my sonne.

Come, come, deer Sonne! my blessing take in parte,
 and therwithall I give thee this in charge,
 first serve thou God, then use bothe wit and arte
 thy fathers det of service to discharge;
 which (forste by death) her Maiestie he owes,
 beyond desarts who still rewardes bestowes.

XXXV

I freely now all sortes of men forgive
 Their wrongs to me, and wish them to amend ;
 And as good men in charitte should live,
 I crave my faults may no mans minde offend :
 So here is all I have to bequest,
 And this is all I of the world request.

Now farwell, Wife! my Sonne, and frends, farwel!
 farewell, O world, the baight of all abuse!
 Death! where is thy sting? O Devil! where is thy hel?
 I little fear the forses you can use ;
 yea to your teeth, I doo you both defye!
Vt essem Christo, cupio dissolui.

In this good mood, an end worthy the showe,
 Bereft of speech, his hands to God he heavd ;
 And sweetly thus good *Gaskoigne* went a *Dio* ;
 yea with such ease, as no man there perceivd
 By struggling signe, or striving from his breth,
 That he abode the pains and pangs of Death.

EXHORTATIO.

His *sean* is playd; you folowe on the act :
 Life is but Death, til flesh and blood be slain :
 God graunt is woords within your harts be pact ;
 As good men doo holde earthly plesures vain ;
 The good for their needs *Vtuntur mundo* :
 And use good deeds *Vt fruuntur Deo*.

Contemne the chaunge (use nay abuse) not God,
 'Through holy shoves this worldly muck to scratch :
 To deale with men and Saints is very od,
 hypocrisie a man may over catch.
 But hypocrite! thy hart the Lord dooth see,
 who by thy thoughts (not thy words) wil judge thee.

Thou jesting foole, which makst at sin a face!
 Beware that God in earnest plague thee not;
 for whereas he is coldest in his grace,
 Euen there he is in vengeance very hot ;
 Tempt not to far ; the lothest man to fight,
 When he is forste, the lustiest blowes dooth smight.

You Courtiers! check not Merchants for their gain :
 you by your losse doo match with them in blame.
 The Lawyers life you Merchants! doo not staine :
 The blinde for slouth may hardly check the lame ;
 I meane that you, in Ballance of deceit,
 wil Lawyers payre, I feare with overwaight.

you Lawyers now, who earthly Judges are!
 you shal be judgd, and therfore judge aright:
 you count *Ignorantia Juris* no bar;
 Then ignorance your sinnes wil not acquite.
 Read, read God's law, with which yours should agre,
 That you may judge as you would judged bee.

You Prelats now, whose woords are perfect good!
 make showe in woorkes, that you your woords insue:
 A Diamond holdes his vertue set in wood,
 but yet in Golde it hath a fresher hue;
 Even so Gods woord told by the Devil is pure;
 Preacht yet by Saints it doth more heed procure.

And Reader now! what office so thou have,
 to whose behoofe this breef discourse is tolde,
 Prepare thy self eche houre for the grave:
 the market eats as wel young sheep as olde;
 Even so the Childe who fears the smarting rod,
 The father oft dooth lead the way to God.

And bothe in time this worldly life shall leave;
 thus sure thou art, but knowst not when to dye;
 Then good thou live, least death doo the deceive,
 as through good life thou maist his force defye;
 for trust me, man no better match can make;
 Then leave unsure for certain things to take.

Viuit post funera virtus.

AN EPITAPH

WRITTEN BY G. W. OF THE DEATH OF M. G.
GASKOYNE.

For Gaskoynes death, leave to mone or morne!
You are deceived: alive the man is stil.
Alive? O yea, and laugheth death to scorne,
in that, that he his fleshly lyfe did kil.

For by such death, two lyves he gaines for one:
His soule in heaven dooth live in endles joye,
his woorthy woorks such fame in earth have sowne,
As sack nor wrack his name can there destroy.

But you wil say, by death *he* only gaines,
And now his life would many stand in stead.
O dain not, Freend! (to counterchaunge his paynes)
If now in heaven, he have his earned meade;
For once in earth his toyle was passing great,
And we devourd the sweet of all his sweat.

FINIS.

Nemo ante obitum beatus.

THE
PRINCELY PLEASURES
AT
KENILWORTH CASTLE.

A brief rehearsal, or rather a
true copy of as much as was presented
before her Majesty at Kenilworth, during
her last abode there, as
followeth.

THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

[From the first edition 'Imprinted at London by Richard Jhones, 1576.']

BEING advertised (gentle reader) that in this last Progress, her Majesty was (by the Right Noble Earl of Leicester) honourably and triumphantly received and entertained at his Castle of Kenilworth: and that sundry Pleasant and Poetical Inventions were there expressed, as well in verse as in prose. All which have been sundry times demanded for, as well at my hands, as also of other printers, for that indeed all studious and well-disposed young gentlemen and others, were desirous to be partakers of those pleasures by a profitable publication: I thought meet to try by all means possible if I might recover the true copies of the same, to gratify all such as had required them at my hands, or might hereafter be stirred with the like desire. And in fine, I have with much travail and pain obtained the very true and perfect copies of all that were there presented and executed; over and besides, one moral and gallant Device, which never came to execution, although it were often in readiness. And these (being thus collected,) I have (for thy commodity, gentle reader) now published: the rather because of a report thereof lately imprinted by the name of the Pastime of the Progress: which (indeed) doth nothing touch the particularity of every commendable action, but generally rehearseth her Majesty's cheerful entertainment in all places where she passed: together with the exceeding joy that her subjects had to see her: which report made very many the more desirous to have this perfect copy: for that it plainly doth set down every thing as it was indeed presented, at large: And further doth declare, who was Author and Deviser of every Poem and Invention. So that I doubt not but it shall please and satisfy thee both with reason and contentation: In full hope whereof, I leave thee to the reading of the same, and promise to be still occupied in publishing such works as may be both for thy pleasure and commodity.

This 26th of March, 1576.



HER Majesty came thither (as I remember) on Saturday being the ninth of July last past. On which day there met her on the way, somewhat near the Castle, *Sibylla*, who prophesied unto her Highness the prosperous reign that she should continue, according to the happy beginning of the same. The order thereof was this: *Sibylla* being placed in an arbour in the park near the highway, where the Queen's Majesty came, did step out and pronounced as followeth :

ALL hail, all hail, thrice-happy Prince,
 I am *Sibylla*, she
Of future chance, and after-haps,
 fore-shewing what shall be.
As now the dew of heavenly gifts
 full thick on you doth fall,
E'en so shall virtue more and more
 augment your years withal.

The rage of war bound fast in chains
shall never stir nor move :
But peace shall govern all your days,
encreasing subjects love.
You shall be called the Prince of Peace,
and peace shall be your shield,
So that your eyes shall never see
the broils of bloody field.
If perfect peace then glad your mind,
he joys above the rest,
Which doth receive into his house
so good and sweet a guest.
And one thing more I shall foretell,
as by my skill I know :
Your coming is rejoiced at
ten thousand times and mo.
And whiles your Highness here abides,
nothing shall rest unsought,
That may bring pleasure to your mind,
or quiet to your thought.
And so pass forth in peace (O Prince
of high and worthy praise) :
The God that governs all in all,
encrease your happy days.

This device was invented, and the verses also written, by M. Hunnis, Master of her Majesty's Chapel.

HER Majesty passing on to the first gate, there stood on the leads and battlements thereof six Trumpeters hugely advanced, much exceeding the common stature of men in this age, who had likewise huge and monstrous trumpets counterfeited, wherein they seemed to sound: and behind them were placed certain trumpeters, who sounded indeed at her Majesty's entry. And by this dumb shew it was meant, that in the days and reign of King Arthur, men were of that stature. So that the Castle of Kenilworth should seem still to be kept by Arthur's heirs and their servants. And when her Majesty entered the gate, there stood *Hercules* for Porter, who seeming to be amazed at such a presence, upon such a sudden, proffered to stay them. But yet at last being overcome by view of the rare beauty and princely countenance of her Majesty, yielded himself and his charge,

presenting the keys unto her Highness, with these words:—

What stir, what coil is here? come back, hold,
whither now?

Not one so stout to stir, what harrying have we
here?

My friends a porter I, no poper here am plac'd:
By leave perhaps, else not while club and limbs do
last.

A garboil this indeed, what, yea, fair Dames? what
yea,

What dainty darling's here? oh God, a peerless
pearl;

No worldly wight no doubt, some sovereign Goddess
sure:

Even face, even hand, even eye, even other fea-
tures all,

Yea beauty, grace, and cheer, yea port and ma-
jesty,

Shew all some heavenly Peer, with virtues all
beset.

Come, come, most perfect paragon, pass on with joy
and bliss,

Most worthy welcome, Goddess guest, whose presence
gladdeth all.

Have here, have here, both club and keys, myself,
my ward I yield,

E'en gates and all, yea Lord himself, submit and seek
your shield.

These verses were devised and pronounced
by Master Badger of Oxford, Master of Arts,
and Bedel in the same University.

When her Majesty had entered the gate, and
come into the base court, there came unto her
a Lady attended with two nymphs, who came
all over the pool, being so conveyed, that it
seemed she had gone upon the water. This
Lady named herself the Lady of the Lake, who
spake to her Highness as followeth :

Though haste say on, let suit obtain some stay,

(Most peerless Prince, the honour of your kind)

While that in short my state I do display,

And yield you thanks for that which now I find,

Who erst have wish'd that death me hence had fet,

If gods, not born to die, had ow'd death any debt.

I am the Lady of this pleasant lake,
Who since the time of great King Arthur's reign,
That here with royal court abode did make,
Have led a low'ring life in restless pain.
Till now that this your third arrival here
Doth cause me come abroad, and boldly thus appear.

For after him, such storms this Castle shook,
By swarming Saxons first who scourg'd this land,
As forth of this my pool I ne'er durst look.
Though *Kenelm* King of *Merce* did take in hand
(As sorrowing to see it in deface)
To rear these ruins up, and fortify this place.

For straight by Danes and Normans all this isle
Was sore distress'd, and conquered at last.
Whose force this Castle felt, and I therewhile
Did hide my head, and though it straightway past
Unto Lord Saintlowe's hands, I stood at bay:
And never shew'd myself, but still in keep I lay.

The Earl Sir Mountford's force gave me no heart,
Sir Edmund Crouchback's state, the prince's son,
Could not cause me out of my lake to part,
Nor Roger Mortimer's ruff, who first begun

(As Arthur's heir) to keep the Table Round,
Could not comfort my heart, or cause me come
on ground.

Nor any owner else, not he that's now,
(Such fear I felt again, some force to feel)
Till now the Gods do seem themselves t' allow
My coming forth, which at this time reveal
By number due, that your thrice coming here
Doth bode thrice happy hope, and voids the place
from fear.

Wherefore I will attend while you lodge here,
(Most peerless Queen) to Court to make resort;
And, as my love to Arthur did appear,
So shall't to you in earnest and in sport.
Pass on, Madam, you need no longer stand,
The Lake, the Lodge, the Lord, are yours now to
command.

These verses were devised and penned by M
Ferrers, sometime Lord of Misrule in the Court.

Her Majesty proceeding towards the inner
court, passed on a bridge, the which was railed
in on both sides. And on the tops of the posts

thereof were set sundry presents, and gifts of provision: as wine, corn, fruits, fishes, fowls, instruments of music, and weapons for martial defence. All which were expounded by an actor clad like a Poet, who pronounced these verses in Latin :

Jupiter è summi dum vertice cernit Olympi,
 Huc, Princeps Regina, tuos te tendere gressus:
 Scilicet eximiæ succensus imagine formæ,
 Et memor antiqui qui semper ferverat ignis,
 Siccine Cœlicolæ patientur turpiter (inquit)
 Muneris exortem Reginam hoc visere castrum,
 Quod tam læta subit? Reliqui sensere tonantis
 Imperium superi, pro se dat quisque libenter:
 Musicolas Sylvanus aves; Pomonaque poma,
 Fruges alma Ceres, rorantia vina Lyæus;
 Neptunus pisces, tela et tutantia Mavors:
 Hæc (Regina potens) superi dant munera divi:
 Ipse loci dominus dat se Castrumque Kenelmi.

These verses were devised by Master Muncaster, and other verses * to the very self same

* The other verses are preserved in the recent edition of Laneham's Letter, p. 16.

effect were devised by M. Paten, and fixed over the gate in a frame. I am not very sure whether these or Master Paten's were pronounced by the Author, but they were all to one effect. This speech being ended, she was received into the inner court with sweet music. And, so alighting from her horse, the drums, fifes and trumpets sounded: where-with she mounted the stairs, and went to her lodging.

On the next day (being Sunday) there was nothing done until the evening, at which time there were fire-works shewed upon the water, which were both strange and well executed; as sometimes passing under the water a long space, when all men had thought they had been quenched, they would rise and mount out of the water again, and burn very furiously until they were utterly consumed.

Now to make some plainer declaration and rehearsal of all these things before her Majesty, on the tenth of July, there met her in the forest, as she came from hunting, one clad like a savage man, all in ivy, who, seeming to won-

der at such a presence, fell to quarrelling with
Jupiter as followeth:—

O! thund'ring *Jupiter*,
 who swayest the heavenly sword:
At whose command all gods must crouch,
 and 'knowledge thee their Lord.
Since I (O wretch therewhiles)
 am here by thy decree,
Ordained thus in savage-wise
 for evermore to be.
Since for some cause unknown,
 but only to thy will:
I may not come in stately Court,
 but feed in forests still.
Vouchsafe yet, greatest god,
 that I the cause may know,
Why all these worthy Lords and Peers
 are here assembled so?
Thou knowest (O mighty god)
 no man can be so base,
But needs must mount, if once it see
 a spark of perfect grace.
And since I see such sights,
 I mean such glorious Dames,

As kindle might in frozen breasts
a furnace full of flames,
I crave (great god) to know
what all these Peers might be:
And what has moved these sundry shews,
which I of late did see?
Inform me, some good man,
speak, speak some courteous knight:
They all cry mum; what shall I do,
what sun shall lend me light?
Well, Echo, where art thou?
could I but Echo find,
She would return me answer yet
by blast of every wind.
Ho *Echo*: *Echo*, ho,
where art thou, *Echo*, where?
Why, *Echo*, friend, where dwell'st thou now!
thou wont'st to harbour here.
(*Echo* answered.)
Echo. Here.
then tell thou me some news,
For else my heart would burst with grief,
of truth it cannot chuse.
Echo. Chuse.

Chuse? why? but thou me help:

I say my heart will break:

And therefore even of courtesy,

I pray thee *Echo* speak.

Echo.

Speak.

I speak? yes, that I will,

unless thou be too coy,

Then tell me first what is the cause,

that all the people joy?

Echo.

Joy.

Joy? surely that is so,

as may full well be seen:

But wherefore do they so rejoice?

is it for King or Queen?

Echo.

Queen.

Queen? what, the Queen of Heaven?

they knew her long ago:

No sure some Queen on earth,

whose like was never none.

Echo.

None.

O then, it seems the Queen

of England for to be,

Whose graces make the Gods to grudge:

methinks it should be she.

Echo.

She.

And is it she indeed?

then tell me what was meant
By every shew that yet was seen,
good *Echo* be content.

Echo.

Content.

What mean'd the woman first,
which met her as she came?
Could she divine of things to come,
as *Sibyls* use the same?

Echo.

The same.

The same? what *Sibyl*? she,
which useth not to lie?
Alas! what did that beldame there?
what did she prophesy?

Echo.

Prophesy.

O then by like she caus'd
the worthy Queen to know:
What happy reign she still should hold,
since heaven's ordained so.

Echo.

So.

And what mean'd those great men,
which on the walls were seen?
They were some giants certainly,
no men so big have been.

Echo.

Have been.

Have been? why then they served
King Arthur man of might,
And ever since this castle kept,
for Arthur's heirs by right.

Echo. Right.

Well, *Hercules* stood by,
why came he from his dorter?

Or was it eke some monstrous man,
appointed for a porter?

Echo. A porter.

A porter? surely then,
he either was acrazed,
Or else to see so many men,
his spirits were amazed.

Echo. Amazed.

Amazed? so methought,
why did he let them pass:
And yield his keys? because he knew,
his master's will so was.

Echo. So was.

Well, then did he but well,
yet saw I yet a Dame:
Much like the Lady of the Lake;
perchance so was her name.

Echo. Her name.

Alas, and what could she
 (poor dame distress'd) deserve?
I knew her well : percase she came
 this worthy Queen to serve.

Echo.

To serve.

So would I her advise :
 but what mean'd all those shifts,
Of sundry things upon a bridge?
 were those rewards of gifts?

Echo.

Gifts.

Gifts ? what ? sent from the god,
 as presents from above ?
Or pleasures of provision,
 as tokens of true love ?

Echo.

True love.

And who gave all these gifts ?
 I pray thee (*Echo*) say.
Was it not he, who (but of late)
 this building here did lay ?

Echo.

DUDLEY.

O DUDLEY, so methought :
 he gave himself and all,
A worthy gift to be receiv'd,
 and so I trust it shall.

Echo.

It shall.

What mean'd the fiery flames,
 which through the waves so flew?
Can no cold answers quench desire?
 is that experience true?

Echo.

True.

Well, *Echo*, tell me yet,
 how might I come to see
This comely Queen of whom we talk?
 oh were she now by thee.

Echo.

By thee.

By me? oh were that true,
 how might I see her face?
How might I know her from the rest,
 or judge her by her grace?

Echo.

Her grace.

Well then, if so mine eyes
 be such as they have been,
Methinks I see among them all,
 this same should be the Queen.

Echo.

The Queen.

Herewith he fell on his knees and spake as
followeth:—

O Queen ! I must confess,
 it is not without cause :
These civil people so rejoice,
 that you should give them laws.
Since I, which live at large,
 a wild and savage man,
And have run out a wilful race,
 since first my life began,
Do here submit myself,
 beseeching you to serve :
And that you take in worth my will,
 which can but well deserve.
Had I the learned skill,
 which in your head is found :
My tale had flow'd in eloquence,
 where now my words are drown'd.
Had I the beauteous blaze,
 which shines in you so bright :
Then might I seem a falcon fair,
 which now am but a kite.
Could I but touch the strings
 which you so heavenly handle ;
I would confess, that fortune then,
 full friendly did me dandle.

O Queen (without compare)
 you must not think it strange,
That here amid this wilderness,
 your glory so doth range.
The winds resound your worth,
 the rocks record your name:
These hills, these dales, these woods, these waves,
 these fields pronounce your fame.
And we which dwell abroad
 can hear none other news,
But tidings of an English Queen,
 whom heaven hath deck'd with hues.
Yea, since I first was born,
 I never joy'd so much:
As when I might behold your face,
 because I see none such.
And death or dreary dole
 (I know) will end my days,
As soon as you shall once depart,
 or wish to go your ways.
But, comely peerless Prince,
 since my desires be great:
Walk here sometimes in pleasant shade,
 to 'fend the parching heat.

On Thursday next (think I)
here will be pleasant Dames :
Who bet than I may make you glee,
with sundry gladsome games.
Meanwhile (good Queen) farewell,
the gods your life prolong :
And take in worth the Wild-Man's words,
or else you do him wrong.

Then he bad *Echo* farewell, thus:—

Echo likewise farewell,
let me go seek some death,
Since I may see this Queen no more,
good grief now stop my breath.

These verses were devised, penned, and pronounced by Master Gascoyne: and that (as I have heard credibly reported) upon a very great sudden.

The next thing that was presented before her Majesty, was the delivery of the Lady of the Lake: whereof the sum was this. *Triton* in likeness of a mermaid, came toward the

Queen's Majesty as she passed over the bridge, returning from hunting. And to her declared that *Neptune* had sent him to her Highness, to declare the woeful distress wherein the poor Lady of the Lake did remain, the cause whereof was this. *Sir Bruce sans pitié*, in revenge of his cousin Merlin the Prophet, (whom for his inordinate lust she had inclosed in a rock) did continually pursue the Lady of the Lake : and had (long since) surprised her, but that *Neptune* (pitying her distress) had environed her with waves. Whereupon she was enforced to live always in that Pool, and was thereby called the Lady of the Lake. Furthermore affirming that by Merlin's prophecy, it seemed she could never be delivered but by the presence of a better maid than herself. Wherefore *Neptune* had sent him right humbly to beseech her Majesty that she would no more but shew herself, and it should be sufficient to make *Sir Bruce* withdraw his forces. Furthermore, commanding both the waves to be calm, and the fishes to give their attendance: And this he expressed in verse as followeth :—

The Speech of *Triton* to the Queen's Majesty.

Muse not at all, most mighty Prince,
 though on this lake you see
Me, *Triton*, float, that in salt seas
 among the gods should be.
For look what *Neptune* doth command,
 of *Triton* is obey'd :
And now in charge I am to guide
 your poor distressed maid ;
Who, when your Highness hither came,
 did humbly yield her Lake ;
And to attend upon your Court,
 did loyal promise make.
But parting hence that ireful knight,
 Sir *Bruce* had her in chace :
And sought by force, her virgin's state,
 full foully to deface.
Yea, yet at hand about these banks,
 his bands be often seen :
That neither can she come nor 'scape,
 but by your help, O Queen ;
For though that *Neptune* has so fenc'd
 with floods her fortress long,
Yet *Mars* her foe must needs prevail,
 his batteries are so strong.

How then can *Dian*, *Juno's* force,
 and sharp assaults abide?
When all the crew of chiefest gods
 is bent on *Bruce's* side.
Yea, oracle and prophecy,
 say sure she cannot stand,
Except a worthier maid than she
 her cause do take in hand.
Lo, here therefore a worthy work,
 most fit for you alone;
Her to defend and set at large
 (but you, O Queen) can none:
And gods decree and *Neptune* sues,
 this grant, O peerless Prince:
Your presence only shall suffice,
 her enemies to convince.

Herewith *Triton* sounded his trumpet and
spoke to the winds, waters, and fishes, as
followeth:

You winds return into your caves,
 and silent there remain:
You waters wild suppress your waves,
 and keep you calm and plain.

You fishes all, and each thing else,
that here have any sway;
I charge you all in *Neptune's* name,
you keep you at a stay.
Until such time this puissant Prince
Sir Bruce hath put to flight:
And that the maid released be,
by sovereign maiden's might.

This speech being ended, her Majesty proceeded further on the bridge, and the Lady of the Lake (attended with her two nymphs) came to her upon heaps of bulrushes, according to this former device: and spake as followeth:—

What worthy thanks might I, poor maid, express,
Or think in heart, that is not justly due
To thee (O Queen) which in my great distress
Succours hast sent mine enemies to subdue?
Not mine alone, but foe to ladies all,
That tyrant *Bruce sans pitié*, whom we call.

Until this day, the lake was never free
From his assaults, and other of his knights:

Until such time as he did plainly see

Thy presence dread, and feared of all wights :
Which made him yield, and all his bragging bands,
Resigning all into thy Princely hands.

For which great grace of liberty obtain'd,

Not only I, but nymphs, and sisters all,
Of this large lake, with humble heart unfeign'd
Render thee thanks, and honour thee withal.
And for plain proof, how much we do rejoice,
Express the same, with tongue, with sound, and voice.

From thence her Majesty passing yet further
on the bridge, *Proteus* appeared, sitting on a
dolphin's back. The dolphin was conveyed
upon a boat, so that the oars seemed to be
his fins. Within which dolphin a concert of
music was secretly placed, which sounded,
and *Proteus* clearing his voice, sang this song
of congratulation, as well in the behalf of the
Lady distressed, as also in the behalf of all
the nymphs and gods of the sea.

The Song of *Proteus*.

O Noble Queen, give ear
to this my floating muse:
And let the right of ready will
my little skill excuse.
For herdmen of the seas
sing not the sweetest notes:
The winds and waves do roar and cry
where Phœbus seldom floats:
Yet since I do my best,
in thankful wise to sing;
Vouchsafe (good Queen) that calm consent
these words to you may bring:
We yield you humble thanks,
in mighty *Neptune's* name,
Both for ourselves and therewithal
for yonder seemly Dame.
A Dame, whom none but you
deliver could from thrall:
No, none but you deliver us
from loitering life withal.
She pined long in pain,
as overworn with woes:

And we consum'd in endless care,
 to 'fend her from her foes.
Both which you set at large,
 most like a faithful friend ;
Your noble name be prais'd therefore,
 and so my song I end.

This song being ended, *Proteus* told the Queen's Majesty a pleasant tale of his delivery, and the fishes which he had in charge. The device of the Lady of the Lake was also by Master Hunnis: and surely if it had been executed according to the first invention, it had been a gallant shew: for it was first devised, that (two days before the Lady of the Lake's delivery) a captain with twenty or thirty shot should have been sent from the heron house (which represented the Lady of the Lake's Castle) upon heaps of bulrushes: and that *Sir Bruce*, shewing a great power upon the land, should have sent out as many or more shot to surprise the said Captain, and so they should have skirmished upon the waters in such sort,

that no man could perceive but that they went upon the waves : at last (*Sir Bruce's* men being put to flight) the Captain should have come to her Majesty at the castle window, and have declared more plainly the distress of his mistress, and the cause that she came not to the court according to duty and promise, to give her attendance : and that thereupon he should have besought her Majesty to succour his mistress : the rather because *Merlin* had prophesied that she should never be delivered but by the presence of a better maid than herself. This had not only been a more apt introduction to her delivery, but also the skirmish by night would have been both very strange and gallant : and thereupon her Majesty might have taken good occasion to have gone in her barge upon the water, for the better executing of her delivery. The verses, as I think, were penned, some by Master Hunnis, some by Master Ferrers, and some by Master Goldingham.

And now you have as much as I could recover hitherto of the devices executed there ;

the Coventry shew excepted, and the merry marriage* : the which were so plain as needeth no further explication. To proceed then, there was prepared a shew to have been presented before her Majesty in the forest ;

The argument whereof was this :

Diana passing in chase with her nymphs, took knowledge of the country, and thereby called to mind how (near seventeen years past) she lost in those coasts one of her best beloved nymphs, called *Zabeta*. She described the rare virtues of *Zabeta*. One of her nymphs confirmed the remembrance thereof, and seemed to doubt that *Dame Juno* had won *Zabeta* to be a follower of hers : *Diana* confirmed the suspicion ; but yet affirming herself much in *Zabeta's* constancy, gave charge to her nymphs, that they diligently hearken and espy in all places to find or hear news of *Zabeta* : and so passed on.

* All the circumstances respecting the Coventry shew, and the merry marriage, here noticed, are particularly described in the recent publication of Laneham's Letter.

To entertain *intervallum temporis*, a man clad all in moss came in lamenting, and declared that he was the wild man's son, which (not long before) had presented himself before her Majesty; and that his father (upon such words as her Highness did then use unto him) lay languishing like a blind man, until it might please her Highness to take the film from his eyes.

The nymphs return one after another in quest of *Zabeta*; at last *Diana* herself returning, and hearing no news of her, invoceth the help of her father *Jupiter*. *Mercury* cometh down in a cloud, sent by *Jupiter*, to recomfort *Diana*, and bringeth her unto *Zabeta*. *Diana* rejoiceth, and after much friendly discourse departeth: affying herself in *Zabeta's* prudence and policy: She and *Mercury* being departed, *Iris* cometh down from the rainbow sent by *Juno*: persuading the Queen's Majesty that she be not carried away with *Mercury's* filed speech, nor *Diana's* fair words; but that she consider all things by proof, and then she shall find much greater cause to follow *Juno* than *Diana*.

The Interlocutors were these :

Diana: Goddess of Chastity.

Castibula, Anamale, Nichalis: *Diana's* nymphs.

Mercury: *Jove's* messenger.

Iris: *Juno's* messenger.

Audax: the son of *Silvester*.

ACTUS 1. SCENA 1.

DIANA. CASTIBULA.

MINE own dear nymphs, which 'knowledge me your
Queen,

And vow (like me) to live in chastity ;
My lovely nymphs (which be as I have been)
Delightful Dames, and gems of jollity :
Rejoicing yet (much more) to drive your days
In life at large, that yieldeth calm content,
Than wilfully to tread the wayward ways
Of wedded state, which is to thralldom bent.
I need not now, with curious speech persuade
Your chaste consents, in constant vow to stand ;
But yet beware lest Cupid's knights invade,
By slight, by force, by mouth, or mighty hand,

The stately tower of your unspotted minds :

Beware (I say) least while we walk these woods,
In pleasant chase of swiftest harts and hinds,
Some harmful heart entrap your harmless moods :
You know these holts, these hills, these covert places,
May close convey some hidden force unseen :

You see likewise, the sundry gladsome graces,
Which in this soil we joyfully have seen,

Are not unlike some court to keep at hand :

Where guileful tongues, with sweet enticing tales,
Might (Circe like) set all your ships on sand :

And turn your present bliss to after bales.

In sweetest flowers the subtle snakes may lurk :

The sugar'd bait oft hides the harmful hooks ;

The smoothest words draw wills to wicked work

And deep deceits do follow fairest looks.

*Hereat pausing, and looking about her,
she took knowledge of the coast, and
proceeded :*

But what ? alas ! oh whither wander we ?

What chase hath led us thus into this coast ?

By sundry signs I now perceive we be

In Brutus' land, whereof he made such boast,

Which Albion in olden days did hight,

And Britain next by Brute his noble name :

Then Hengist's land as chronicles do write :

Now England short, a land of worthy fame.

Alas, behold how memory breeds moan :

Behold and see, how sight brings sorrow in,

My restless thoughts have made me woe begone ;

My gazing eyes did all this grief begin.

Believe me (nymphs) I feel great grips of grief,

Which bruise my breast, to think how here I lost
(Now long ago) a love to me most lefe.

Content you all : her whom I loved most :

You cannot choose but call unto your mind

Zabeta's name, who twenty years or more

Did follow me, still scorning Cupid's kind,

And vowing so to serve me evermore :

You cannot choose but bear in memory,

Zabeta, her, whose excellence was such,

In all respect of every quality,

As gods themselves those gifts in her did grudge.

My sister first, which *Pallas* hath to name,

Envied *Zabeta* for her learned brain.

My sister *Venus* fear'd *Zabeta's* fame,

Whose gleams of grace, her beauties blaze did
stain ;

Apollo dread to touch an instrument,

Where my *Zabeta* chanc'd to come in place :

Yea *Mercury* was not so eloquent,
Nor in his words had half so good a grace.
My step-dame, *Juno*, in her glittering guise,
Was nothing like so heavenly to behold ;
Short tale to make, *Zabeta* was the wight,
On whom to think my heart now waxeth cold.
“ The fearful bird oft lets her food downfall,
“ Which finds her nest despoiled of her young ;”
Much like myself, whose mind such moans appal,
To see this soil, and therewithal among,
To think how now near seventeen years ago,
By great mishap I chanc’d to lose her here :
But, my dear nymphs, (on hunting as you go)
Look narrowly : and hearken every where :
It cannot be, that such a star as she
Can lose her light for any low’ring cloud :
It cannot be, that such a saint to see
Can long inshrine her seemly self so shroud.
I promise here, that she which first can bring
The joyful news of my *Zabeta*’s life,
Shall never break her bow, nor fret her string.
I promise eke, that never storm of strife
Shall trouble her. Now nymphs look well about :
Some happy eye, spy my *Zabeta* out.

CASTIBULA.

O heavenly Dame, thy woeful words have pierc'd
The very depth of my forgetful mind :
And by the tale which thou hast here rehears'd,
I yet record those heavenly gifts which shined
Triumphantly in bright *Zabeta's* deeds :
But therewithal, a spark of jealousy,
With nice conceit, my mind thus far-forth feeds ;
That she which always liked liberty,
And could not bow to bear the servile yoke,
Of false suspect, which mars these lovers marts,
Was never won to like that smould'ring smoke,
Without some feat, that passeth common arts.
I dread *Dame Juno*, with some gorgeous gift,
Hath laid some snare her fancy to entrap,
And hopeth so her lofty mind to lift
On Hymen's bed, by height of worldly hap.

DIANA.

My loving nymph, even so fear I likewise,
And yet to speak as truth and cause requires,
I never saw *Zabeta* use the guise,
Which gave suspect of such unchaste desires.
Full twenty years I marked still her mind,
Nor could I see that any spark of lust

A loitering lodge within her breast could find.

How so it be (dear nymphs) in you I trust :
To hark, and mark, what might of her betide :

And what mishap withholds her thus from me.

High Jove himself my lucky steps so guide,

That I may once mine own *Zabeta* see.

Diana with her nymphs proceed in chase :

*and, to entertain time, cometh in one
clad in moss, saying as followeth :*

ACTUS 1. SCENA 2.

AUDAX solus.

If ever pity pierc'd

a peerless Princess's breast ;

Or ruthful moan moved noble mind

to grant a just request ;

Then, worthy Queen, give ear

unto my woeful tale :

For needs that son must sob and sigh

whose father bides in bale.

O Queen, O stately Queen,

I am that wild man's son,

Which not long since before you here,

presumed for to run.

Who told you what he thought
 of all your virtues rare :
And therefore ever since (and yet)
 he pines in woe and care.
Alas, alas, good Queen,
 it were a cruel deed
To punish him who speaks no more
 but what he thinks indeed.
Especially when as
 all men with him consent,
And seem with common voice to prove
 the pith of his intent.
You heard what Echo said
 to every word he spake ;
You hear the speech of *Dian's* nymphs,
 and what reports they make.
And can your Highness then
 condemn him to be blind ?
Or can you so with needless grief
 torment his harmless mind ?
His eyes (good Queen) be great,
 so are they clear and grey :
He never yet had pin or web,
 his sight for to decay.

And sure the dames that dwell
 in woods abroad with us,
Have thought his eyes of skill enough,
 their beauties to discuss.
For proof your Majesty
 may now full plainly see:
He did not only see you then,
 but more he did foresee.
What after should betide,
 he told you that (ere long)
You should find here bright heavenly dames
 would sing the selfsame song.
And now you find it true,
 that he did then pronounce,
Your praises peyze * by them a pound,
 which he weigh'd but an ounce.
For sure he is nor blind,
 nor lame of any limb :
But yet because you told him so,
 he doubts his eyes are dim.
And I therefore (his son)
 your Highness here beseech,

* Peyze—*weigh*. Fr. *peser*.

To take in worth (as subjects due)
 my father's simple speech.
And if you find some film,
 that seems to hide his eyes :
Vouchsafe, good Queen, to take it off,
 in gracious wonted wise.
He sighing lies and says,
 god put mine eyes out clean,
Ere choice of change in England fall,
 to see another Queen.

FINIS Actus I.

ACTUS 2. SCENA 1.

ANAMALE sola.

Would god I either had some *Argus'* eyes,
Or such an ear as every tiding hears ;
Oh that I could some subtilty devise,
To hear or see what mould *Zabeta* bears,
That so the mood of my *Diana's* mind
Might rest (by me) contented or appeas'd
And I likewise might so her favour find,
Whom, goddess like, I wish to have well pleas'd.

Some courteous wind come blow me happy news ;
Some sweet bird sing and shew me where she is ;
Some forest god, or some of *Faunus'* crew,
Direct my feet if so they tread amiss.

ACTUS 2. SCENA 2.

NICOLIS sola.

If ever *Echo* sounded at request
To satisfy an discontented mind,
Then *Echo* now come help me in my quest,
And tell me where I might *Zabeta* find.
Speak, *Echo*, speak, where dwells *Zabeta*, where ?
Alas, alas, or she, or I am deaf.
She answered not, ha ! what is that I hear ?
Alas it was the shaking of some leaf.
Well, since I hear not tidings in this place,
I will go seek her out in some place else :
And yet my mind divineth in this case,
That she is here, or not far off she dwells.

ACTUS 2. SCENA 3.

DIANA with her Train.

No news, my nymphs ? well then I may well think,
That carelessly you have of her enquired :

And since from me in this distress you shrink,
While I (meanwhile) my weary limbs have tired;
My father, *Jove*, vouchsafe to rue my grief,
Since here on earth I call for help in vain:
O, king of kings, send thou me some relief,
That I may see *Zabeta* once again.

ACTUS 2. SCENA 4.

MERCURY, DIANA, *and the Nymphs.*

O goddess, cease thy moan,
thy plaints have pierc'd the skies,
And *Jove*, thy friendly father, hath
vouchsaf'd to hear thy cries.
Yea more, he hath vouchsaf'd,
in haste (post haste) to send
Me down from heaven to heal thy harm,
and all thy miss to mend.
Zabeta, whom thou seek'st,
(in heart) ev'n yet is thine,
And passingly in wonted wise
her virtues still do shine.
But as thou dost suspect,
Dame Juno train'd a trap,

And many a day to win her will,
 hath lull'd her in her lap.
For first these sixteen years
 she hath been daily seen,
In richest realm that Europe hath,
 a comely crowned Queen.
And *Juno* hath likewise
 suborned sundry kings,
The richest and the bravest both
 that this our age forth brings :
With other worthy wights,
 which sue to her for grace ;
And cunningly, with quaint conceits,
 do plead the lover's case.
Dame Juno gives her wealth,
 damé Juno gives her ease,
Dame Juno gets her every good
 that woman's will may please.
And so in joy and peace
 she holdeth happy days :
Not as thou thought'st, nor done to death,
 or won to wicked ways.
For though she find the skill
 a kingdom for to wield,

Yet cannot *Juno* win her will,
 nor make her once to yield
Unto the wedded life,
 but still she lives at large,
And holds her neck from any yoke,
 without control of charge.
Thus much it pleased *Jove*
 that I to thee should say,
And furthermore, by words express,
 he bade I should not stay ;
But bring thee to the place
 wherein *Zabeta* bides,
To prop up so thy staggering mind,
 which in these sorrows slides.
O goddess, then be blith,
 let comfort chase out grief,
'Thy heavenly father's will it is
 to lend thee such relief.

DIANA.

O Noble *Mercury*,
 dost thou me then assure
That I shall see *Zabeta's* face,
 and that she doth endure

(Even yet) in constant vow
 of chaste unspotted life :
And that my step-dame cannot yet
 make her a wedded wife ?
If that be so indeed,
 O Muses, help my voice,
Whom grief and groans have made so hoarse,
 I cannot well rejoice.
O Muses, sound the praise
 of *Jove*, his mighty name ;
And you, dear nymphs, which me attend,
 by duty do the same.

Here *Diana*, with her nymphs, assisted by a
concert of music unseen, should sing this song,
or rondeau following :

O Muses, now come help me to rejoice,
 Since *Jove* hath changed my grief to sudden joy ;
And since the chance whereof I craved choice,
 Is granted me to comfort mine annoy :
 O praise the name of *Jove*, who promised plain
 That I shall see *Zabeta* once again.

O gods of woods, and goddess *Flora* eke,
Now clear your breasts and bear a part with me :
My jewel she, for whom I wont to seek,
Is yet full safe, and soon I shall her see.
O praise the name of *Jove*, who promised plain
That I shall see *Zabeta* once again.

And you, dear nymphs, who know what cruel care
I bare in breast since she from me did part,
May well conceive what pleasures I prepare,
And how great joys I harbour in my heart.
Then praise the name of *Jove*, who promised
plain
That I shall see *Zabeta* once again.

MERCURY.

Come, goddess, come with me,
thy leisüres last too long ;
For now thou shalt her here behold,
for whom thou sing'st this song.
Behold where here she sits,
whom thou so long hast sought :
Embrace her since she is to thee
a jewel dearly bought.

And I will now return
to God in heaven on high :
Who grant you both always to please
his heavenly Majesty.

Mercury departeth to heaven.

What, do I dream ? or doth my mind but muse ?
Is this my leefe, my love, and my delight ?
Or did this god my longing mind abuse,
To feed my fancy with a feigned sight ?
Is this *Zabeta*, is it she indeed ?
It is she sure : *Zabeta* mine, all hail !
And though dame Fortune seemeth you to feed
With princely port, which serves for your avail,
Yet give me leave to gaze you in the face,
Since now (long since) myself, yourself did seek,
And be content, for all your stately grace,
Still to remain a maiden always meek.
Zabeta mine (now Queen of high renown),
You know how well I loved you always ;
And long before you did achieve this crown,
You know how well you seem'd to like my ways :
Since when, you (won by *Juno's* gorgeous gifts)
Have left my lawns and closely kept in court ;

Since when, delight and pleasure's gallant shifts
Have fed your mind with many a princely sport.
But, peerless Queen, (sometime my peerless maid)
And yet the same as *Mercury* doth tell,
Had you but known how much I was dismay'd
When first you did forsake with me to dwell;
Had you but felt what privy pangs I had,
Because I could not find you forth again,
I know full well yourself would have been sad,
To put me so to proof of pinching pain.
Well, since *Dan Jove* (my father) me assures,
That, notwithstanding all my step-dame's wiles,
Your maiden's mind yet constant still endures,
Though well content a Queen to be therewhiles;
And since by prudence and by policy,
You win from *Juno* so much worldly wealth,
And since the pillar of your chastity
Still standeth fast, as *Mercury* me tell'th,
I joy with you, and leave it to your choice
What kind of life you best shall like to hold;
And in meanwhile I cannot but rejoice
To see you thus bedeck'd with glistening gold;
To see you have this train of stately dames,
Of whom each one may seem some goddess peer,

And you yourself (by due desert of fame)
A goddess full, and so I leave you here,
It shall suffice that on your faith I trust;
It shall suffice that once I have you seen:
Farewell; not as I would, but as I must,
Farewell, my nymph, farewell, my noble Queen.
Diana with her Train departeth.

ACTUS 2. SCENA ultima.

IRIS sola.

Oh lo, I come too late,
oh, why had I no wings?
To help my willing feet, which fet
these hasty frisking flings;
Alas, I come too late,
that babbling god is gone:
And *Dame Diana* fled likewise,
here stands the Queen alone.
Well, since a bootless plaint
but little would prevail,
I will go tell the Queen my tale:
O, peerless Prince, all hail,
The Queen of heaven herself
did send me to control

H

That tattling traitor, *Mercury*,
 who hopes to get the goal,
By curious filed speech,
 abusing you by art :
But, Queen, had I come soon enough,
 he should have felt the smart.
And you, whose wit excels,
 whose judgment hath no peer,
Bear not in mind those flattering words
 which he expressed here.
You know that in his tongue
 consists his chiefest might ;
You know his eloquence can serve
 to make the crow seem white.
But come to deeds indeed,
 and then you shall perceive
Which goddess means you greatest good,
 and which would you deceive.
Call you to mind the time
 in which you did insue *
Diana's chase, and were not yet
 a guest of *Juno's* crew.

* Insue—*follow*.

Remember all your life
 before you were a Queen :
And then compare it with the days
 which you since then have seen.
Were you not captive caught ?
 were you not kept in walls ?
Were you not forc'd to lead a life
 like other wretched thralls ?
Where was *Diana* then ?
 why did she you not aid ?
Why did she not defend your state
 which were and are her maid ?
Who brought you out of briers ?
 who gave you rule of realms ?
Who crowned first your comely head
 with princely diadems ?
Even *Juno*, she which mean'd,
 and yet doth mean likewise,
To give you more than will can wish,
 or wit can well devise.
Wherefore, good Queen, forget
 Diana's 'ticing tale :
Let never needless dread presume
 to bring your bliss to bale.

How necessary were
 for worthy Queens to wed,
That know you well, whose life always
 in learning hath been led.
The country craves consent,
 your virtues vaunt each self,
And *Jove* in heaven would smile to see
 Diana set on shelf.
His Queen hath sworn (but you)
 there shall no more be such :
You know she lies with *Jove* a-nights,
 and night-ravens may do much.
Then give consent, O Queen,
 to *Juno's* just desire,
Who for your wealth would have you wed,
 and, for your farther hire,
Some Empress will you make,
 she bade me tell you thus :
Forgive me (Queen), the words are her's,
 I come not to discuss :
I am but messenger,
 but sure she bade me say,
That where you now in princely port
 have past one pleasant day :

A world of wealth at will
 you henceforth shall enjoy
In wedded state, and therewithal
 hold up from great annoy
The staff of your estate :
 O Queen, O worthy Queen,
Yet never wight felt perfect bliss,
 but such as wedded been.

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

This shew was devised and penned by Master Gascoigne, and being prepared and ready (every Actor in his garment) two or three days together, yet never came to execution. The cause whereof I cannot attribute to any other thing, then to lack of opportunity and seasonable weather.

The Queen's Majesty hastening her departure from thence, the Earl commanded Master Gascoigne to devise some farewell worth the presenting ; whereupon he himself clad like unto *Sylvanus*, god of the woods, and meeting her as she went on hunting, spake (*ex tempore*) as followeth :

Right excellent, puissant, and most happy Princess, whiles I walk in these woods and wilderness (whereof I have the charge) I have often mused with myself, that your Majesty being so highly esteemed, so entirely beloved, and so largely endued by the celestial powers: you can yet continually give ear to the counsel of these terrestrial companions; and so, consequently, pass your time wheresoever they devise or determine that it is meet for your Royal Person to be resident. Surely if your Highness did understand (as it is not to me unknown) what pleasures have been for you prepared, what great good will declared, what joy and comfort conceived in your presence, and what sorrow and grief sustained by likelihood of your absence, yea, (and that by the whole bench in heaven) since you first arrived in these coasts, I think it would be sufficient to draw your resolute determination for ever to abide in this country, and never to wander any further by the direction and advice of these Peers and Counsellors; since thereby the heavens might greatly be pleased, and most men thoroughly

recomforted. But, because I rather wish the increase of your delights, than any way to diminish the heap of your contentment, I will not presume to stay your hunting for the hearing of my needless, thriftless, and bootless discourse; but I do humbly beseech that your excellency will give me leave to attend you as one of your footmen, wherein I undertake to do you double service; for I will not only conduct your Majesty in safety from the perilous passages which are in these woods and forests, but will also recount unto you (if your Majesty vouchsafe to hearken thereunto) certain adventures, neither unpleasant to hear, nor unprofitable to be marked.

Herewith her Majesty proceeded, and Sylvanus continued as followeth:

There are not yet twenty days past (most noble Queen) since I have been, by the Procuror-General, twice severally summoned to appear before the great gods in their Council-chamber; and making mine appearance according to my duty, I have seen in heaven two such exceeding great contrarieties, or rather

two such wonderful changes as draw me into deep admiration and sudden perplexity. At my first coming I found the whole company of heaven in such a jollity, as I rather want skill to express it lively, than will to declare it readily. There was nothing in any corner to be seen, but rejoicing and mirth, singing, dancing, melody and harmony, amiable regards, plentiful rewards, tokens of love, and great good will, trophies and triumphs, gifts and presents, (alas, my breath and memory fail me) leaping, frisking, and clapping of hands.

To conclude, there was the greatest feast and joy that ever eye saw, or ear heard tell of, since heaven was heaven, and the earth began to have his being. And enquiring the cause thereof, *Reason*, one of the heavenly Ushers, told me, that it was to congratulate the coming of your most excellent Majesty into this country. In very deed to confess a truth, I might have perceived no less by sundry manifest tokens here on earth; for even here in my charge, I might see the trees flourish in more then ordinary bravery, the grass grow greener than it

was wont to do, and the deer went tripping (though against their death) in extreme delicacy and delight. Well, to speak of that I saw in heaven, every god and goddess made all preparations possible to present your Majesty with some acceptable gift, thereby to declare the exceeding joy which they conceived in your presence. And I, poor rural god, which am but seldom called amongst them, and then also but slenderly countenanced, yet for my great good will towards your Majesty no way inferior to the proudest god of them all, came down again with a flea in mine ear, and began to beat my brains for some device of some present, which might both bewray the depth of mine affections, and also be worthy for so excellent a Princess to receive. But whiles I went so amusing with myself, many, yea, too many days, I found by due experience that this proverb was all too true, *omnis mora trahit periculum*. For whiles I studied to achieve the height of my desires; behold, I was the second time summoned to appear in heaven. What said I? Heaven? no, no, most comely Queen,

for when I came there, heaven was not heaven, it was rather a very hell. There was nothing but weeping and wailing, crying and howling, dole, desperation, mourning, and moan. All which I perceived also here on earth before I went up, for of a truth (most noble Princess) not only the skies scowled, the winds raged, the waves roared and tossed, but also the fishes in the waters turned up their bellies, the deer in the woods went drooping, the grass was weary of growing, the trees shook off their leaves, and all the beasts of the forest stood amazed.

The which sudden change I plainly perceived to be, for that they understood above, that your Majesty would shortly (and too speedily) depart out of this country, wherein the heavens have happily placed you, and the whole earth earnestly desireth to keep you. Surely (Gracious Queen) I suppose that this late alteration in the skies hath seemed unto your judgment drops of rain in accustomed manner. But, if your Highness will believe me, it was nothing else but the very flowing tears of the gods, who melted into moan for your hasty departure.

Well, because we rural gods are bound patiently to abide the censure of the celestial bench, I thought meet to hearken what they would determine, and for a final conclusion it was generally determined, that some convenient messenger should be dispatched with all expedition possible, as well to beseech your Majesty that you would here remain, as also further to present you with the proffer of any such commodities and delights, as might draw your full consent to continue here for their contentation, and the general comfort of men.

Here her Majesty stayed her horse to favour *Sylvanus*, fearing lest he should be driven out of breath by following her horse so fast. But *Sylvanus* humbly besought her Highness to go on, declaring that if his rude speech did not offend her, he could continue this tale to be twenty miles long. And therewithal protested that he had rather be her Majesty's footman on earth, than a god on horseback in heaven, proceeding as followeth :

Now to return to my purpose (most excellent Queen) when I had heard their deliberation,

and called unto mind that sundry realms and provinces had come to utter subversion by over great trust given to Ambassadors, I (being thoroughly tickled with a restless desire) thought good to plead in person; for I will tell your Majesty one strange property that I have, there are few or none which know my mind so well as myself, neither are there many which can tell mine own tale better than I myself can do. And therefore I have continually awaited these three days, to espy when your Majesty would (in accustomed manner) come on hunting this way.

And being now arrived most happily into the port of my desires, I will presume to beseech most humbly, and to entreat most earnestly, that your Highness have good regard to the general desire of the gods, together with the humble petitions of your most loyal and deeply affectionate servants.

And for my poor part, in full token of my dutiful meaning, I here present you the store of my charge, undertaking that the deer shall be daily doubled for your delight in chase. Further-

more I will entreat *Dame Flora* to make it continually spring here with stores of redolent and fragrant flowers. *Ceres* shall be compelled to yield your majesty competent provision, and *Bacchus* shall be sued unto for the first fruits of his vineyards. To be short, O peerless Princess, you shall have all things that may possibly be gotten for the furtherance of your delights. And I shall be most glad and triumphant, if I may place my godhead in your service perpetually. This tedious tale, O comely Queen, I began with a bashful boldness, I have continued in base eloquence, and I cannot better knit it up, than with homely humility, referring the consideration of these my simple words, unto the deep discretion of your Princely will. And now I will, by your Majesty's leave, turn my discourse into the rehearsal of strange and pitiful adventures.

So it is, good gracious Lady, that *Diana* passeth often-times through this forest with a stately train of gallant and beautiful nymphs.

Amongst whom there is one surpassing all the rest for singular gifts and graces: some call

her *Zabeta*, some other have named her *Ahtebasile*, some *Completa*, and some *Complacida*; whatsoever her name be, I will stand upon it. But (as I have said) her rare gifts have drawn the most noble and worthy personages in the whole world to sue unto her for grace.

All which she hath so rigorously repulsed, or rather (to speak plain English) so obstinately and cruelly rejected, that I sigh to think of some of their mishaps. I allow and commend her justice towards some others, and yet the tears stand in mine eyes (yea and my tongue trembleth and faltereth in my mouth) when I begin to declare the distresses wherein some of them do presently remain. I could tell your Highness of sundry famous and worthy persons, whom she hath turned and converted into most monstrous shapes and proportions. As some into fishes, some others into fowls, and some into huge stony rocks and great mountains: but because divers of her most earnest and faithful followers (as also some sycophants) have been converted into sundry of these plants, whereof I have charge, I will shew unto your

Majesty so many of them as are in sight in these places where you pass.

Behold, gracious Lady, this old oak, the same was many years a faithful follower and trusty servant of her's, named *Constancy*, whom, when she could by none other means overthrow, considering that no change could creep into his thoughts, nor any trouble of passions and perplexities could turn his resolute mind, at length she caused him, as I say, to be converted into this oak, a strange and cruel metamorphosis. But yet the heavens have thus far forth favoured and rewarded his long continued service, that as in life he was unmovable, even so now all the vehement blasts of the most raging winds cannot once move his rocky body from his rooted place and abiding. But to countervail this cruelty with a shew of justice, she converted his contrary, *Inconstancy*, into yonder poplar, whose leaves move and shake with the least breath or blast.

As also she dressed *Vain Glory* in his right colours, converting him into this ash-tree, which is the first of my plants that buddeth,

and the first likewise that casteth leaf. For believe me, most excellent Princess, *Vain Glory* may well begin hastily, but seldom continueth long.

Again she hath well requited that busy elf, *Contention*, whom she turned into this brambler, the which, as your Majesty may well see, doth even yet catch and snatch at your garments, and every other thing that passeth by it. And as for that wicked wretch *Ambition*, she did by good right condemn him into this branch of ivy, the which can never climb on high, nor flourish without the help of some other plant or tree, and yet commonly what tree soever it riseth by, it never leaveth to wind about it, and straitly to enfold it, until it hath smowdered and killed it. And by your leave, good Queen, such is the unthankful nature of cankered ambitious minds, that commonly they malign them by whom they have risen, and never cease until they have brought them to confusion. Well, notwithstanding these examples of justice, I will now rehearse unto your Majesty such a strange and cruel meta-

morphosis as I think must needs move your noble mind unto compassion. There were two sworn brethren which long time served her, called *Deep-desire* and *Due-desert*, and although it be very hard to part these two in sunder, yet is it said that she did long since convert *Due-desert* into yonder same laurel-tree. The which may very well be so, considering the etymology of his name, for we see that the laurel-branch is a token of triumph in all trophies, and given as a reward to all victors, a dignity for all degrees, consecrated and dedicated to *Apollo* and the *Muses* as a worthy flower, leaf, or branch, for their due deserts. Of him I will hold no longer discourse, because he was metamorphosed before my time; for your Majesty must understand that I have not long held this charge, neither do I mean long to continue in it; but rather most gladly to follow your Highness wheresoever you shall become.

But to speak of *Deep-desire*, (that wretch of worthies, and yet the worthiest that ever was condemned to wretched estate,) he was

such an one as neither any delay could daunt him; no disgrace could abate his passions; no time could tire him; no water quench his flames; nor death itself could amaze him with terror.

And yet this strange star, this courteous cruel, and yet the cruelest courteous that ever was, this *Ahtebasile*, *Zabeta*, or by what name soever it shall please your Majesty to remember her, did never cease to use imprecation, invocation, conjuration, and means possible, until she had caused him to be turned into this holly-bush, and as he was in this life and world continually full of compunctions, so is he now furnished on every side with sharp pricking leaves, to prove the restless pricks of his privy thoughts. Marry, there are two kinds of holly, that is to say, he holly, and she holly. Now some will say, that she holly hath no pricks, but thereof I intermeddle not.

At these words her Majesty came by a closer harbour, made all of holly; and while *Sylvanus* pointed to the same, the principal bush shook. For therein were placed both strange music,

and one who was there appointed to represent *Deep-desire*. *Sylvanus*, perceiving the bush to shake, continued thus :

Behold, most gracious Queen, this holly-bush doth tremble at your presence, and therefore I believe that *Deep-desire* hath gotten leave of the gods to speak unto your excellent Majesty in their behalf, for I myself was present in the council-chamber of heaven, when *Desire* was thought a meet messenger to be sent from that convocation unto your Majesty as ambassador; and give ear, good Queen, methinks I hear his voice.

Herewith *Deep-desire* spake out of the holly-bush as followeth :

STAY, stay your hasty steps,

O Queen without compare;

And hear him talk, whose trusty tongue
consumed is with care :

I am that wretch *Desire*,

whom neither death could daunt,

Nor dole decay, nor dread delay,

nor feigned cheer enchant.

Whom neither care could quench,
 nor fancy force to change;
And therefore turn'd into this tree,
 which sight, percase, seems strange.
But when the gods of heaven,
 and goddesses withall,
Both gods of fields and forest gods,
 yea, satyrs, nymphs, and all,
Determined a dole,
 by course of free consent :
With wailing words and mourning notes,
 your parting to lament.
Then thought they meet to choose
 me, silly wretch, *Desire*,
To tell a tale that might bewray
 as much as they require.
And hence proceeds, O Queen,
 that from this holly-tree
Your learned ears may hear him speak,
 whom yet you cannot see,
But, Queen, believe me now,
 although I do not swear;
Was never grief, as I could guess,
 Which set their hearts so near,

As when they heard the news,
that you, O royal Queen,
Would part from hence; and that to prove
it may full well be seen.
For mark what tears they shed
these five days past and gone:
It was no rain, of honesty,
it was great floods of moan.
As first *Diana* wept
such brinish bitter tears;
That all her nymphs did doubt her death,
her face the sign yet bears.
Dame *Flora* fell on ground,
and bruis'd her woeful breast:
Yea, *Pan* did break his oaten pipes;
Silvanus and the rest,
Which walk amid these woods,
for grief did roar and cry;
And *Jove*, to shew what moan he made,
with thund'ring crack'd the sky.
O Queen, O worthy Queen,
within these holts and hills,
Were never heard such grievous groans,
nor seen such woeful wills.

But since they have decreed,
 that I poor wretch, *Desire*,
In their behalf shall make their moan,
 and comfort thus require :
Vouchsafe, O comely Queen,
 yet longer to remain ;
Or still to dwell amongst us here :
 O Queen, command again
This castle and the knight,
 which keeps the same for you ;
These woods, these waves, these fowls, these fishes,
 these deer which are your due :
Live here, good Queen, live here,
 you are amongst your friends :
Their comfort comes when you approach,
 and when you part, it ends.
What fruits this soil may serve,
 thereof you may be sure :
Dame *Ceres* and Dame *Flora* both
 will with you still endure.
Diana would be glad
 to meet you in the chase :
Silvanus and the forest-gods
 would follow you apace.

Yea, *Pan* would pipe his part,
such dances as he can :
Or else *Apollo* music make,
and *Mars* would be your man.
And to be short, as much
as gods and men may do :
So much your Highness here may find,
with faith and favour too.
But if your noble mind,
resolved by decree,
Be not content, by me *Desire*,
persuaded for to be,
Then bend your willing ears
unto my willing note,
And hear what song the gods themselves
have taught me now by rote.
Give ear, good gracious Queen,
and so you shall perceive
That gods in heaven, and men on earth,
are loth such Queens to leave.

Herewith the concert of music sounded, and
Deep-desire sang this song :

COME, Muses, come and help me to lament,
Come, woods, come waves, come hills, come doleful
dales,
Since life and death are both against me bent,
Come gods, come men, bear witness of my bales.
O heavenly nymphs, come help my heavy heart,
With sighs to see Dame *Pleasure* thus depart.

If death or dole could daunt a deep desire,
If privy pangs could counterpoise my plaint :
If tract of time, a true intent could tire,
Or cramps of care, a constant mind could taint :
Oh then might I at will here live and serve ;
Although my deeds did more delight deserve.

But out, alas, no gripes of grief suffice
To break in twain this harmless heart of mine,
For though delight be banish'd from mine eyes,
Yet lives *Desire*, whom pains can never pine.
O strange effects ! I live which seem to die,
Yet die to see my dear delight go by.

Then farewell, sweet, for whom I taste such sour,
Farewell, delight, for whom I dwell in dole :

Free will, farewell, farewell my fancy's flower,
Farewell, content, whom cruel cares control.
Oh farewell life, delightful death, farewell,
I die in heaven, yet live in darksome hell.

This song being ended, the music ceased, and
Sylvanus concluded thus :

MOST gracious Queen, as it should but evil
have beseemed a God to be found fraudulent
or deceitful in his speech : so have I neither
recounted nor foretold any thing unto your
Majesty, but that which you have now found
true by experience, and because the case is
very lamentable, in the conversion of *Deep-*
desire, as also because they know that your
Majesty is so highly favoured of the Gods, that
they will not deny you any reasonable request.
Therefore I do humbly crave in his behalf,
that you would either be a suitor for him unto
the heavenly powers, or else but only to give
your gracious consent that he may be restored
to his pristinate estate. Whereat your High-
ness may be assured that heaven will smile,
the earth will quake, men will clap their hands,

and I will always continue an humble beseecher for the flourishing estate of your Royal Person.

Whom God now and ever preserve, to his good pleasure and our great comfort.

Amen.

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

GLOSSARIAL

AND

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

Page 5.—*M. Hunnis, Master of her Majesty's Chapel.*

The first edition of Gascoigne's *Princely Pleasures* reads "Master of the children in hir Majesty's chapel." Queen Elizabeth retained on her Royal establishment four sets of singing-boys; which belonged to the Cathedral of St. Paul, the Abbey of Westminster, St. George's Chapel Windsor, and the Household Chapel. For the support and reinforcement of her musical bands, Elizabeth, like the other English Sovereigns, issued out warrants for taking "up suche apt and meete children, as are fitt to be instructed and framed in the Art and Science of Musicke and Singing." Thomas Tusser, the well-known author of "*Five Hundreth Points of Good Husbandrye*," was in his youth a choir-boy of St. Paul's. Nor is it astonishing, that although masses had ceased to be performed, the Queen should yet endeavour to preserve sacred melody in a high state of perfection; since, according to Burney, she was herself greatly skilled in musical learning. "If her Majesty," says that eminent author, "was ever able to execute any of the pieces that are preserved in a MS. which goes under the name of Queen Elizabeth's Virginal-book, she must have been a very great player: as some of these pieces which were composed by Tallis, Bird, Giles, Farnaby, Dr. Bull, and others, are so difficult that it would be hardly possible to find a master in Europe who would undertake to play any of them at the end of a month's practice." *Burney's General History of Music*, vol. III. p. 15. But the children

of the chapel were also employed in the theatrical exhibitions represented at Court, for which their musical education had peculiarly qualified them. Richard Edwards, an eminent poet and musician of the sixteenth century, had written two comedies, *Damon and Pythias*, and *Palemon and Arcite*, which, according to Wood, were often acted before the Queen, both at Court and at Oxford. With the latter of these Elizabeth was so much delighted, that she promised Edwards a reward, which she subsequently gave him by making him first Gentleman of her chapel, and in 1561, Master of the Children on the death of Richard Bowyer. As the Queen was particularly attached to dramatic entertainments, about 1569, she formed the children of the Royal Chapel into a company of theatrical performers, and placed them under the superintendence of Edwards. Not long after she formed a second society of players, under the title of the "Children of the Revels," and by these two companies all Lilly's plays, and many of Shakspeare's and Jonson's were first performed. The latter of these authors has celebrated one of the chapel children, named Salathiel Pavy, who was famous for his performance of old men, but who died about 1601, under the age of thirteen, in a most beautiful epitaph printed with his epigrams. As this poem has a close analogy with the present note, the reader will be gratified by the following copy of it, only premising that Jonson might speak of his subject with greater fondness, as he acted in his own Masques of "*Cynthia's Revels*" and the "*Poetaster*."

*AN EPITAPH ON SALATHIEL PAVY, A CHILD OF QUEEN
ELIZABETH'S CHAPEL.*

Weep with me all you that read
Th's little story:
And know, for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry:
'Twas a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As heaven and nature seem'd to strive
Which own'd the creature.

Years he number'd scarce thirteen
 When fates turn'd cruel,
 Yet three fill'd Zodiacs had he been
 The stage's jewel;
 And did act, what now we moan,
 Old men so duly,
 That the Parcae thought him one
 He play'd so truly.
 So, by error, to his fate
 They all consented;
 But viewing him since, alas, too late!
 They have repented;
 And have sought, to give new birth,
 In baths to steep him;
 But being much too good for earth,
 Heaven vows to keep him.

Ben Jonson's Works, by Gifford, vol. viii. p. 229.

But however Jonson might think and write concerning young Pavy, the actors of the public theatres, such as the Globe, and the Fortune, looked enviously at the Queen's protected band of infantile performers; and the Puritans made their first essay at the overthrow of the drama by writing violently against them. A pamphlet which came from this source in 1569, called "The children of the chapel stript and whipt," remarks, that "plaies will never be supprest, while her Maiesties unfledged minions flaunt it in silkes and sattens. They had as well be at their popish service in the devil's garments." But a certain number of the Children of the Revels was attached to each of the public theatres; and these, though involved in the denunciations of the Puritans, were at least free from the hatred of the actors. Malone supposes, that it was against the choir-boys of St. Paul's that Shakspeare launched the following tirade in the 6th scene of the second act of Hamlet, where Rosencrantz and the Prince are conversing about the state of dramatic excellence.

"*Ros.* There is, Sir, an aiery* of children, little eyasses† that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyranni-

* Brood.

† Nestlings.

cally clapt for't: these are now the fashion; and so be-rattle the common stages (so they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

"*Ham.* What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted *? will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing?"

At length in 1583-4 the Theatre in the Convocation-house of St. Paul's was suppressed; in consequence, says Flecknoe, of "people growing more precise, and playes more licentious." After this, both the children of the chapel and the children of the revels went over to the theatre in Blackfriars, and the choir-boys of St. Paul's were confined to perform in their own school-room.

"It is believed," say the Editors of Kenilworth Illustrated, in a note upon the very passage now under consideration, "that Queen Elizabeth never attended a public theatre:" now, although there is probably no proof extant that she did, yet the following passage in one of her licences, certainly appears very like it. This is extracted from a privilege which she granted in 1574 to James Burbage, and four other servants of the Earl of Leicester, to exhibit all kinds of Stage-plays, during pleasure, in any part of England, "as well for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our solace and pleasure when we shall think good to see them."

Having thus given some account of the Children of her Majesty's Chapel, it remains to state a few memoranda concerning William Hunnis, their Master, who is mentioned in the text.

All who have written of him agree that he was a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal in the time of King Edward VI., in whose reign, in 1550, he published "Certayne Psalms chosen out of the Psalter of David, and drawen furth into English meter by William Hunnis, seruant to the right honorable Sir William Harberde, Knyght, newly collected and imprinted," 8vo. He continued in the chapel under Queen Mary; and on the 15th of November, 1566, he was made Master of

* Paid.

the Children by Elizabeth, on the death of Richard Edwards*, already mentioned. On February the 14th, 1568, probably by the command of the Queen, who often exerted her power in a similar manner, he received from Sir Gilbert Dethick, Garter King of Arms, the following armorial ensign for the name of Hunnis of Middlesex. "*Bendy of six, Or and Azure, a Unicorn rampant Vert, armed Argent. Crest. On a wreath, between two honeysuckles proper, a Unicorn's head couped, Or, charged with two bendlets Azure.*" In 1576, Hunnis next appeared as an author in the celebrated "*Paradise of Daynty Deuices*," for which he seems to have written twelve poems, including those which were printed in the subsequent editions. In 1578, he published his "*Hyve full of Hunnye*," in 4to. and 8vo.; and in 1585, his "*Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soule for Sinne*." This went through five editions; it consisted of the Seven Penitential Psalms, and a "*Handfull of Honisuckles*:" it was last printed in 1621 at Edinburgh, 12mo. As a poet, Mr. Haslewood, in his admirable account of the contributors to the "*Paradise of Daynty Deuices*," printed in the *British Bibliographer*, vol. iv. p. xiv. gives him the following character: "Some of Hunnis's pieces are pretty at least; and discover such a simplicity of sentiment, ease of language, and flow of verse, as justly entitle them to commendation." Warton, however, says of him, "his honeysuckles and his honey are now no longer delicious." According to the cheque-book of the Chapel Royal, William Hunnis died on the 6th of June, 1597, and was succeeded in his office by Nathaniel, afterwards Dr. Giles.

Page 5.—*Six trumpeters hugely advanced.*

This serves to explain a passage in Laneham's Letter which has excited considerable doubt; namely, that

* Mr. Haslewood, in the preliminary notices of the contributors to the "*Paradyse of Dainty Deuices*," has inserted an interesting memoir of Richard Edwards, who was considered as its principal collector, though he had been dead about ten years in 1576, when the first edition was published.

where he says, "these trumpeters being six in number, were every one eight feet long." see edit. 1821. 8vo. p. 10. It would appear that these were but figures constructed like all those used in ancient triumphs and pageants, of hoops, deal boards, pasteboard, paper, cloth, buckram, &c. which were gilded and coloured on the outside; and within this case the real trumpeter was placed. An exhibition similar to that mentioned in the text, is related by Holingshed, to have taken place when Queen Mary proceeded through London, before her Coronation, Sept. 30th, 1553. "At the upper end of Grace's-street," says that minute chronicler, "there was another pageant, made by the Florentines, verie high, on the top whereof there stood four pictures, and in the midst of them and most highest, there stood an angell all in greene, with a trumpet in his hand: and when the trumpetter (who stood secretlie in the pageant) did sound his trumpet, the angell did put his trumpet to his mouth, as though it had been the same that had sounded, to the great marvelling of many ignorant persons." *Chronicles of Eng.* 1586. fol. vol. III. p. 1091. Selden, in his "Table Talk," when speaking of Judges, alludes to such figures. "We see," says he, "the pageants in Cheapside, the lions, and the elephants, but we do not see the men that carry them."

Page 6.—*harrying*.

This word signifies an outcry or chasing, and is derived from the Norman French *Haro* or *Harron*, which was a hue-and-cry after felons and malefactors. *vide* Phillips, and Jacob's Law Dictionary.

Page 6.—*Garboil*.

Tumult or disorder. *vide* Phillips.

Page 7.—*The Lady of the Lake*.

Vide the tenth note to the recent reprint of Laneham's Letter, page 96.

Page 7.—*fet*. i. e. fetched.

The preterite and participle past of the ancient verb active to *Fet*; viz. to fetch, to go and bring. This word is evidently taken from the Saxon *Fettan*, *fetian*, or *fetizian*, which are all of the same signification as the former. *vide* Bailey, Somner.

Page 8.—*Unto Lord Saintlowe's hands.*

The history of Kenilworth Castle and its various owners, is alluded to both in Laneham's Letter, page 5, and more particularly in the poem printed in the text.

Notwithstanding the high antiquity which is assigned to Kenilworth, as well in the present verses as by Laneham, Sir William Dugdale says, that the land on which the Castle is situate was given by King Henry I. to a Norman, named Geoffry de Clinton, his Lord Chamberlain and Treasurer, by whom the building was first erected. By this proprietor also, he states, the Monastery of Black Canons of St. Augustine's order, to have been instituted at the same time, near the fortress. In 1172, the Castle was garrisoned by King Henry II., to withstand the unnatural insurrection of his eldest son, Henry, who was assisted by Louis VII. King of France, and several of the English Barons. Although it is by no means certain that the building again reverted to the Clintons, yet early in the reign of John, Henry Clinton, the grandson of the founder, released to that King all his interest in the Castle and lands. The son of this last possessor, who also bore his father's name, engaged himself in the wars of the tumultuous Barons during the reigns of John and Henry III.; but, in 1217, upon his submission to the latter Monarch, he had livery of his father's land at Kenilworth. This appears to have been the last of the Clintons who held this estate. The Castle had long been in the hands of the Crown, and was held for it, by the successive sheriffs for the counties of Warwick and Leicester. In 1243, Henry III. constituted Simon Montfort, Earl of Leicester, Governor of Kenilworth Castle; and ten years afterwards granted it to him and his wife, Eleanora, for their lives. This haughty and ambitious Baron was Commander-in-chief of the insurrection against Henry III., concerning Magna Carta; and soon after his receiving the grant of this Castle, himself and his comrades met in arms at Oxford. The conclusion of this convocation was, that they marched against the royal army, and Simon de Montfort was slain at the battle of Evesham, on August 5th, 1265. It is to the warlike disposition and death

of this Baron, that the Lady of the Lake alludes in her verses, where she says,

“ The Earl, Sir Mountford’s force, gave me no heart.”

Kenilworth Castle in the interim, was defended by Simon de Montfort, the younger, son of the late Earl; and when the King’s forces were besieging it, he, perceiving that it must shortly be surrendered, retired privately into France to raise more soldiers in aid of the Barons designs. In his absence Henry de Hastings was left Governor, whom he assured of a certain and early relief; but the King’s reinforcements arriving first, after much doubt and delay, the Castle was yielded to Henry III. on the feast of St. Thomas, December the 21st, 1265. About the end of the siege, which lasted six months, and amounted to a very considerable sum, the King, by the advice of Ottobon, the Papal Legate, called a convention at Kenilworth, at which it was determined, that persons who had forfeited their lands in the late rebellion, might redeem them by a fine, to be paid to such as then possessed them. Some exceptions were however made, which were, the wife and children of the late Earl of Leicester; Robert Ferrers, Earl of Derby; Henry de Hastings, mentioned above; and those who wounded the King’s messenger, when he summoned Kenilworth Castle to surrender. On all these were imposed either heavier fines or imprisonment; and the act by which the foregoing particulars were declared, was called *Dictum de Kenilworth*, an entire copy of which may be found in some of the ancient statute-books, or in the “ Statutes of the Realm,” printed by command, 1820, vol. I. p. 12. Laneham also alludes to the Statute of Kenilworth in the following passage of his Letter, p. 86. “ A singular pattern of humanity may be well unto us towards all degrees: of honour toward high estates, and chiefly whereby we may learn in what dignity, worship, and reverence, her Highness is to be esteemed, honoured, and received, that was never indeed more condignly done than here; so, as neither by the builders at first, nor by the *Edict of Pacification* after, was ever Kenilworth more enobled than by this, his Lord-

ship's receiving her Highness here now." In the original edition of Laneham, is the following marginal note to this passage. "1266. An. 50. Hen. III." Immediately after the siege and surrender of the Castle, Philip Marmion, the first Lord of Scrivelsby and Tamworth, was made Constable by the King; but, on the 16th of January, 1267, it was conferred with many privileges upon Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, second son of the King, and to his lawful heirs. In 1296, Edmund died at Bayonne, and was succeeded by his eldest son Thomas; in whose time Roger Mortimer held at Kenilworth the feast of the Round Table, mentioned in the text. This festival, according to Dugdale, took place in 1378, and he thus describes it: "The same year I find, that there was a great and famous concourse of noble persons here at Kenilworth, called the Round Table, consisting of an hundred knights, and as many ladies; whereunto divers repaired from foreign parts for the exercise of arms, viz. tilting, and martial tournaments; and the ladies, dancing; who were clad in silken mantles, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, being the chief, and the occasion thereof. Which exercises began on the eve of St. Matthew the Apostle, (21st September) and continued till the morrow after Michaelmas day," (30th.) *Antiq. of Warwicksh. edit. by Dr. Thomas, 1730. vol. 1. p. 247.* Roger Mortimer appears to have been one of the most fashionable gallants of his time, and his son Geoffery named him, "The King of Folly." But Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, joined the baronial party against the favorites of King Edward II.; namely, Pierce Gaveston, and the two Spencers; and although the King once pardoned him, and restored his forfeited lands, yet in 1322, he was taken in arms at the battle of Boroughbridge, and a few days after was beheaded. Kenilworth Castle was next delivered into the hands of John de Someri, Baron of Dudley; Ralph Lord Basset, of Drayton; and Ranulph de Charun, for the King's use; but when the fortunes of King Edward were overthrown, his officers were expelled, and himself brought to the fortress as a prisoner in the power of Henry, brother of the late possessor, and others of his infamous fellow-

subjects. After the cruel death of Edward II., at Berkeley Castle, whither he was conveyed from Kenilworth, the detestable Henry, Earl of Lancaster, was restored to his brother's possessions; and from him the Castle descended, through his son and grand-daughter, to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. At length the property of Kenilworth once more reverted to the Crown, by passing to the Duke's son, Henry of Bolingbroke, who afterwards became Henry IV.; and it thus continued until the reign of Elizabeth, by whom it was presented to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Though thrice married, the Earl had only one illegitimate son, Robert; in consequence of which, the estate and Castle of Kenilworth at his death, about 1587, went to his brother, Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, who held it until the following year. After the decease of the latter, Sir Robert Dudley endeavoured to prove his legitimacy; this was vain; for, as the Earl of Leicester had married a third wife while the second was living, both of whom survived him, his acknowledged Countess procured a command from the Lords of the Council to stop the proceedings in this cause of succession, as well as that all the depositions should be sealed and laid up with the records of the Star-chamber. The hopes of Sir Robert Dudley for obtaining his father's possessions being thus frustrated, he left England for Italy, having received licence to travel for three years. When he had departed, Lady Lettice Dudley and her legal advisers, one of whom, it is melancholy to say, was the great Sir Edward Coke, then Attorney-General, procured a summons for his return, by a special writ of privy-seal: which not being obeyed, the Castle and lands of Kenilworth were seized on for the King's use, by virtue of the Statute of Fugitives. 31st Edw. III. cap. xiv. Although the Castle and lands of Kenilworth were now vested in the Lord Privy-seal, through the contempt of Sir Robert Dudley, yet the amiable Henry Frederic, Prince of Wales, was unwilling to make them his dwelling, without a compensation to the ejected owner. In consequence of this feeling, through the mediation of special agents, in 1611, he bought the premises of Sir Robert,

for the sum of 14,500*l.*, to be paid within a twelve-month after ; the office of Constable of the Castle being granted by Patent to the latter for life. On November 6th, 1612, the Prince died, when not more than 3000*l.* of the sum were discharged, and that amount having been paid to a merchant who failed, Sir Robert Dudley lost the whole. Prince Charles, however, as his late brother's heir, took possession of Kenilworth, and procured an act of Parliament (21st James I. c. 12.) by which the wife of Sir Robert was enabled, on May 4th, 1621, to alienate all her right to him, as if she had been sole possessor of the estate, for the sum of 4000*l.*, which was paid to her from the Exchequer. On March 15th, 1626, Charles I. issued a Patent, granting to Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth, and two of his family, the custody of the Castle, park, and chase of Kenilworth for their joint and several lives ; but after the King's martyrdom, Oliver Cromwell divided the manor between his lawless followers, who wholly devastated the property. At the Restoration it again passed into the family of the Earl of Monmouth ; and, after their leases were expired, Charles II. granted the reversion of the whole manor to the Right Honourable Lawrence Lord Hyde, afterwards created Baron of Kenilworth, and Earl of Rochester. Through this family it has descended, by marriage, to the Right Honourable Thomas Villiers, the present Lord Clarendon, who, it is pleasing to state, has endeavoured to preserve the venerable ruins of the Castle from farther dilapidations.

It will be evident from the above slight history of Kenilworth that there exists a considerable difference between its real memoirs, and those ascribed to it by Laneham. Camden also in the following passage condemns the inaccuracy of those legends which carry its foundation back to the Saxon period. "More to the north-east," says the learned antiquary, "where a number of small streams, uniting among parks, form a lake, which, soon after being confined in banks, makes a canal, stands Kenilworth, anciently called Kenelworda, though now corruptly Killingworth, which gives name to a large, beautiful, and strong castle, surrounded by parks,

not built by Kenulphus, Kenelmus, or Kinegilus, as some dream, but, as can be made to appear from records, by Galfridus Clinton, Chamberlain to King Henry I." *Britannia*, edit. 1789, vol. II. p. 329. The Lord Saintlowe, who is mentioned in the text as having once been possessor of Kenilworth, was most probably one of the family of Saintloe, or Saintloo, who, about the time of Elizabeth, were Lords of the Manor of Tormarton, in the county of Gloucester. Sir William Saintloe was Captain of the Guard to the above Sovereign.

Having thus given sufficient of a true History of Kenilworth Castle, to be a perfect guide to the readers of the works of Gascoigne and Laneham, it remains to give some account of the buildings and grounds as given by those who saw them in all their original splendour. Dugdale commences with saying, that the situation is of extraordinary strength and largeness, as may be seen by the circuit, breadth, and depth of the outer moats, together with the parts called Cæsar's Tower, which, by the thickness of its walls and form of building, he considers to have been of the first foundation. In 1241, Henry III., to whom the Castle then belonged, made extensive improvements and repairs at Kenilworth; such as ceiling the chapel with wainscot, painting it, and making new seats for the King and Queen. The bell-tower also was repaired, and the south walls next the pool were newly erected. The Queen's chamber was likewise enlarged and painted. In 1391, Richard II. furnished John of Gaunt with materials for improving and building at this place; and he, according to Dugdale, "began the structure of all the buildings here, except Cæsar's Tower, with the outer walls and turrets." But little, however, appears to have been done towards making the Castle splendid as a nobleman's seat, or a palace fit for the visit of a Queen, until Elizabeth, on the 9th of June, 1562, presented the building to the Earl of Leicester; who, Dugdale remarks, "spared for no cost in enlarging, adorning, and beautifying thereof; witness that magnificent gate-house towards the north; where, formerly having been the back side of the Castle, he made the front; filling up a great proportion of the

wide and deep double ditch, wherein the water of the pool came. And, besides that stately piece on the south-east part, still bearing the name of Leicester's buildings, did he raise from the ground two goodly towers at the head of the pool, viz.—the Floud-gate, or Gallery tower, standing at one end of the Tilt-yard, in which was a spacious and noble room for ladies to see the exercises of tilting and barriers; and at the other, Mortimer's tower, whereupon the arms of Mortimer were cut in stone; which doubtless was so named by the Earl of Leicester, in memory of one more antient, that stood there formerly; wherein, as I guess, either the Lord Mortimer, at the time of that great and solemn tilting, formerly mentioned, (*vide* page 83 *ante*.) did lodge; or else, because Sir John Mortimer, Knight, prisoner here in Hen. V. time, was detained therein. The Chase he likewise enlarged, impaling part of Blakwell within it; and also a large nook, extending from Rudfen-lane towards the pool; which, being then a waste, wherein the inhabitants of Kenilworth had common*, in consideration thereof, he gave them all those fields called Prior's fields, lying north of the Castle. I have heard some, who were his servants, say, that the charge he bestowed on this Castle, with the parks and chase thereto belonging, was no less than sixty thousand pounds. Here, in July, an. 1575, (17 Eliz.) having completed all things for her reception, did he entertain the Queen for the space of xvii. days†, with excessive cost, and variety of delightful shews." Of the gardens made by Lord Leicester, Laneham gives a very particular account, *vide* the reprint of his Letter, p. 71. Leland makes but few observations on Kenilworth; so that it is evident that at his visit, the Castle had none of those marks of magnificence with which it was afterwards adorned. "King

* *Vide* the 49th note to the recent reprint of Laneham's Letter, p. 71. where will be found an extract from the Secret Memoirs of the Earl of Leicester, asserting that he enclosed these grounds by oppressive means, and not by exchange.

† Other authors say nineteen, and the expense of the festival has been estimated at 1000*l.* per diem.

Henry VIII." says he, "did of late years great cost in repayre of the Castle of Killingworth. Amongst these reparations the pretty Banketing-house of Tymbre, that stood thereby in the meere, and bore the name of pleasant, was taken downe, and part of it is set up in the Base-court of Killingworth Castle." *Itinerary*, vol. iv. p. 191. The next notice which occurs in history concerning the appearance of Kenilworth, is the survey taken by the officers of King James I., on the contempt of Sir Robert Dudley, to the Royal Warrant of Privy Seal, sent after him to Italy, commanding his return. The following copy of remarks upon this survey, will give a more perfect idea of the splendour of the Castle than any other description can; since it was taken when the buildings were in their most perfect state, as well as being more numerous and magnificent than at any other period of their history.

"The Castle of Kenilworth, situate upon a rock.

1. The circuit thereof within the walls containeth 7 acres, upon which the walks are so spacious and fair, that two or three persons together may walk upon most places thereof.

2. The Castle, with the 4 Gate-houses, all built of free-stone, hewen and cut; the walls, in many places, xv. and x. foot thickness, some more, and some less; the least 4 foot in thickness square.

3. The Castle and 4 Gate-houses, all covered with lead, whereby it is subject to no other decay than the glass, through the extremity of the weather.

4. The rooms of great state within the same; and such as are able to receive his Majestie, the Queen, and Prince, at one time, built with as much uniformity and conveniency as any houses of later time; and with such stately cellars, all carryed upon pillars, and architecture of free-stone, carved and wrought as the like are not within this kingdom; and also all other houses for officers answerable.

5. There lieth about the same in Chases and Parks 1200*l.* per ann. 900*l.* whereof are grounds for pleasure; the rest in meadow and pasture thereto adjoyning, tenants, and freeholders.

6. There joineth upon this ground, a park-like ground, called this King's Wood, with xv. several copices lying all together, containing 789 acres, within the same: which, in the Earl of Leicester's time, were stored with red deer. Since which the deer strayed, but the ground in no sort blemished, having great store of timber, and other trees of much value upon the same.

7. There runneth through the said grounds, by the walls of the Castle, a fair Pool, containing 111 acres, well stored with fish and fowl; which at pleasure is to be let round about the Castle.

8. In timber and woods upon this ground, to the value (as hath been offered) of 20,000*l*. (having a convenient time to remove them), which, to his Majestie in the survey, are but valued at 11,722*l*., which proportion, in a like measure, is held in all the rest upon the other values to his Majestie.

9. The circuit of the Castle, Mannours, Parks, and chase lying round together, contain at least xix. or xx. miles, in a pleasant country; the like, both for strength, state, and pleasure, not being within the realm of England.

10. These lands have been surveyed by Commissioners from the King and the Lord Privy-seal, with directions from his Lordship to find all things under the true worth, and upon oath of jurors, as well as freeholders, as customary tenants; which course being held by them, are notwithstanding surveyed and returned at 38,554*l*. 15*s*. Out of which, for Sir Robert Dudley's contempt, there is to be deducted 10,000*l*., and for the Lady Dudley's jointure, which is without impeachment of waste, whereby she may fell all the woods, which, by the survey amount unto 11,722*l*.

The total of the	}	In Land,	16,431 <i>l</i> . 9 <i>s</i> .
Survey ariseth,		In Woods,	11,722 <i>l</i> . 2 <i>s</i> .
as followeth:		The Castle,	10,401 <i>l</i> . 4 <i>s</i> .

His Majestie hath herein the mean profits of the Castle and premises, through Sir Robert Dudley's contempt during his life, or his Majesties pardon; the reversion in fee being in the Lord Privy-seal." Dugdale's

Warwickshire, vol. I. p. 251. An original copy of the Survey of Kenilworth Castle is preserved among the Cottonian MSS. Vespas. F. ix. 302. in the British Museum.

Such was Kenilworth at its height of magnificence; the next notice is of its decline and overthrow, and almost ever since that time it has been, as Bishop Hurd remarks, "void and tenantless ruins; clasped with the ivy, open to wind and weather, and presenting nothing but the ribs and carcase, as it were, of their former state." When Oliver Cromwell portioned out this manor to his officers, it is related that they "demolished the castle, drained the great pool, cut down the King's woods, destroyed his parks and chase, and divided the lands into farms amongst themselves." This was the complete overthrow of that magnificent castle, and succeeding writers have had only to record how time and the storms of heaven have continued to cast down stone after stone of the interesting ruins. In 1716, the excellent Dr. Richard Hurd, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, visited Kenilworth Castle; and he has given a beautiful account of its state at that time, in the third of his "Moral and Political Dialogues."—"When they alighted from the coach," says he, "the first object that presented itself was the principal gateway of the Castle. It had been converted into a farm-house, and was indeed the only part of these vast ruins that was inhabited. On their entrance to the inner court, they were struck with the sight of many mouldering towers, which preserved a sort of magnificence even in their ruins. They amused themselves with observing the vast compass of the whole, with marking the uses, and tracing the dimensions of the several parts. All which it was easy for them to do by the very distinct traces that remained of them; and especially by means of Dugdale's plans and descriptions, which they had taken care to consult. After rambling about for some time, they clambered up a heap of ruins, which lay on the west side the court; and thence came to a broken tower, which, when they had mounted some steps, led them to a path-way on the tops of the walls. From this eminence they had a very distinct view of the

several parts they had before contemplated; of the gardens on the north-side; of the winding meadow that encompassed the walls of the Castle, on the west and south; and had, besides, the command of the country round about them for many miles. There was something so august in the mingled prospect of so many antique towers falling into rubbish, and in the various beauties of the landscape, that they were, all of them, as it were, suspended in admiration, and continued silent for some time." *Moral and Polit. Dial. edit. 1759. 8vo. p. 25.*

Here then is the last state of that celebrated castle, in which the most splendid scenes of Elizabeth's most splendid reign were performed; like the great and magnificent cities of Babylon and Jerusalem, its goodness is turned into ruins, and the beauty of it is exchanged for desolation. The flapping banners, rich with embroidered blazonings, and the gorgeous cloths of tissue and tapestry, which once covered the chambers, have all been rent from their places; and instead of them there is the ivy, and the long grass, the rush, the dock, and the "hyssop that springeth out of the wall." For the minstrel's music there are now the shrieks of the owl; and, for the court and presence of royalty, there are now silence and mournful solitude. One would have felt proud of the fall of Kenilworth, had the walls been rased to the ground in battle; but to think that it was first dilapidated by the lawless hands of our own ancestors, and then left to the most cruel decay; it is like viewing a dear friend perishing, piecemeal, by consumption; and the feelings thus excited, are the finest, though the most distressing which the heart can endure.

"The flower in ripened bloom unmatched
Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatched,
The leaves must drop away:
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it plucked to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair."

Page 9.—*voids the place.*

An old English verb active, originally derived from the French *Vider*, to empty or leave vacant. It was frequently used in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Shakspeare in his Henry V. act v. scene vii. makes the King say,

“ Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill;
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight.”

Page 9.—*M. Ferrers, Lord of Mis-rule in the Court.*

Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, vol. II. sect. xxxiv. p. 293, states that this was George Ferrers, whom Holingshed mentions as Lord of Misrule in the time of King Edw. VI.; but Wood in his “*Athenæ Oxonienses*,” when speaking of this eminent author, never mentions his having held such an office; probably supposing, that it would be derogatory to his character, both as a scholar and a poet. Puttenham calls him by the name of “Maister Edward Ferrys,” and this has created a supposition that these were two different persons, but the character which he has given of that author, has nearly identified him to be the same as the George Ferrers already mentioned. The latter writer, when speaking of him as a poet of Edward the Sixth’s reign, says: “But the principall man in this profession, at the same time was Maister Edward Ferrys, a man of no lesse mirth and felicitie that way, but of much more skil and magnificence in his meeter, and therefore wrate for the most part to the Stage in Tragedie, and sometimes in Comedie, or Enterlude, wherein he gave the King so much good recreation, as he had thereby many good rewardes.” Lib. I. ch. xxxi. p. 49. edit. 1589. Soon after, the same author again observes, “for Tragedie the Lord Buckhurst and maister Edward Ferrys, for such doinges as I have sene of theirs, deserve the highest price.” Ibid. p. 51. These passages are supposed by Warton, sufficient to prove that Puttenham mistook the name of Edward for George, especially when joined to the fact, that “no plays of an Edward Ferrers, or Ferrys,

which is the same, are now known to exist, nor are mentioned by any writer of the times which are now concerned." Notwithstanding this conclusion, Wood in his *Athenæ*, mentions an Edward Ferrers, though his account of him is doubtful, short, and indefinite; as he professes himself unable to say where he was born, or to name the College in Oxford at which he was educated. The only particulars, therefore, which can be collected from Wood, are, that Edward Ferrers was of the family of Ferrers, of Baldesley Clinton, in Warwickshire; that he continued at Oxford University several years, "being then in much esteem for his poetry;" that about the time of his leaving College he wrote "several Tragedies, Comedies, or Enterludes," and that he "was in great renown about 1564," when he supposes him to have died, and to have been buried at Baldesley Clinton, leaving a son Henry. But although this dispute must perhaps long remain undecided, yet it is certain, that George Ferrers was the Lord of Mis-rule alluded to in the text; and of him, and his office, it will be interesting to give as full an account, as the materials now to be obtained will permit.

George Ferrers, according to all his biographers, was born at St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, and received a part of his education at Oxford. After quitting College, he entered himself of Lincoln's Inn, where he became a Barrister; and as Wood remarks, was as "eminent for the law, as before he was for his poetry, having been as much celebrated for it by the learned of his time, as any." While studying the jurisprudence of England, Ferrers appears to have published his first work, entitled, "The Great Charter, called in Latyn, Magna Carta, with diuers olde statutes:" no date. In the second edition of this work, the colophon declares the author's name in the following terms. "Thus endeth the booke called Magna Carta, translated oute of Latyn and Frenshe into Englishe, by George Ferrerz. Imprynted at London, in Paules church-yerde, at the signe of the Maydens head, by Thomas Petyt. M.D.XLII." Mr. Haslewood, the unwearied and excellent illustrator of the Poetry and Biography of Queen Elizabeth's reign, has said in his introduction to the recent reprint of the

“Mirror for Magistrates,” that Ferrers “was a polished courtier, and esteemed favourite with Henry the VIII. although that capricious monarch, for some offence, the nature of which has not yet been discovered, committed him to prison in 1542.” For the same King he also served in the army, and Wood states, was engaged in several battles; but in the year above-mentioned he appears to have left the wars, as at that time he was returned Member of Parliament for Plymouth. Henry VIII. appears to have entertained a grateful sense of the services of Ferrers; since, in the will of that Sovereign, in 1546-7, his name appears as a Legatee, for one hundred marks, in a list with many others, who were to receive their bequests, as the instrument states, for the special love and favour that we bear to our trusty counsailours and others our said servaunts, hereafter following.” It is remarkable, that in this will there is not any christian name given to Ferrers. In the reign of Edward VI. Ferrers was employed in the suite of the Duke of Somerset, Protector to the King; and he was also one of the Commissioners in the Army, in the expedition to Scotland. In 1552, after the condemnation of the Duke of Somerset, the populace were greatly irritated against the Duke of Northumberland, whom they conceived to be the cause of it; and the young King himself was considerably grieved at the unfortunate fate of his uncle. On this account, as well to amuse the commonalty, as to give pleasure to the King, “it was deuised,” says Holingshed, “that the feast of Christs natiuitie, commonlie called Christmasse, then at hand, should be solemnlie kept at Greenwich, with open houshold, and franke resort to Court, (which is called keeping of the hall) what time of old ordinarie course there is alwise one appointed to make sporte in the court, called commonlie Lord of Mis-rule; whose office is not unknown to such as haue beene brought vp in noblemen’s houses, and among great house-keepers, which vse liberall feasting in that season. There was therfore by order of the councell, a wise gentleman, and learned, named George Ferrers, appointed to that office for this yeare; who, being of better credit and estimation than comonlie his predecessors

had beene before, receiued all his commissions and warrants by the name of the maister of the King's pastimes. Which gentleman so well supplied his office, both in shew of sundrie sights and deuices of rare inuentions, and in act of diuerse interludes, and matters of pastime plaied by persons, as not onlie satisfied the common sort, but also were verie well liked and allowed by the councell, and other of skill in the like pastimes; but best of all by the young King himselfe, as appeered by his princelie liberalitie in rewarding that service." *Chronicle of Engl.* vol. III. p. 1067. This office, which George Ferrers so ably filled, had too often been executed by those who possessed neither the wit nor the genius it required; but, as will be hereafter shewn in its history, persons of high talent were originally selected to perform the somewhat difficult duties of a Lord of Mis-rule. On the 30th of November, 1552, Ferrers received 100*l.* for the charges of his office; and afterwards the Lord Mayor, who probably had been at the royal festival, entertained him in London. Stowe, in his "Annals," thus relates the circumstances of his visit and rewards. "The King kept his Christmasse with open houshold at Greenwich, George Ferrers, Gentleman of Lincolnes Inne, being Lord of the merry disports all the 12 dayes, who so pleasantly and wisely behaued himselfe, that the King had great delight in his pastimes. On Monday, the fourth of January, the said Lord of merry disports came by water to London, and landed at the Tower-wharfe, entered the Tower, and then rode through the Tower-streete, where he was receiued by Sergeant Vawce, Lord of Mis-rule to John Mainard, one of the Sheriffes of London, and so conducted through the Citie with a great company of young Lords and Gentlemen, to the house of Sir George Barne, Lord Maior; where he, with the chiefe off his company dined, and after had a great banquet; and, at his departure, the Lord Maior gave him a standing cup, with a couer of silver and guilt, of the value of ten pound, for a reward; and also set a hogsh-head of Wine, and a Barrell of Beere at his gate, for his traine that followed him; the residue of his Gentlemen and Seruants dined at other Aldermen's houses, and with

the Sheriffes, and so departed to the Tower-wharfe againe, and to the Court by water, to the great commendation of the Maior and Aldermen, and highly accepted of the King and Councill." *Annals*, edit. 1631. Fol. p. 608. In 1559, Ferrers again appeared as a poet in the celebrated "Mirror for Magistrates," in which he wrote, in conjunction with several of the best versifiers and most learned men of that period; and as the history of this book is a portion of his own life, it will not be irrelevant to give it so far as Ferrers was concerned.

Richard Baldwyne, who may be considered as the first of that party which composed the Mirror for Magistrates, was a graduate of Oxford and an ecclesiastic; and he, in his Preface to the work, states, that Thomas Marshe, the printer, had invited him to take a share in the composition of a continuation of Lydgate's "Fall of Princes;" in which the examples should be selected from English history. Baldwyne, however, was unwilling to engage in a work so laborious without assistance; but Marshe soon after provided "divers learned men, whose manye giftes nede fewe prayses,—to take upon them parte of the travayle." These met together to the number of seven, of whom George Ferrers was one, and who, after they had agreed upon the plan to be pursued, wrote the first tale, entitled, the Fall of Robert Tresilian, Chiefe Justice of England. Besides this, Ferrers wrote five other poems, which were, on the misfortunes of Thomas, of Woodstock; King Richard the Second; Eleanor Cobham; Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester; and Edmund, Duke of Somerset; and to the above, Wood adds other stories which he does not name. Most of these were scattered through the different editions of the Mirror for Magistrates, from 1559, till 1578. Of that published in the latter year, Mr. Haslewood is inclined to think Ferrers was the Editor, since it contains many exclusive alterations, and his two legends of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. In 1575, George Ferrers seems to have been employed by the Earl of Leicester, as one of the authors for the entertainment to be given to the Queen; at which time he appears still to have been in the Office of Lord of

Mis-rule. In the elegant work, entitled, "Kenilworth Illustrated," William Hamper, Esq. of Birmingham, whose very extensive antiquarian learning and collections are so well known to the literary world, has printed an original MS. of Masques, which was long in the possession of Henry Ferrers, Esq. of Baddesley Clinton, in Warwickshire, who was, most probably, a very near relative of George. There is little doubt that they were the production of the courtly Master of Mis-rule; and that the first part, which is called "A Cartell for a Challeng," was exhibited in the Tilt-yard at Westminster, on November 17th, 1590; when Sir Henry Lee, the Queen's Champion, resigned the office to George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland. It is supposed that the remainder was presented on a progress, probably when the Queen visited Sir Henry Lee, at Quarendon, in Buckinghamshire. Only a small portion of this interesting composition has been printed before. Early in 1579, George Ferrers is supposed to have died at Flamstead in Hertfordshire; as, on the 18th of May in that year, administration was granted on his effects. Having thus recorded what is known of the life of Ferrers, the history and nature of his office are next to be considered.

The title and the duties of a Lord of Mis-rule appear in England to have had a classical origin; since Warton, in his *Hist. of Engl. Poetry*, vol. II. sect. xvi. p. 378, mentions, that "in an original draught of the Statutes of Trinity College, at Cambridge, founded in 1546, one of the Chapters is entitled, *De Præfecto Ludorum qui Imperator dicitur*, under whose direction and authority, Latin Comedies and Tragedies are to be exhibited in the hall at Christmas. With regard to the peculiar business and office of Imperator," continues the same writer, "it is ordered, that one of the Masters of Arts shall be placed over the juniors, every Christmas, for the regulation of their games and diversions at that season of festivity. At the same time, he is to govern the whole society in the hall and chapel, as a republic committed to his special charge, by a set of laws which he is to frame in Latin and Greek verse. His sovereignty is to last during the twelve days of

Christmas; and he is to exercise the same power on Candlemas-day." His fee amounts to forty shillings. Nor was this peculiar to the University of Cambridge; for Wood, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, speaks of a similar custom being used in several of the Colleges at Oxford, especially at St. John's and Merton. The Inns of Court also celebrated their Christmas sports under the direction of a Revel Master, who frequently received substantial honours and rewards. Warton mentions, that a Christmas Prince, elected by the society of the Middle Temple, in 1635, was attended by a Lord Keeper, Lord Treasurer, eight Officers with white staves, a band of Gentlemen Pensioners, and two Chaplains, who preached before him on the Sunday preceding Christmas-day. This holiday Sovereign also dined in the hall and chamber, under a cloth of estate; while his feasts were supplied with venison by Lord Holland, and by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London with wine. After his reign was over, King James I. knighted him at Whitehall.—The same system of appointing a Ruler of Pastimes seems to have been common through most ranks; for Stow observes, that "the like had ye in the house of every Nobleman of honour or good worship, were he spiritual or temporal. The Mayor of London, and either of the Sheriffs, had their several Lords of Mis-rule, ever contending, without quarrel or offence, who should make the rarest pastime to delight the beholders. These Lords, beginning their rule at Allhallond-Eve, continued the same till the morrow after the Feast of the Purification, commonly called Candlemas-day: in which space there were fine and subtle disguisings, masks, and mummeries, with playing at cards for counters, nayles, and points in every house, more for pastime than for gaine." *Strype's Edit. of Stowe*, Book I. p. 252. But the best account of the fees, duties, dress, and general use of the Lord of Mis-rule, is given by the most violent enemy of all sports that probably ever existed, namely, Philip Stubbs, the vehement author of the "*Anatomie of Abuses*." This singular writer, while he rails most immoderately at all the fashions and follies of his age, condemning them and their votaries to certain perdition,

has nevertheless contrived most minutely to record them for the benefit of posterity; and frequently, where less scrupulous writers are deficient in their intelligence, their imperfections may be amply supplied by a reference to his pious invectives. Speaking of the Lord of Misrule, Stubbs writes thus: "Firste all the wilde heades of the parishe, conventynge together, chuse them a grand Capitaine (of mischeef), whom they innoble with the title of my Lorde of Misserule, and hym they crown with great solemnitie, and adopt for their kyng. This kyng anoynted, chuseth forthe twentie, fourtie, threescore, or a hundred lustie guttes like to hymself, to waite uppon his lordely majestie, and to garde his noble persone. Then every one of these his menne he investeth with his liveries, of greene, yellowe, or some other light wanton colour. And as though that were not (baudie) gaudy enough, I should saie, they bedecke themselves with scarffes, ribons, and laces, hanged all over with golde rynges, precious stones, and other jewelles: this doen, they tye about either legge, twentie or fourtie belles, with rich hande-kercheefes in their handes, and sometymes laied acrossse over their shoulders and neckes, borrowed for the moste parte of their pretie Mopsies and loovynge Bessies, for bussying them in the darcke. Thus thinges sette in order, they have their hobby horses*, dragons, and other antiques, together with their baudie Pipers, and thunderyng Drommers, to strike up the Deville's dance† withall, then marche these heathen companies towardes the Church and Church-Yarde; their Pipers pipyng, Drommers thonderyng, their stumpes dauncyng, their belles jynglyng, their handkerchefes swyngyng about their heades like

* These were formed with the resemblance of a horse's head and tail, having a light wooden frame to be attached to the body of the person who performed the hobby-horse. The trappings and footcloth, which were often very splendid, reached to the ground, and so concealed the actor's feet, while he pranced and curvetted like a real horse.

† The Morris Dance.

madinen; their Hobbie horses and other monsters skyr-mishyng amongst the throng: and in this sorte they goe to the Church, (though the Minister bee at Praier or Preachyng) dauncyng and swingyng their handkercheefes over their heades in the church, like Devilles incarnate, withe suche a confused noise, that no man can heare his owne voice. Then the foolishe people, they looke, they stare, they laugh, they fleere, and mount upon formes and pewes, to see these goodly pageauntes, solemnised in this sort. Then after this, aboute the Church they goe againe and againe, and so forthe into the Church-Yarde, where they have commonly their Sommer haules, their Bowers, Arbours, and Banquettyng houses set up, wherein they feaste, banquet, and daunce all that daie, and (peradventure) all night too. And thus these terrestriall furies spend their Sabbath daie. Then for the further innoblyng of this honourable Lurdane * (Lorde, I should saye), they have also certaine papers, wherein is paynted some bablerie or other, of Imagerie worke, and these they call my Lord of Misrule's badges; these thei giue to every one that will geve money for them, to maintaine them in this their heathenrie, devilrie, whoredome, drunkennesse, pride, and what not. And who will not shew himselfe buxome † to them, and give them money for these the Deville's Cognizaunces, they shall be mocked, and flouted at shamefully. And so assotted are some, that they not onely give them money, to maintaine their abomination withall, but also weare their badges and cognizaunces in their hattes or cappes, openlye. Another sort of fantasticall fooles, bring to these Helhoundes (the Lorde of Mis-rule and his complices) some Bread, some goode Ale, some newe cheese, some olde cheese, some Custardes, some Cakes, some Flaunes ‡, some Tartes, some Creame, some Meate, some one thing,

* A Blockhead.—Old French, *Lourdain*.

† Compliant, lively, brisk.—Saxon, *Bucrum*.

‡ According to Phillips, this was a species of cake, made with flour, eggs, butter, and sugar.

some another. but if they knewe that as often as they bring any to the maintenaunce of these execrable pastymes, they offer sacrifice to the Devill and Sathanas, they would repent, and withdrawe their haundes, which God graunt they maie." Edit. 1585. 8vo. fol. 92. b. Such was a Lord of Mis-rule, whose office, however, branched out into other circumstances than those now detailed, but his duties are all equally at an end, and the name only remembered. The puritans were the principal cause of this overthrow; as, in the time of James I., the custom was preached against as a relic of the Saturnalian games, deduced from the pagan ritual.

Page 10.—*Master Muncaster.*

From Fuller's *Worthies of England*, edit. 1662, part III. p. 139. Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, vol. I. p. 369, and Wilson's *Memorabilia Cantabrigiæ*, p. 112, a few particulars may be gained of the life of this eminent scholar, Dr. Richard Mulcaster. He was the son of William Mulcaster; was born at Carlisle, and was descended from an ancient family in Cumberland, which had been employed by King William I., to defend the border provinces of England from the depredations of the Scots. After having received his education on the foundation at Eton, in 1548, he was elected to King's College, Cambridge; but after taking one degree, he removed to Christ-Church, Oxford, to which he was elected in 1555. In December, 1556, he assumed his Bachelor's degree, and became so eminent for his Greek learning, that in 1561, he was made the first Master of the Merchant-Taylors' School, then recently founded. After passing upwards of twenty-five years in this situation, in 1596, he resigned it, and was made Head-master of St. Paul's, where he continued for twelve years more; and then, on the death of his wife, he retired to the Rectory of Stamford-Rivers, in Essex, which was given him by Queen Elizabeth. He was also, in 1594, made a Prebend of Salisbury, and was sometimes employed by the Queen in dramatic productions, since his name appears for two payments in the Council-Register. On April 15th, 1611, Mulcaster died at his rectory, and

was buried, in his own church, by the side of his wife. The works of Dr. Mulcaster were, "Positions," a book on the training up of children, 1581, 4to.: "Elementarie," a volume on the English language, 1582, 4to.: and a Catechism for St. Paul's School, in Latin verse, 1599, 8vo.

Page 16.—*Dorter.*

A word derived from the French noun, *Dortoir*, a Dormitory. It originally signified, according to Phillips, "the common room or place where all the Friars of one Convent sleep together and lie all night."

Page 21.—*Who bet than I, &c.*

An ancient poetical contraction, and also the original Saxon word *Bez*, used for better. During the repetition of the five lines preceding the above, a marginal note, in the first edition of the *Princely Pleasures*, states that "the Queene saide the actor was blind," in consequence of which, at p. 37, Audax, his Son, comes to entreat her Majesty to restore his father to sight.

Page 22.—*Merlin the Prophet, enclosed in a rock.*

The original of this story, as well as the history of the Lady of the Lake herself, is to be found in the well-known romance of *La Morte d'Arthur*; for the first chapter of the fourth book, is thus entitled: "How Merlyn was assotted and dooted on one of the lades of the lake, and how he was shytted in a roche, vnder a stone, and there deyed." The idea of Sir Bruce's revenge, seems to be without foundation.

Page 28.—*The Heron House.*

The marginal notes to the first edition of Gascoigne's *Princely Pleasures*, states that "there was a Heron House in the Pool;" the original survey of the Manor preserved in the Cottonian Library, Tiberius, E. viii. 246, is, however, so damaged by fire, that this building is never mentioned.

Page 29.—*Master Goldingham.*

Of Henry Goldingham only a very few memoranda are now extant: like many scholars of his time, he appears to have been employed, both as a writer and an actor of pageants, as in the present instance, when he

performed Arion. A whole masque of his composing will be found in "The receiving of the Queene's Majestie into her Citie of Norwich," which was printed in Mr. Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. II. p. 26, of that particular tract. There is also in the Harleian Manuscripts, preserved in the British Museum, a poem by Goldingham, which is referred to in vol. III. of *Queen Elizabeth's Progresses*, p. x. In the Harleian Catalogue, edit. 1808, vol. III. p. 447, it is thus described: "Numb. 6902. A Quarto containing a Poem inscribed to Queen Elizabeth by Henry Goldyngham, and entitled the Garden Plot. It is an allegorical poem, (118 verses) with a long introduction, (46 verses) in stanzas of six lines. This copy is prepared for introducing illuminations, but none are finished." In another Harleian Manuscript, No. 3695, which is a collection of "Merry Passages and Jeasts," are two anecdotes concerning Goldingham, one of which, as it relates to the Kenilworth Pageant, is here transcribed, but the other is wholly unworthy of being extracted.

"221. There was a spectacle presented to Q: Elizabeth vpon the water, and amongst others, Har: Golding: was to represent Arion vpon the Dolphin's backe, but finding his voice to be very hoarse and vnpleasant when he came to performe it, he teares of his disguise, and swears he was none of Arion, not he, but honest Har: Goldingham; which blunt discoverie pleasd the Queene better, then if it had gone thorough in the right way; yet he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well." In the romance of Kenilworth this incident is given to a fictitious but well-drawn character called Michael Lambourne, vide vol. III. p. 79. Before closing this note, it should be remarked, that in the text the name of Proteus is erroneously inserted for Arion.

Page 33.—*A Shew to have been presented.*

Vide Laneham's Letter, p. 49, for the reason it was omitted.

Page 30.—*Zabeta.*

A title formed from the last three syllables of the Queen's name, when translated into Latin, viz.: Eliza-

betha. She is, in page 62, called by several other appellations, as *Ahtebasile*, *Completa*, and *Complacida*. The first of these when divided thus, Ah te basile, signifies Ah thou Queen, taking the word basile, for βασιλισσῆς; the second is the feminine gender in the nominative case, of the Latin adjective *Completus*, accomplished, complete; and the third is also a female name, expressive of pleasing or delighting. It is evident, that both the exhibitions in which these names were used, were composed to display to Elizabeth the national wish for her marriage with Lord Leicester; who is represented in the latter under the name of Deep-desire; while it is probable that Due-desire was meant for the Earl of Essex, and that all the other allegorical characters were but the types of real personages at the Court. Dudley in this manner showed his policy, by enforcing his own suit, and depreciating his rivals, even when the Queen had withdrawn from the intrigues of government, to pleasure and retirement.

Page 31.—*Affying*.

Assuring; the word is originally derived from the French verb active *Fier*, to trust or rely upon. Another edition reads affirming.

Page 31.—*Filed*.

Smooth, polished.—Probably from Fýlb, a folding or rolling.

Page 33.—*Holts*.

Small woods, or groves,—derived from the Saxon Holte.

Page 33.—*Hight*. Named, called.

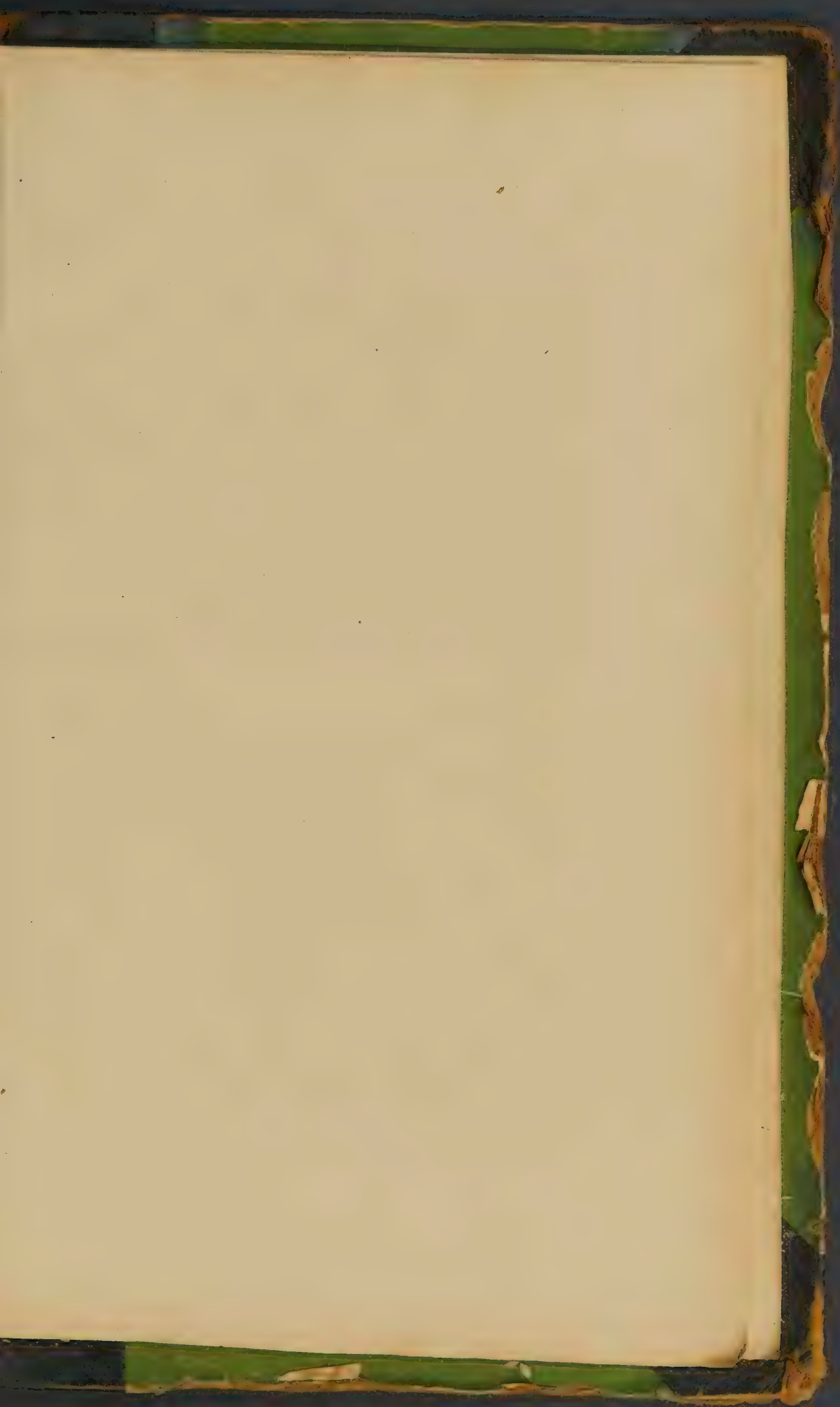
Page 34.—*lefē*. Dear-beloved.

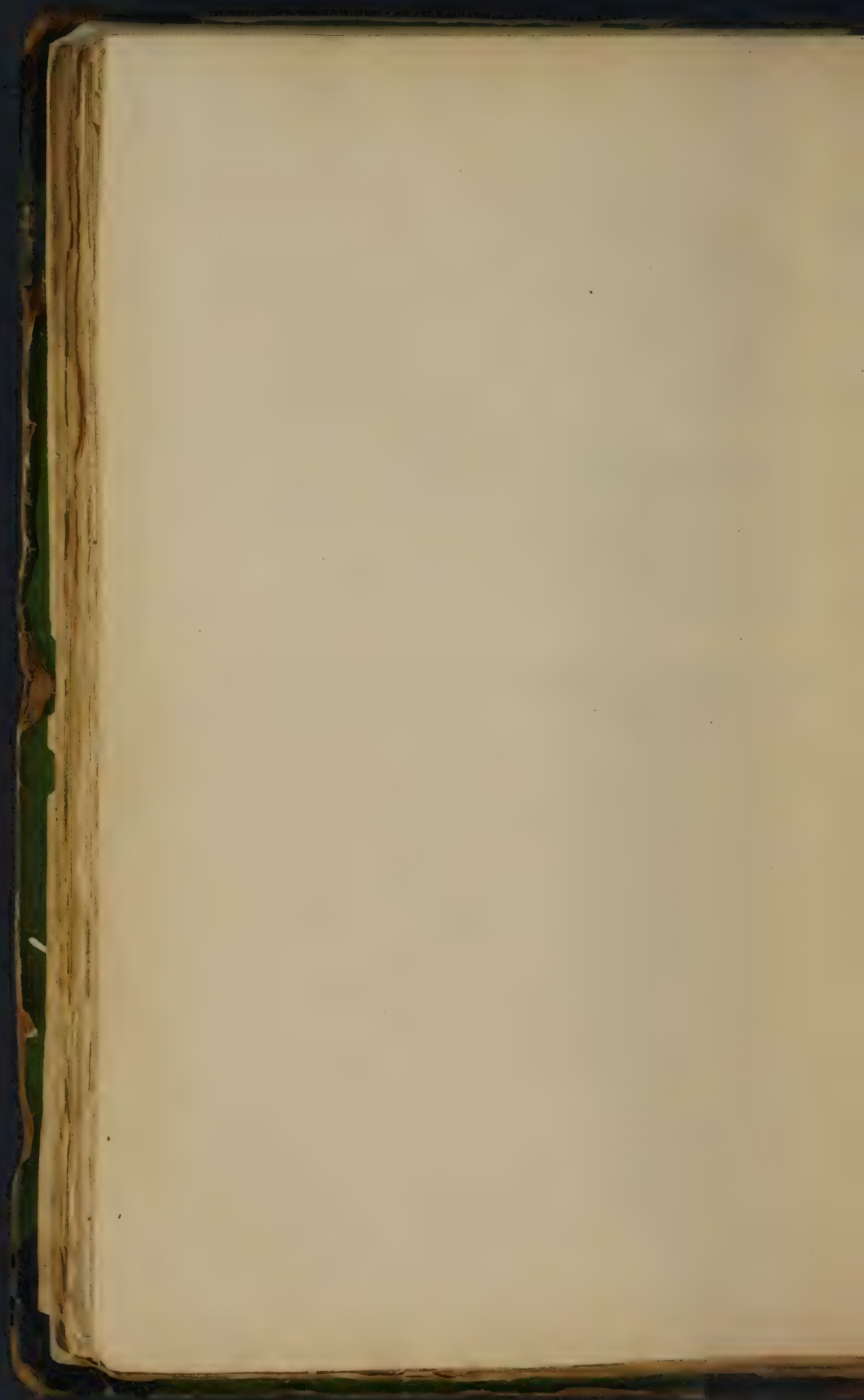
Page 35.—*Wight*.

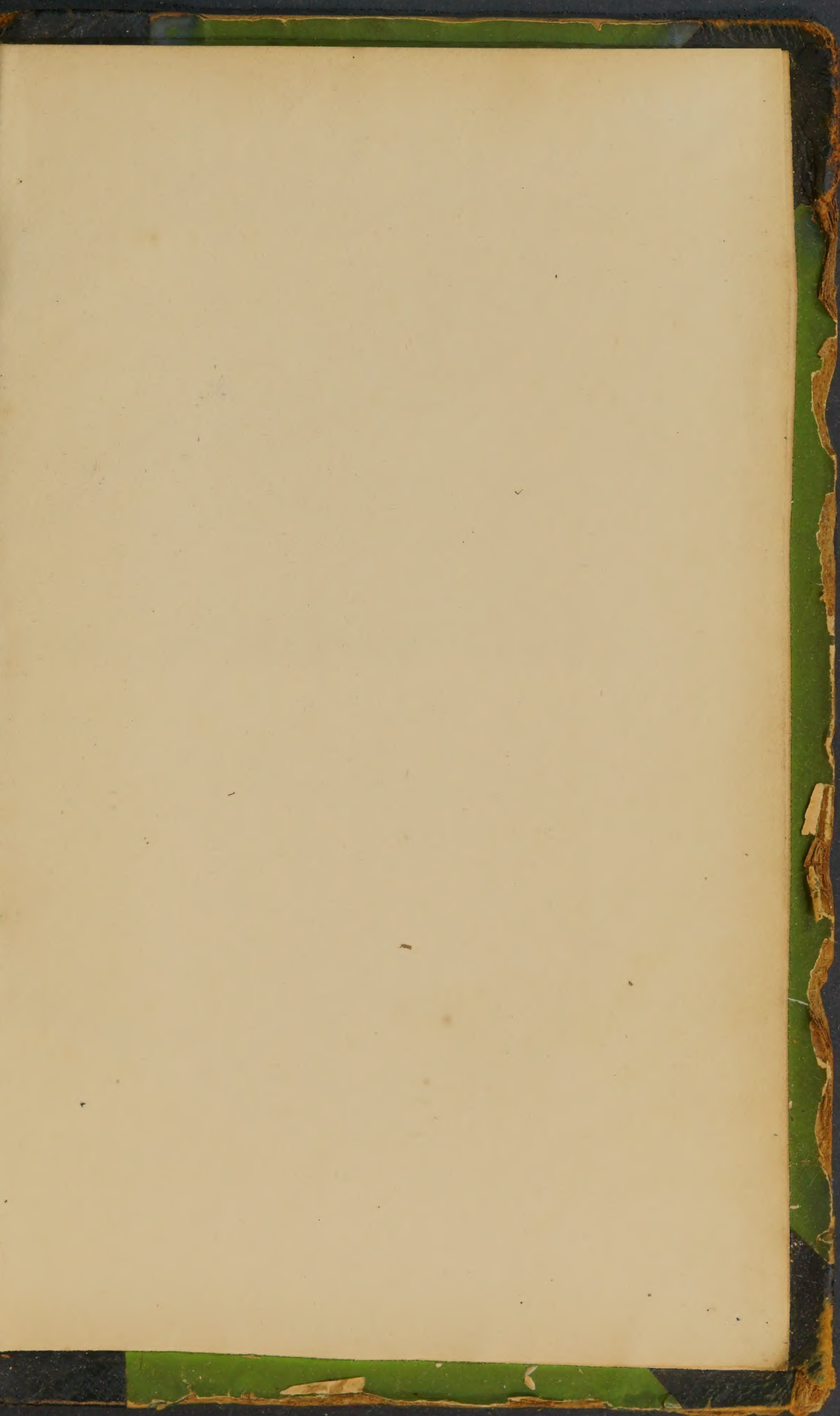
A person.—Saxon Wih̄t; a creature, an animal.

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Printed by S. & R. BENTLEY,
Dorset-street, Salisbury-Square, London.







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1818040

